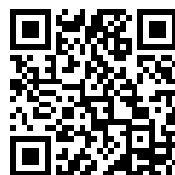

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<http://books.google.com>



THE
MONTH
❧

AP4
M75
v.4

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



THE MONTH:

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum, et folia ligni ad sanitatem
gentium.—*Apoc.* xii. 2.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1866.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

BURNS, LAMBERT, & OATES, 17, 18 PORTMAN STREET, W.
AND 63 PATERNOSTER ROW.

ABRORLIAC TO VIRU
23.13.08A 20.1TA
YRORLI

LONDON :
ROBSON AND SON, GREAT NORTHERN PRINTING WORKS,
PANCRAE ROAD, N.W.

AP4
M75
v. 4

INDEX.

—o—

I. ARTICLES AND REVIEWS.

	PAGE
Adelaide Anne Procter, Poems of	79
Æschylus	392
Anglican Ordinal and Cardinal Pole	60
Ansted's Practical Geology	199
Archbishop Manning on the Reunion of Christendom	379
Artist, Early Days of an	139
Bethlehem	1
Book-Hawking and Popular Literature	19
Buried Alive	606
Cairo and the Missions on the Nile	592
Cardinal Pole and the Anglican Ordinal	60
Carmel and Beyrout	236
Cry for Justice, The Prisoner's	505
Damascus and the Lebanon	481
De Profundis	291
„ „ (sequel)	403
Early Days of an Artist	139
Ecce Homo	551
Egypt in the British Museum :	
III. Joseph in Egypt	279
IV. Moses in Egypt	366
V. Moses : Sesostriis	629
Eirenicon, Pamphlets on, by Canon Oakeley and Dr. Newman	249
English Premiers :	
I. Sir Robert Walpole	221
II. Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Carteret	381
III. Henry Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle	459
First Sister of Mercy	111
French Nobleman's Experiences in the Prisons of Naples	613
Gavôt, Le Pays de	38
Geology, Practical	199
Good Friday at Jerusalem	346
Greece in the Providential Order of the World	70
Greek Tragedians, The :	
I. Æschylus	8
II. Æschylus	392
III. Sophocles	574
Grote's Plato	181
Highland Pastoral, Shairp's	189
Keble, John	441
Legend of Old Misery	32
Literature in its Relations with Religion	151

371934

	PAGE
Manning, Archbishop, on the Reunion of Christendom	379
McCarthy, Dr., on the Epistles	196
Musée Retrospectif in Paris	171
Nazareth	128
Pamphlets on the Eirenicon	249
Personal Recollections of an Old Oxonian :	
III. Balliol under Dr. Jenkyns	50
Prisoner's Cry for Justice	505
Saints of the Desert. No. X.	303
Sealskins and Copperskins. I. II.	357, 493
Sister of Mercy, The First	111
Weather Wisdom	273

II. LITERARY NOTICES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Allies on Dr. Pusey and the Ancient Church	526	Jones, a Century of Sonnets	531
"Carita, La," at Naples	415	King's Highway. By F. G. Lee	531
Cartier's Life of Beato Angelico	418	Leonore. By Lady Chatterton	531
Dupanloup, Mgr., on the Studies of a Man of the World	518	Liddon's University Sermons	529
Faber's Notes on the Mysteries and Festivals	420	Life of Father Ignatius Spencer	307
Foreign Periodicals	309	Milton, Lord, North-west Passage by Land	522
French View of English Country Life (Remusat)	411	Remusat, Vie de Village en Angleterre	411
		Stanley on the Jewish Church	305
		Stoddart on Angling	534

III. POETRY AND TRANSLATIONS.

Bury the Dead.	271	Jacobite Toast (translated).	18
Epigram of Aceratus (translated)	504	Stokely's Proverbium (versified)	356
Epigrams : Oxford and Cambridge (translated)	127	The Nightingale and the Cicada (translated)	573
Hendecasyllables. By an old Man	378		

IV. THE WINDECK FAMILY.

CHAP.		CHAP.	
III. Regina and her Cousins.	89	XVI. Lelio's Story	422
IV. "Solo Dios basta"	94	XVII. Corona's Married Life	428
V. A Drawing Lesson	100	XVIII. Via Dolorosa	432
VI. Changes in the Family	105	XIX. Coming Home	437
VII. Paradise and the Peri	107	XX. At the Convent Grille	536
VIII. The "Sovereign People"	202	XXI. In the Coliseum	540
IX. Three Years after	206	XXII. A Crisis	543
X. The Nightingale of Cintra	211	XXIII. "Facilis descensus Avernus"	547
XI. The Death of a Hope	213	XXIV. A Meeting	640
XII. Farewell	218	XXV. "O Absalom, my son, my son!"	645
XIII. A Diagnosis and a Prescription	315	XXVI. The "Way to the Two Countries"	647
XIV. Bridal Wreaths	319	XXVII. Sunset	651
XV. On the Lake of Geneva	327		

Bethlehem.

A LONG and straggling cavalcade is winding up the steep rocky path which leads from the Dead Sea to the Convent of Mar Saba. Its members have tented the night before in the fertile plains near Jericho close to Elisha's fountain. In the early morning they have drunk and bathed in the waters of Jordan, and pictured to themselves that miraculous passage of the hosts of Israel, and, still more vividly, that awful and mysterious Baptism, when the pure and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity, conformed Himself in His human nature to the outward rite, that in all things He might be to us an example and guide. They have seen in the distance the ruins of Bethabara, where St. John the Baptist commenced his preaching; the solitude which witnessed the terrible temptations of St. Jerome; and the desert where St. Mary of Egypt expiated by a life of penance the sins of her youth. And now the guides point out Mount Abarim, from whence Moses contemplated the Promised Land, and Mount Nebo, where he died. Rapidly they have passed by the desolate shores of that sea which, lying like a calm Swiss lake, with its purple-tinted mountains, in its quiet loveliness, yet breathes nothing but bitterness and desolation to those who venture in or near its waters. And now the cavalcade is toiling on, amid magnificent scenery, up the steep ascent, the burning sun making the way appear longer, and a parching thirst compelling the travellers to an unwary emptying of their "zemzymiahs" (or leather water-bottles) before half the day is over. They have a wild and picturesque escort of fifty men, some mounted and some on foot, all in the Bedouin dress—the wide striped brown and white burnous and black kaffir—with long hair and naked feet and legs. They are armed with long old-fashioned guns bound with brass and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and with sundry other weapons in their girdles. Not a tree or a bush appears to give a particle of shade to the sunburnt pilgrims, and the younger of the party are beginning to feel faint and dispirited, when a turn of the road brings them to a great projecting rock, and they see that, by scrambling down a ravine in the hollow below, they shall find a resting-place during the burning heat of noon-day. In a few moments they had dismounted, and stretched themselves on their carpets in the

grateful shade. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Who has not felt, in the East, the wonderful beauty and reality of the similes used in holy Scripture? Were any one seeking for a guide-book of Syria, of its scenery, its manners, its customs, they could find no more accurate one than that which God has placed in the hands of all men by the mouth of His prophets. There still are the women watering the cattle by the way-side well, and kneading the cakes on the hearth, and preparing the fatted kid for the traveller by the open tent-door. There, again, is the grass growing upon the house-tops, "which withereth before it be plucked up." Nothing is changed in this wonderful land, except where the blighting foot of the Turk has come, and left the usual desolation behind.

But the breathing-time allowed to our travellers was fated to be of short duration. The scouts on the hills around gave notice of the vicinity of a hostile tribe of Bedouins, who had come from "the other side Jordan," intent on plunder. Only last year, two English ladies and a Franciscan father, who had unwittingly strayed away from their escort, were captured and carried off by some of this tribe. Of the fate of the ladies nothing is known. The Franciscan contrived to write his history on a stone, and, giving it to a Bedouin going to Jerusalem, persuaded him to take it to the convent, assuring him that it was a stone of value, on the receipt of which a handsome reward would be given by the *custode*. The Bedouin duly delivered the stone, and so the place of the poor father's captivity was discovered; and on a given day, when he had been sent in the capacity of a slave to tend the flocks on this side Jordan, he was rescued by a party sent from Jerusalem for the purpose. With this warning before them, our travellers lost not a moment in regaining their saddles, and moved rapidly onwards. One of their party had left something behind, and was beginning to retrace his steps, when, on turning round the corner of the rock they had left only a few moments before, he discovered that every shrub and stone had concealed a hostile Bedouin, who had sprung up, like Roderick Dhu's men, the moment the caravan had disappeared, and were now evidently planning a pursuit. Quickening their pace, therefore, the travellers arrived at a rising ground, where their guides advised a halt, while they reconnoitred the force and dispositions of the enemy below. Some Bedouin boys were tending a flock of goats on this mound; but they surlily and flatly refused to allow any of the party to purchase their milk. From this eminence a glorious panorama was obtained of the road they had already traversed, with the Dead Sea, and the wilderness of St. John, and the plains of Jericho, and the hills of Moab: but in a square, on one side of the plain, were the long low black camel's-hair

tents of the hostile Bedouins—a sight which did not tend to reassure our travellers. Presently they saw a movement in the hostile camp. A body of men galloped forward to meet the escort, and a few shots were fired; but only one or two men were wounded; and after half an hour's parley, the matter (which really related less to the travellers than to a “raid” of cattle the previous day by the tribe of whom their escort was composed) was amicably arranged, and the cavalcade resumed its march. Their sufferings from thirst, however, were on the increase. Long ago they had been compelled to drink the Jordan water, which, encased in the flat tin pilgrim's bottles, they had meant so carefully to preserve for their return home; and now they came upon a dirty and half-dried pool, to which they hastened as to a refreshing well, and struggled with the horses and mules for a share in the muddy and brackish water. Another hour's ride brought them to Mar Saba, that beautiful convent founded by St. Saba, whose name it bears, perched on the summit of the gorge, with a deep ravine on one side, and endless caverns in the rocks on the other, where the Anchorites, in the early days of the Church, lived the lives of angels more than of men. At one time it is said that there were more than 11,000 monks congregated in this spot under the direction of one superior. Here St. Jerome came, before he settled at Bethlehem, and here St. John Damascene ended his life of penance and of prayer. The Saracens in the twelfth century massacred all the religious they could find: but the convent was rebuilt on the same beautiful spot, and is now occupied by the Greeks. Their rule is a very austere one, and on no pretext will they admit women within their walls: so that our travellers tented on a small level sward just outside the convent-gates, the monks supplying them with fresh water and excellent bread. After a halt, to recover from their excessive fatigue, the party proceeded down a steep descent into a smiling valley, with fruit-trees in full blossom, which contrasted wonderfully with the sombre though magnificent scenery through which they had passed in coming from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba.

Jerusalem is and ever must be steeped with melancholy in its aspect, in its entourage, in its interior, in all its associations. But Bethlehem, to which the travellers were now rapidly approaching, is, of all the towns of Syria, the gayest and the brightest. Here alone are seen beautiful women with unveiled and uncovered faces, for no Turk resides in Bethlehem. Ibrahim Pasha, in a freak of tyrannical fury, turned every Mahometan out of the city, and rased their houses to the ground. It is therefore a purely Christian population, and a marked difference is instantly perceptible. Weary and exhausted with the heat, the party found themselves

at last at the gateway of the Franciscan convent, which is on a kind of eminence overlooking the rest of the town. One must have been in the East to realise the joy and thankfulness with which those crossed and stigmated hands are welcomed by the traveller. On whatever door or gateway these are affixed (together with the five crosses which are their additional badge in the Holy Land) there are not only refreshment and rest, but kindness and thoughtfulness and Christian courtesy of the highest order extended alike to Catholics and schismatics; a charity asking for no return save such as the heart of the pilgrim may dispose him to give towards the support of those more needy than himself, and a gentle consideration for both the bodily and spiritual wants of their guests, which few but the children of St. Francis could show. In this instance the monks vied with each other in welcoming the weary pilgrims, and affording them the refreshment and rest they so sorely needed. Deliciously cool lemonade and Turkish coffee preceded the more substantial evening meal; while the tempting white beds in the pilgrims' dormitory, each surmounted with its simple pilgrim's wooden cross, invited the repose which the long day's fatigue had earned.

It is three o'clock in the morning following their arrival when one of the party, leaving the others to their rest, stole softly down the stairs and through the long corridor to a low door, which she pushed open, and found herself in the Greek basilica built originally by the Empress Helena. Passing swiftly with her little lamp through its aisles, she descended by a flight of steps to a chapel where a succession of beautiful hanging lamps threw a vivid light on a bright brass star sunk in the floor. The Englishwoman knew the way well; she had already been there the preceding evening with Padre Luigi; already had she kissed those sacred spots and knelt by that star; but she felt an irresistible desire to revisit them alone, and to strive to realise better that wonderful and joyful Mystery. It was revealed to Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament that every thing which happened on that wonderful night eighteen hundred years ago in the cave of Bethlehem took place *in silence* and without a word; and so she felt that in silence alone could she adore and venerate that Mother and that Son.

On the left is the chapel where the star which had "gone before" the Wise Men in the East "came and stood over the place where the Child was." On the right is the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi; and in a recess, down two or three steps more, is the Altar of the Manger—the very site of the *sacra culla* where the Holy Babe was laid. On the right of this altar is a little passage and a door leading first to the Altar of the Holy Innocents—those first-fruits of His

nativity—and then to the cave where St. Jerome lived and wrote and died. A little further on is the cell of St. Paula, his fellow-worker and the first foundress of the hospice for pilgrims to this shrine.

If in Jerusalem the heart of the pilgrim is awed and arrested by the horrors of Calvary, and scarcely soothed by the thoughts of the repose of the Holy Sepulchre, at Bethlehem he can feel nothing but joy and thankfulness and love and amazement at the love which could clothe itself in such humility. Yet the sting of the Passion is even here. The night is very cold, yet it is March now; and three months before the bitter wind and damp chill of the cave must have been far less endurable. It was December when the infant Jesus was laid there, in the rough and prickly straw; to teach us, as St. Peter Damian says, the mortification of our senses. He came from heaven to teach us the love of suffering; He laid down from His birth the law of martyrdom in daily life—that law which all His saints have followed until now.

It is related of St. Francis that hearing one day as he sat at dinner the Gospel read, "And she laid Him in a manger," he exclaimed, "What, my Lord was laid on the straw, and do I continue to sit?" and so, throwing himself on the ground, he contemplated with tears the sufferings of his infant Lord. The words of the old Latin hymn rose to the pilgrim's memory :

"Cognovit bos et asinus
Quod puer erat Dominus."

"Amemus Puerum de Bethlehem!" exclaimed St. Francis; and again, blessed Bernard: "Love then, O love this little Child; for He is exceedingly to be loved."

Thoughts like these thronged in the heart of the Englishwoman as she knelt, and felt that the "little Babe of Bethlehem" can be nowhere understood as on the very spot where the mystery was wrought. Year after year she had prepared the *crèche* which was to picture the scene to the hearts of her children. She had knelt by the shrine in the beautiful church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and by papal permission beheld the sacred cradle exposed to the veneration of the faithful; but all ideas, all representations fade before the spot itself,—that spot untouched and unchanged after the lapse of centuries—that spot which witnessed the mystery concealed from the evil one—that mystery of love—that miracle of humility.

And now other steps are heard descending those stairs. A man venerable both in age and appearance, with the insignia of a bishop, followed by two black attendants and a Franciscan monk, is come to say the four-o'clock Mass at the Altar of the Manger. For two

months has he travelled painfully and on foot through his distant diocese in the heart of the continent of Africa, to reach the seaport which would enable him to embark for the Holy Land and perform this arduous pilgrimage. And now for the first time he offers the Holy Sacrifice in that sacred shrine; and at the *Gloria in excelsis* tears rain down his cheeks and almost stop his utterance. It needed but this to complete the touching picture which had been forming itself in the heart of the English lady.

A few days before, while travelling, they had stopped with other pilgrims at a wayside kahn, and on going in for a few moments saw a peasant mother take her child and place it in a manger where some oxen were feeding; and this was identical with the scene of the Nativity and the act of the Blessed Virgin on that eventful night. All comes back to her mind then; and with the recollection of this simple action is mingled the thought of the Magi, one of whom appears as if before her in the person of the black Abyssinian acolyte, whom the venerable Bishop of Central Africa 'has brought in his train. "And so God came as a little child to cast the fire of His love into our hearts," says St. Alphonsus de Liguori in his beautiful Meditation on the Nativity—"O Ignis, qui semper ardes, accende me!"

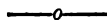
That Mass is over, and others follow, and the little chapel is thronged with worshippers. But the Englishwoman heeds them not: kneeling in an angle of the chapel, with the Epistles of St. Jerome in her hand, she is reading that portion so affectingly descriptive of the scene before her—in that very "little grot of Bethlehem in which," he writes, "God speaks familiarly and converses with His children." She feels as if she could never leave this spot, or cease to remember the thoughts it has called forth. But the morning wears on: Padre Luigi summons her to visit another sanctuary, less interesting than the one she is leaving, yet very useful in filling up the last touches of the day's meditation. It is the field where "the shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night;" a simple field about a quarter of an hour's walk from the convent-gates, and in that field a little chapel has been built, to which you descend by a flight of steps. Faber says, very beautifully, that "the shepherds represent the place which simplicity occupies in the kingdom of Christ; for next to that of Mary and Joseph theirs was the first external service offered to the new-born Babe of Bethlehem."

On returning to the convent the travellers once more mounted, and, passing through the rugged streets, rode to Beit-Jala, the residence and seminary of the patriarch, Monsignor Valerga; a building beautifully situate in the midst of olive-groves and vineyards, and reminding them more of Italy than anything they had yet seen in Palestine. After see-

ing both the convent and the students, and passing by a picturesque fountain—where the Bethlehem women, in their bright-blue petticoats and scarlet bodices and snowy-white head-dresses, courteously offered cups of water to the travellers—they rode on by a rough and toilsome path to another point of pilgrimage,—the fountain where Philip baptised the Eunuch. There is still water in it, and a kind of rude attempt has been made to enclose the upper portion with a circular wall. Returning, they took the Jerusalem road, which brought them back to Bethlehem, by Rachel's Tomb—that place so dear to all Jewish hearts. It is a modern well, with a dome; but the site is unquestioned and preserved by unbroken tradition. From thence, passing again by the convent-gates, the party wound down a steep hill, and arrived after a ride of about two miles at Solomon's Pools. They are three great reservoirs, built of squared stone, and supply Bethlehem with water now, as they formerly did Jerusalem. A great square Turkish castle stands at the head of the Upper Pool, inhabited by a few irregular troops, and wild ducks of various kinds were disporting themselves on the surface of the water. From thence they proceeded down a winding glen to visit Solomon's Gardens, at Urtas; and after scrambling down a rough irregular road, which brought them literally on the roofs of the houses in the village, came suddenly on a spot which appeared all pink and lilac from the mass of peach-blossom and other flowering fruit-trees in this happy valley. A little stream irrigates the whole line of gardens; and the luxuriance of the flowers, fruits, and vegetables proves what might be done with this soil if only a little pains were taken in its cultivation. One of the owners of the gardens brought them some delicious honey, with fresh salad and fruits, which our travellers eat thankfully, sitting in one of the lovely peach-orchards by the side of the rushing stream.

And now the evening shadows warn them to return to their convent home, for the inhabitants of Urtas have not a good reputation after nightfall; and the next morning they are to leave Bethlehem—with its bright and genial population—for the fanatical city of Hebron. Once more the English lady finds her way to the sacred shrine. The words of St. Bernard are sounding in her ears: "What more do you wait to see before you will give yourself wholly to God?" Humbly and earnestly doth she plead for grace to make the entire surrender of her life to Him;—to become simple and humble as a little child in His kingdom;—to understand something of His marvellous love:—and then, with unwilling feet, she turns away from this scene of joy and brightness to the barren and rocky road, which she is now to traverse—fit emblem of a pilgrim's life.

The Greek Tragedians.



I.

AN old critic has said that Æschylus is distinguished by grandeur; Sophocles by eloquence; and Euripides by wisdom. The distinction is perhaps but a superficial one, even if the second might not be questioned as the leading feature of Sophocles. The prevalence of maxims, to which a rhetorical spirit is very liable, does indeed mark the tragedies of Euripides throughout. But if we ought to characterise the minds of these great poets, rather than their habits of expression, we should probably be correct in pronouncing that in Æschylus religion predominates; in Sophocles law; and in Euripides sensuous pleasure. Æschylus so depicts human nature as to bring out the idea of retribution, of the Divine vengeance surely and certainly attending crime. This view in a great measure pervades Sophocles also; but in him this notion is more that of violated order, and still more again that of the serene beauty and harmony of the law by which the providential arrangements are ruled. Euripides strikes upon a lower key, identifying himself with the passions he describes, and painting them, not for any moral purpose, but for the pleasure they afford his imagination as an artist. All are poets; but Æschylus colours his poetry with religion; Sophocles with ideal beauty; Euripides with the interest of romance and the seductive allurements of a style that begins to be degenerate. Or, classifying them according to philosophical schools which arose after their time, Æschylus would have been a Stoic; Sophocles a Platonist; Euripides an Epicurean: in strict keeping with which tendencies the first has a religious, the second a moral, the third only a poetical purpose. In different senses, therefore, each might rank highest; but the prize could only be given to Euripides on the understanding, not by any means that his was the highest genius, but that he most effectually limited his range to the simple object of affording a particular gratification to the mind, without looking beyond it to more exalted truth. Again, in Æschylus the lyrical element appears to prevail; in Euripides the dramatic; in Sophocles both, in a highly balanced and exquisite adjustment. With Æschylus this is natural, because lyrical poetry is that of sentiment, of heart and feeling, by which religion is so power-

fully influenced, though intellectual truth must guide it. Euripides loved to contemplate the world of humanity in its agitated and storm-tossed career; hence he is full of pathetic scenes, and is called by Aristotle the most tragic of poets. Sophocles is a profound observer of character, but besides analysis he has great *coup-d'œil* and aptitude to reduce things under law, whence he naturally excels in the development of a complete and orderly action.

To take a different illustration: Aristotle has defined tragedy by the well-known formula, that it is an imitation of a complete and serious action, having a certain magnitude, by means of action—not narration—in pleasing language, effecting by pity and terror the purification of such passions. Now each of the tragedians presents us with excellent examples of the realisation of this idea; Sophocles, it will perhaps be allowed, most perfectly fulfilling it. But in each a part of the definition is most prominent. Æschylus commands our admiration by the magnitude of the action; Sophocles by its completeness; Euripides by the resemblance it bears to the reality of life, and the pleasing flow of the imagery by which it is delivered.

Before I contrast the three poets generally in their respective modes of dealing with the passions, it is necessary to offer some remarks on what Aristotle means by their purification. The passions, in his ethical system, have an important office in human action. Under proper regulation, they are a supply to the merely theoretical reason, which of itself effects nothing. Anger, subjected to habitual control, and applied to fitting objects, develops into energy and courage, and in the same way all other emotions may be regarded as the raw materials of virtue. Unregulated, however, the passions are full of exaggeration, error, and disorder, are precipitate, and apt to overcloud the reason. They require to be cleared of what is confused and irregular, that they may not rise above their natural lord, the sovereign reason. Like the fiery element, they are "stern to command, but mighty to obey;" but their obedience must primarily be secured by a strict confinement to fitting objects, that is, by the due control of the imagination. We all know the dangerous effect exercised on this powerful but delusive faculty by novels which have a tendency to throw the mind into an ideal world, governed by very different laws from those which rule the present, and to create a sympathy with characters whose chief interest consists in their weak self-abandonment under calamity, or in their impossible superiority to fortune. Far other is the effect of the study of imaginative works of a higher order. No man's mind was ever enfeebled by the study of *Macbeth* or *King Lear*, or the great dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles. And the reason is, that they do not place before us the passions in such

a manner as to make us think it a fine thing to yield to them; but on the contrary, to lead us to view them as a sad and awe-inspiring sight. The unformed mind is apt, in Byron's poetry for example, to be deceived by the illumination which sometimes follows corruption, as if that morbid though wonderful genius was a noble model. Many a youth has set his character in the attitudes of Childe Harold or Conrad; none ever fancied himself Othello or Orestes. The pity or terror we feel in witnessing the consequences of indulged passion, whether to the guilty themselves or their descendants, in the Shakspearian or Attic drama, never dethrones the self-possession of our mind, but is throughout fortified by the reason, and imparts strength to it in turn; ending not in any diseased excitement, but in a peculiar sensation of tranquillity and repose.

To return, however, to the application of the Aristotelian definition: if we consider their preference of effects in which the passions proper to tragedy are concerned, the genius of Æschylus seems to have led him to exhibit situations calling forth terror, Euripides those leading to pity, and Sophocles both. Again, as the feelings of pity or terror must be ruled, not merely by the nature of the situations described, but of the characters concerned in them, those in Æschylus are of a majestic type,—creations of the artist rather than copies of what we have in the world. He is the Michael Angelo of the drama. He sees only his ideal; Sophocles idealises what he saw. We behold in the latter the beings we are familiar with, heightened and refined by consummate genius, yet not so as to cease to be human. In Æschylus grandeur is often mitigated by beauty; in Sophocles beauty expands into grandeur. In Euripides we perceive a vast moral descent. He describes mere humanity; and is indeed censured by Aristotle for painting it, in some instances, as needlessly bad; though he is not, however, without signal examples of graceful and tender conceptions. His fault is that which corrupted the declining age of Greek literature, and had begun to corrupt his own—the rhetorical and speechifying spirit. This led him to throw into his plays a great deal of philosophical observation on life, which, whilst it spoils them as just representations of character, has made them a rich mine for the orator and the ethical student. In Sophocles such observations only occur as they are naturally elicited from his characters by the situations. In Æschylus they are less frequent in the dialogue, in proportion as the subjective element is less predominant in him than the objective. Let us, however, pass on from this general comparison to a more detailed examination of the three tragedians separately.

Taking Æschylus first, as the eldest, and also the most primitive in the structure of his plays, I shall first consider them as exhibiting

principally a lyrical type. In order, however, to appreciate this feature correctly, it is necessary to form a distinct idea of its origin. In reading a Greek play, as in the study of many other subjects, people are apt to be influenced by familiar ideas, and to attach the same attributes to things, however radically different, which are called by the same names. They view a play of Æschylus as they would one of Shakespeare's, without reflecting on the wholly different conditions under which they were respectively produced, their different causes, purposes, points of view, and laws of composition. The omission of these considerations leads to mistakes like those of the first settlers in America, who, as Mr. Marsh has observed in an interesting passage of his lectures on the English language, being misled by the superficial resemblances they saw around them, gave the names of the plants and animals of Europe to such as they met with in their new country most nearly resembling them in form, however really distinct—calling by the names of oak, elm, ash, wolf, fox, and so forth, species which the closer observation of the naturalist would pronounce to be radically distinct from those the names of which were applied to them. I shall therefore make no apology for briefly stating, for the benefit of the non-classical reader, facts on this head which are of course familiar to every student of Greek literature.

The Athenian drama was an act of worship performed at the expense of the state in honour of the god Dionysus, or Bacchus. Its origin is traced to very remote times, when parties of rustics danced round his altar at vintage-time, clad in goat-skins, and their faces daubed with the lees of wine. Thus habited, they were called *τραγωδοί*, or goat-singers, and their song *τραγωδία*, or the goat-singers' song. Under this name, however, the song seems to have been a modification of the *ἐθύραμβος*, a word perhaps connected in its origin with the Latin form *triumphus*, and no doubt a relic of a very primitive epoch. The dithyramb was an impassioned, fanatical strain, the expression of feelings highly excited in the worship of the god, whose idolatry almost constituted a religion within a religion in ancient Greece. In process of time, however, the wild songs of the early chorus (for this was the collective appellation of the band of dancers I have described) underwent a change. Something of a dialogue was introduced between the leader of the troop and his companions, and that was the first form of the dramatic exhibition. This suggested a further development, introduced by Thespis about B.C. 535, who added an actor to carry on a conversation with the chorus, and thus rendered the performance distinctly dramatic. The subject originally turned upon the adventures of the god in whose honour it was celebrated. These adventures were of a mixed kind, but suffering fol-

lowed by triumph was their leading characteristic, as might be shown by running over the chief incidents of the Bacchic mythology. The notion of mirth which we associate with the name was one side of it, out of which sprang the Greek comedy. Its gloomier form furnished the elements of the austere solemnity of the stage of Æschylus and his successors.

But with the great change implied in the introduction of an actor ensued also a change of subject. The action ceased to be confined within the range of Bacchic subjects, and took in all the legendary history of the princely houses of heroic times. Still later, subjects from authentic and even contemporary events, powerfully affecting an Athenian audience, were introduced by Phrynichus and Æschylus; yet sparingly, and at the cost of a great divergence from the primitive idea. Æschylus further expanded the dialogue by adding a second actor, and introduced a regular stage, painted scenery, and other improvements. Yet with him the lyrical element was still very prominent; less so in Sophocles (who completed the Greek drama by the addition of a third actor); still less in Euripides, with whom the chorus in a great measure lost its original character and purpose.

When the dramatic element came in, the chorus clearly ought to have been got rid of, if the design was to give an imitation, by dialogue, of human action and suffering. But the Greeks were not only at that time a religious people, and therefore unwilling to disturb what had been consecrated to the worship of a god, but they were also, beyond what could have been anticipated from their high genius, the creatures of custom. What they had been used to must remain; even as with children, games must be played, and stories told, in the accustomed manner. The dramatic poets, under this constraint, acted as other great artists do, and turned an apparent obstacle into a direct instrument of success. An illustration is suggested by a comparatively humble achievement in art. At the time of the construction of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851, a violent outcry was raised about the injury that would be done to the locality by cutting down some fine elms that grew on the site, and the preservation of the trees was made a condition of the contract. The architects avoided the difficulty by throwing over the trees a magnificent arch or vaulting of glass, which, though not contemplated in the original design, greatly added to the splendour of the whole, and made it seem as if the trees were there for the purpose of setting-off the building, instead of the building being arranged so as to save the trees.

The manner in which the Athenian tragedians so dealt with the chorus as to make it an exquisite part of the organisation of their

work, has been described in some beautiful and well-known lines of Horace. The picture he has painted, however, is not so much that of the chorus in any one poet, as what it tended to be in its perfection. On the whole, perhaps, in Sophocles, the chorus appears as a *spectator*; in Æschylus as an *actor*; in Euripides as an *ornament*. Let us, however, consider more at length its ideal, and afterwards proceed to contrast with that its earlier type in Æschylus. The chorus then, in its most finished expression, was united with the action of the play so far that the choral compositions always refer to it, and bear upon its development rather than directly interfere in what is going on. True, Horace says it must maintain the part of an actor; but as there are mute characters that do nothing but act, so there may be speaking characters that only influence or judge. The very essence of lyrical poetry is deep and impassioned feeling, not argument or business. The chorus may admonish, may afford comfort or sympathy, express hope or foreboding; but it may not pass out of the region of the affections, or carry into execution what it advises or pronounces to be right. This abstinence, which often appears strange to us in reading Greek plays, arose from the necessity of the case, because the chorus, though it speaks as an individual, is a numerous body, moving and singing in harmonious order, which it would be difficult to disturb for impulsive action, without producing much confusion. Further, the chorus must never forget that it is a religious body, going through a religious ceremony by the very part it is taking in the play. It would therefore be a great inconsistency, if its sentiments ever favoured the wicked or presumptuous. It must feel itself in a sphere above the earthly passions which are at war in the complications which it witnesses, must always be on the side of law and right, must be swayed by a sense of reverence both for the persons who rule the state, and for the higher powers to which those rulers are themselves accountable. We see therefore to what excellent purpose the chorus was turned by the Greek tragedians. It enabled them to put forth reflections on the course of the action, which in modern tragedy must be withheld, or introduced only by various artifices and to a limited extent. It aided the audience in throwing themselves into the drift of what was going on, being itself a sort of idealised audience, witnessing the proceedings, and pronouncing on them by the voice of an unbiassed conscience. The chorus thus caused the stage to be, more completely than with us, a mirror of human life, since it represented, not merely the jarring struggle of human interests and passions, but the opinion passed upon that conflict by persons not immediately connected with it.

We have only to open Æschylus to see that the chorus forms as yet, in his drama, almost the principal part of the play; and if we remember that the choral poetry has the adjunct of music, it is evident that, in such mass, it must have given a decidedly lyrical or operatic character to the whole. Yet the plays of Æschylus are remarkable for the individuality of character which they exhibit in the chorus. Take especially that in the *Prometheus Vincit*. It displays towards the suffering god the tenderness and sweetness of a sister, who, whilst helpless actually to relieve, can at least show good-will by sharing calamity. It may rank with such beautiful creations as Thetis offering her maternal consolations to Achilles in the *Iliad*, Electra beside the sick bed of her brother in the *Orestes*, or Miranda in the *Tempest* as she watches Ferdinand engaged in his humiliating toil. From the very commencement the ocean-nymphs in the *Prometheus* act like real beings under the influence of personal feelings. They have been startled in their caverns by the clang of the fetters which were being rivetted on the hero, and speed in their winged chariot to visit him. The exquisite imitation of Lord Byron in *Manfred*, may give a notion to the modern reader of the spirit of the opening ode :

"Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells,
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells.

O'er my calm hall of coral
The deep echo rolled,
To the spirit of Ocean
My wishes unfold."

In the conception of the character of the Oceanides we find a prevailing timidity and feminine softness, yielding to several motives: in the first place, affectionate pity for the agonies of Prometheus; pain at the unrelenting severity of the rule of Zeus, who has inflicted them; and regret for the ancient race of gods, to which these nymphs as well as Prometheus belong, and which has been displaced by the ascendancy of the new monarch of heaven. Nevertheless the office of a chorus, with which their natural tendency coincides, is to submit to established authority. They accept the supremacy of their stern sovereign, however they may regret that which it has superseded, and contemplate with awe the unapproachable ways of Zeus, and his mind, not to be turned from its purpose by entreaties. Whilst they eagerly inquire from Prometheus the history of his fall, they reprove his fierce obstinacy with the sweetness of their sisterly

voices, and beseech him not to prolong a contest in which he must be vanquished. In striking contrast to this tender spirit of submission is their indifference to the human race, in serving whom Prometheus had met his own ruin. They bid him remember these creatures of a day can render him no help, that their strength is no better than a dream, and that the counsels of mortals can never get beyond the established harmony of Jove. Their gentleness is not weakness. They remain steadfast in their friendship to Prometheus, even when their father Oceanus meanly deserts him, and when, at the close, the hero sinks to Hades amidst the crash of conflicting elements. Whilst, therefore, the chorus in this play conforms to the functions we have assigned to its ideal, it still has a personality as distinctly marked as that of any character in dramatic action.

Let us take, by way of another example, the *Seven against Thebes*. Here we observe rather the purely lyrical type of the chorus, yet mingled with considerable traces of personal feeling. It consists of Theban virgins, who witness the preparations made to repel the threatened attack of the seven Argive chiefs against the city. The opening ode contains a wonderful picture of the agonised dread of the defenceless part of the population when they beheld the invading host nearing the walls, first announced by clouds of dust in the horizon, and then by the ever-increasing sound of their steady tramp as they move over the plain. Then comes passionate entreaty, first to one god, then to another,—Ares, and Poseidon, and Aphrodité, and Apollo, and Artemis. The angry reproaches addressed to the chorus by Eteocles for thus by their clamours assisting the storm, contribute in some degree to carry forward the very simple action of this play. The next ode, after a renewal of supplications in the form of affectionate reproof, contains a very vivid description of the horrors of a captured city, most natural in the mouths of persons placed as the chorus are supposed to be, under the laws of Grecian warfare. The following version may serve to furnish a general notion of the commencement of this fine ode :

“The dread of yon beleaguering foe
Lets not my spirit rest ;
But quickening fear to fiery glow
Deep cares my heart infest.

Such as alarm the fluttering dove
When, serpents crawling near,
Ill neighbours to her brood of love
The mother-bird doth fear.

For 'gainst the walls, without delay,
With all their numerous array,

Our enemies advance ;
 And stony missiles, hurl'd in showers
 On those that guard the city towers,
 From every quarter glance.

What shall I do? To you I pray,
 Jove-descended gods divine,
 Listen, and save in every way
 The town and host of Cadmus' line.

For could you find on earth to hold
 A nobler land than ours,
 And leave its soil of deepest mould
 A prey to hostile powers?

Or Dircé's fountain could ye leave,
 Than which no purer wave
 Poseidon among all his springs,
 Or Tethys' daughters gave?"

The short comments which the chorus makes as Eteocles reports his successive nominations of chiefs to meet the seven hostile commanders are marked by that uniformity of type which prevails in the olden Grecian art. Their entreaties to Eteocles in this fine scene, where the curse of his fathers overmasters him, and he prepares for combat with his brother, exactly fulfil the duties of a chorus, which is ever to moderate the blind recklessness that forms the material of tragic events. So, too, their ode after his departure is full of the reflections which would occur to reverent and religious minds in the Greek sense. In the concluding part of this play the chorus is curiously divided, one half accompanying Antigone in paying the last honours to Polynices, whilst the remainder side with the state, and assist in the funeral of Eteocles,—an unusual picture in a Greek tragedy, but which arises very naturally, if we regard the chorus as the impersonation of opinion,—like the bystander to whom Homer so often makes reference in the course of his most animated descriptions. And recollect that the case on which the play before us turns is precisely one in which Greek opinion would necessarily take a divided view.

The *Eumenides* and *Supplices* are two plays very widely differing in character, but agreeing in this—that the chorus in both is rigorously an actor indispensable to the story. In the former it is invested with an individuality amongst the most powerful of any of the creations of the poet, but which a better opportunity of reviewing will be afforded when I come to examine the religious aspect of *Æschylus*. Here, however, I may observe that it is especially striking, as giving the most intense personality to the great law of retribution, and combining in the same beings the most awful attributes

as ministers of vengeance, but also the most beneficent in their propitious favour towards those who exercise justice, and interweaving with all this ideas of the mysterious conflict between original powers of heaven and the later divine race that had partly pushed them from their thrones. The chorus in the *Supplices*, however conspicuous in the action of the play, has been pronounced by the high authority of Mr. Keble as in character colourless, and representing rather the whole class of suppliant maidens than such and such individuals, extending this deficiency in personality also to Danaus and Pelasgus as a general feature of that tragedy.* There might perhaps be the less occasion for a marked individuality in the structure as far as regarded the chorus, from the evidently careful attention the poet gave to costume in this instance. They were represented as at least very dark—"a black, sun-smitten race" (v. 144); and in keeping with this are those curious passages in which strange gibberish is put into their mouth to express their Egyptian utterance, where, as not unfrequently happens in Æschylus, the line is almost overpassed on which the sublime so nearly borders on the ridiculous.

Of the remaining extant plays the chorus in the *Choëphoræ* is the one which has the least individual colouring, and in which it approaches most to the Sophoclean manner of a simple spectator. And this it almost necessarily does from the description of persons who form it,—captive Trojan women, uninterested in the action, save from the loyalty of slaves towards those whom fortune has made their lords. The *Persæ* and the *Agamemnon* exhibit a chorus formed upon nearly the same idea,—aged men left behind at home, and expecting, after long suspense, the return of their absent sovereign from distant warfare; under defeat in the former case, and in triumph, but with impending destruction, in the latter. In both, but especially in the *Agamemnon*, the characteristics of old age, its timidity and depression, are effectively brought out; whilst in the *Persæ* this is united with the stateliness and the profound reverence for royalty which belongs to the Oriental mind; in the *Agamemnon*, with the deep ethical wisdom in keeping with the Greek.

There can be little doubt but that out of the seventy plays Æschylus is said to have written, the seven which remain entire present a very perfect picture of his mind, and were judiciously chosen by the Alexandrian critics, to whom we owe the selection which has reached us from the mighty treasure-trove of Greek literature. We shall perhaps correctly classify the seven if we regard the *Prometheus Vinculus* and *Eumenides* as principally revealing to us the mystical aspect of the mind of Æschylus; the *Supplices*, *Agamemnon*, and

* Keble, *Prælectiones Academicæ*, vol. i. p. 295.

Choëphoræ, its moral and religious; the *Seven against Thebes* and *Persæ*, its personal and military associations,—the former in connexion with legendary lore, the latter with contemporary events. In point of construction, too, the extreme simplicity of the *Persæ* and *Seven against Thebes* presents an interesting contrast with the poet's latest manner in that particular, as afforded in the *Orestean* trilogy, where he approaches much more nearly to the more elaborate development of Sophocles.

A Jacobite Toast.

God bless the King, God bless the Faith's Defender !
 God bless—(no harm in blessing)—the Pretender !
 But who is the Pretender, who the King—
 Lord bless us all !—is quite another thing !

Latinè.

Dì justo faveant Deæque regi !
 Dì falso faveant Deæque regi !
 (Nam cunctis bona velle, quis vetabit ?)
 Sed an legitimus sit hic an ille,
 An rex sit simulatus hic an ille—
 Sic nobis faveant Dei Deæque,
 Hanc sanè puto rem periculosam,
 Nec hujus fore disputationis.

Book-hawking and Popular Literature.

THOSE who have made even a short residence in France will hardly have failed to notice a class of men, humbly, perhaps meanly, clad, who may be seen going the round of the country-towns and villages staff in hand, always on foot, and carrying on their backs a large trunk full of little books printed on rough paper, with coarse covers, illustrated with quaint woodcuts, and offered for sale at the most moderate prices. These men are an institution in the country. If you watch the *colporteur*, or book-hawker, when he arrives on the market-place, or at some spot where the peasants are wont to congregate, you will see that as soon as he has stopped and exposed his wares to view, he becomes the centre of attraction to the crowd. Though the peasantry of France are a thrifty people, every one thrusts his hand into his pocket; and almanacs, romances, lives of saints, and song-books, begin at once to disappear, till the trunk is empty, and the *colporteur* goes on his way rejoicing. The poet Jasmin (who, by his writings, has raised the tone of the peasantry in France, the class from which he sprang, while he established his own reputation as the poet of the people and the poor) tells us in his *Souvenirs* how, as a boy, he was tempted to filch a volume of the *Tales of the Fairies* from one of these *colporteurs*, with the intention of restoring it when he had satisfied his curiosity. The future poet, however, was so absorbed in visions of fairyland that the *colporteur* had sold off his stock and left the town before he could relinquish the intellectual feast with which the book supplied him. He relates to us his own remorse at the injustice he had done, as well as how the reading of the book gave the first impulse to his poetic genius. Fifteen years later he discovered his old friend, whose memory had constantly tormented his conscience, and sought him out with the intention of making restitution to him; but he found that the poor *colporteur* had recently become rich by the sale of the compositions of the boy who had, unintentionally, robbed him of the *Tales of the Fairies*. Nobody who knows with what avidity the books so purchased are read by the peasantry; how they are studied in the fields, or at home after work; how they are lent to neighbours and friends, and find their way from family to family and from district to district, will

doubt that the *colporteur* is an important institution. If these books which he disseminates are good, moral, and christian in their tone, they will render the population more moral, more pure, more sincerely religious; on the other hand, if they are bad, they will corrupt and brutalise their readers, making them more sensual, more given to drunkenness or avarice, and guiding them to their own ruin as well as that of society. In short, the saying is, to a certain extent, true, that the fortunes of modern society are carried in the packs of the *colporteurs*.

It was probably some reflection of this kind, or at least of the political importance of these men, that prompted the chief minister of police in France to establish, in the year 1852, a standing commission for the examination of their little books, of which commission M. Nisard was appointed the secretary. This appointment gave him the occasion to collect, and study with scrupulous care, the whole of the literature sold to the agricultural poor by the *colporteurs*. In his capacity of librarian to the Home Office he was enabled to bring to bear upon the subject a vast amount of information from the archives of that department, and he has given the results of his investigations to the world in two amusing volumes,* which furnish a chapter in the history of French literature hitherto unwritten. Just as the habits and manners of the lower orders of society become interesting and effective for the drama when represented by a skilful actor, so their literature, in the hands of an author of M. Nisard's erudition and accomplishments, has become the subject of an historical research which derives zest from its novelty, as well as from the ample field which it affords for the display of the writer's humour, literary taste, and fine judgment.

The book being professedly but an inventory—apparently a very complete one—of the literature of the agricultural poor in France, would have little interest or attraction for general readers of the more refined and educated classes, were it not for the author's mode of treating his subject. He has classified all the books which form the merchandise of the *colporteurs*, and which issue from the printing presses of three or four establishments devoted exclusively to the production of publications of this kind, under various headings, as if in the arrangement of a library. He then notices each in detail, giving a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of all, but in so lively and brilliant a style, and with so much power of analysis and of seizing the salient points in a book, as never to tire his reader. He dwells upon all

* *Histoire des Livres populaires, ou de la Littérature du Colportage*, par Charles Nisard. Paris, 1864.

that is most worthy of notice, ridiculing and exposing the impostures and absurdities which are coined to allure the ignorance and credulity of the poor. At the same time he gives due praise to whatever is of merit, and he illustrates it from the stores of his own great erudition and literary knowledge. The book is a kind of thrashing-floor, upon which the wheat is separated from the chaff and straw and filth, and left in a fit state to become the staple of life.

Almanacs form the class of publications which head M. Nisard's list, both on account of their chronological precedence and the universality of the demand for them in France. Their origin, he tells us, is lost in remote antiquity; the earliest he is able to find was printed in Paris in 1493. That, however, which has served as the parent of nearly all those now current is the "Almanac of Liège," which dates from the commencement of the 17th century. The authorship of this almanac is ascribed to Matthew Loensberg, a learned mathematician of very problematical existence. It contains prognostications of the weather and predictions of coming events suited to the credulity of the common people, and is illustrated by a portrait of the author and other woodcuts. Rival establishments from time to time reproduced this almanac in different forms, under new names, with various additions: thus we have the "Double Almanac of Liège," and the "Veritable Triple Almanac of Liège," the "Veracious and incomparable Almanac, with the Recollections of the Great Man;" then comes the "Great Astrologer," followed by the "Little Astrologer," the "Almanac of the good old times," the "Useful and agreeable Almanac," the "Almanac of Commerce and Industry," the "National Almanac," the "Almanac with a little of everything," &c.; and so on. These are all in substance the same book, with variations and embellishments. In course of time fresh matter was pressed into the service: the revelations of Nostradamus and Moul't, two celebrated sorcerers, were introduced as attractive novelties, containing predictions, horoscopes, prognostications, and other absurdities. Still later we have almanacs, with corresponding titles, in which information is added for shepherds, farmers, vine-dressers, gardeners, countrymen. Another class consists of comic almanacs, full of jests—some harmless, some immoral and indecent; another class is devoted to the propagation of Napoleonic ideas, and belongs to the period of the Empire; another gives religious and ecclesiastical intelligence,—and these often contain simple and effective poetry, and spirited, though rude, wood-engravings. The number and variety of this class of books are so great that nearly half a volume is occupied in describing them; and many of these are merely enumerated.

Under the head of "Arts and Sciences" we find a collection of

books which (with the exception of a few which treat of agriculture, veterinary surgery, and quack medicines) are devoted to magic and sorcery in all their branches: we are introduced to Satan and his attendant spirits, and fully instructed how he may be invoked, called into our presence, made to obey us; how compacts are to be made with him, and how we may escape his power; we are taught how to make talismans and incantations, to interpret dreams, to tell fortunes, and attain every kind of divination,—the whole collection, with the few exceptions we have named, being one mass of folly, superstition, and abominable blasphemy. One notable treatise on quack medicines is prefaced by an essay on charlatanism, which is cleverly written, and lays down principles which, if consistently carried into practice, would bind the author to the immediate suppression of his own book.

The next class brings us to the jest-books and collections of witticisms, somewhat after the fashion of our English "Joe Miller," but generally far more objectionable in their tone. None of these are found of earlier date than the Regency, or the first years of the reign of Louis XV.; and they represent under the coarsest form the licentious and immoral tone of the court and upper ranks of society as it spread downwards. These collections of jokes are often attributed to some popular character, such as the Duc de Roque-laure, the Baron de Pigeolet, concluding with Robert Macaire and others, and being often worked up into a narrative of the hero's life and adventures.

Under the head of "Dialogues and Catechisms," which next follows, we find several dialogues explaining the duties and privileges of members of guilds and associations of the different trades, which are interesting as illustrating the manners of the seventeenth century in France. Such, for instance, is a dialogue between Cartouche (the famous burglar and pickpocket) and Mandrin (the brigand-chief) in the infernal regions; in which they hold a spirited disputation, in the presence of the Satanic court, upon the rival claims to precedence of their respective branches of the thieving profession. We have also a curious dialogue, something after the manner of Plato, between "l'Enfant Sage" and the Emperor Hadrian—the latter speaking in the character of a Christian—in which a great number of subjects are handled, and many of them in a manner which is perfectly unintelligible. The catechisms are all, more or less, burlesques, in which precepts for conduct in the relations of ordinary life are given, and conveyed in the didactic and traditionary style of the Christian catechism: thus, we have "the Catechism of Lovers," "the Catechism of Young Men and Young

Women who wish for Good Wives and Husbands," "the Catechism of Conjugal Felicity," and the like. "The Catechism of the Normans" belongs to another class; it is a bitter satire on the characteristics commonly attributed to that people. The author was a Breton; and between the Normans and Bretons there is the proverbial hostility of neighbours. This catechism is said to have had its origin in the rancour caused by the loss of a lawsuit, in which a Norman had triumphed. We have heard feelings of the same kind expressed in more temperate terms by the peasants of Lancashire towards their neighbours in Yorkshire. Here is a sample:

Question. "What is the sign of a Norman?"

Answer. "To be always ready to take a false oath in favour of any body who will pay best."

Q. "What is the hope of a Norman?"

A. "To set himself above every body else."

Q. "Does the Norman do no good works towards his neighbour?"

A. "None whatever; conformably to the ten commandments he has learned from his ancestors."

Then follow the ten commandments, which, preserving the style, enjoin the precise contrary of those delivered to Moses.

Q. "How many works of mercy does the Norman practise?"

A. "Seven; that is to say, treachery, flattery, gluttony, theft, falsehood, envy, and imposture."

Q. "If a Norman fails to keep these commandments, and does not practise these works of mercy, what will become of him?"

A. "He will contravene the maxims and feelings of the whole Norman nation and the traditions of his ancestors, and will deserve thenceforth to be esteemed an honest man."

In the collection which follows of "Discourses, Funeral Orations, Panegyrics, Marriage-Contracts, Burlesque Sermons," may be found a series of very successful attempts to gratify that passion for exciting laughter on subjects the least laughable, which exists in all men, but which specially belongs to the French character. This class of composition took its rise at the time of the Reformation, originally for the purpose of turning into ridicule the austere and hypocritical tone of the Calvinist preachers of that period; but in due time the same diversion came to be sought at the expense of the Catholic preachers. No one can read such compositions as "The funeral oration on the death of Michael Morin" (who was beadle, bellringer, and schoolmaster of the parish of Beauséjour, in Picardy, and who lost his valuable life by a fall from a tree in fulfilling the arduous duty of destroying a magpie's nest which had been a source of annoyance to Monsieur le Curé), without being comically reminded at

every line of the style in use among the French clergy in their panegyrics even at the present day. The catalogue of profane books sold by the *colporteurs* closes with the lives of celebrated characters, real or imaginary. We have the histories of robbers, pirates, and outlaws; and again, the adventures of Gargantua, tales of enchanters and knights errant, with the history of the Wandering Jew, which appears to be the most popular of all.

The religious literature of the *colportage* is copious, and open to far fewer objections than the profane department. It sometimes contains matters of fact which cannot be reconciled with history, and occasional statements of doctrine somewhat at variance with theology, and which would not satisfy the censors of the Holy Office. But these are fewer than we might expect in books of this nature, and the tone and object of the writers is generally good. It leaves room for much improvement, and we are glad to hear that there is a prospect of that improvement being attained.

We may mention a few specimens of the religious books on the catalogue of the *colporteurs*, in order to give some idea of their character. A large proportion of these works are in verse, and many of them are of great antiquity. For instance the *Death of the Blessed Virgin*, in which her last illness, her death, her Assumption, and coronation in heaven, are depicted in glowing verses, full of devotion, simple in style, but of great vivacity. We have the same subject treated by James of Bergamo, an Augustinian, in his *Treatise on Illustrious Women*, which opens with an account of the life and death of the Blessed Virgin as the prototype and model of her sex. The author makes no distinction between the facts drawn from history and tradition, and those which his own imagination and devotion supply for the completion of his picture. It is in many parts a pious and edifying fiction, and the fervour of the author renders his subject so present to his mind, that the portrait has the air of having been drawn from life. We have the *Revelations of St. Bridget* in several editions and under several forms, sometimes appended to a history of her life. In some of the editions considerable liberties have been taken with the original text. There is an excellent little book called the *Preparation for Death*, by Father Crasset, published in the eighteenth century, which is the best of several which resemble it, both of earlier and later date. *The Remedies against Temptations and Sins*, by a priest of Besançon, is the title of a good popular instruction on the subject. One of the best books in the collection, as conveying deep religious and moral truths to simple people under an easy and amusing form suited to their tastes and capacity, is a little volume entitled *The Parables of Father Bonaventure*. It contains

parables and pious stories by the Jesuit Father, Bonaventure Girandeu. A sequel to this work was published later by another Jesuit, Father de Nilon. We regret that our space does not allow us to give one or two extracts, as samples of one of the best class of religious books for the poor. Another very remarkable work is *The Looking-Glass of the Sinner*, of which manuscripts are found dating from the commencement of the fourteenth century, and the earliest editions are considered the most ancient monuments existing in France both of typography and xylography. It is divided into forty-five chapters, and illustrated by one hundred and ninety-two wood-engravings. Another book, bearing the same title, was published a century later. The plan of this work is a series of explanations of emblems engraved on wood. They represent the soul of a man in its various states of innocence, of temptation, of mortal sin, of remorse, contrition, penance, and reconciliation to God; the death of a sinner, and his punishment in hell; the death of a just man, and the glorified soul after death. These plates would perhaps provoke a smile of scorn from a fastidious artist, but cannot fail to humble the pride and touch the heart of a man who has faith, by their vivid representation of the eternal truths. These emblems were much used by the celebrated missionary Father Maunoir, in his instructions to the people, and their authorship is hence often ascribed to him. Their real author was a Capuchin of the name of Le Nobletz, who died in the odour of sanctity, in 1592. We find many editions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, which give the history of the Old and New Testament drawn out for the use of the poor. This work was composed in the commencement of the fourteenth century, and has been current in type ever since the invention of printing. We must not omit to mention an *Instruction on the Sacrament of Penance*, by Father Chaurend, a Jesuit, in the beginning of the last century. It consists of four dialogues between a confessor and different classes of penitents: 1st, the penitent who will say nothing; 2d, the penitent who will not say enough; 3d, the penitent who says too much; and 4th, the penitent who confesses well. The first three of these expose the failures of uneducated people in making their confessions; the fourth supplies a model for fulfilling the duty well. In the first two a man makes his confession; but in the third (that is, *the penitent who says too much*), the gender of the penitent suddenly changes from the masculine to the feminine, and a dialogue ensues which is remarkable for its point and knowledge of human nature. Had we space to spare we would give an extract or two, which could not fail to be amusing, and might prove instructive to many. We have several little histories of the *Life and Passion of our Blessed Lord*, and many

of the lives and sufferings of the saints and martyrs. One of the most beautiful is that of *St. Genevieve of Brabant*, who is celebrated both in prose and verse. The religious poetry of the French peasantry is a subject for a dissertation in itself. It has so deep a hold on the affections of the people that it verifies the old saying, "Let me have the writing of a people's songs, and I care not who writes their laws." We may divide most of this poetry into three heads: that of the *Noël*, a class of composition corresponding to our Christmas-carols—they celebrate in verse the events connected with our Lord's Nativity; the *Complaint* (a name taken from the Latin *planctus*), of which the best-known example is the *Stabat Mater*; and the *Cantique*, or religious ballad, which class is the most numerous and the most popular.

Such is the literature disseminated by the *colporteurs* of France, as M. Nisard represents it in his book, which was intended as a report upon the subject to his government; and the effect of that report has been, that two-thirds of the books he enumerates have been suppressed by the police. We may make use of the present occasion to call attention to the same class of literature in our own country, not so much by way of comparison, as with a view to practical measures towards amending it and bringing it, in its amended form, within the reach of our poor. The education of the ignorant and poorer classes has ever been a special care of the Catholic Church from the earliest times. Even in the times of persecution in the first centuries which succeeded the death of her Divine Founder, and while she was hidden in the catacombs, she delineated the principal mysteries of the faith, and painted the Catechism on the walls of those catacombs, for the instruction of her children, well knowing that pictures are the books of the illiterate; and when she had emerged from her concealment and began to break in pieces the powers of the pagan world, she still set the same truths in a tangible and visible manner before the eyes of the faithful on the walls of her basilicas by means of mosaics, which were succeeded in their office by painted glass—that is to say, transparent mosaics—in the Middle Ages. To painted glass succeeded, long before the invention of printing, the "Bibles of the poor." Engraving on wood was invented with the express object of supplying catechisms and pious pictures at the smallest possible cost to the Christian people; and finally, since the time of Gutenberg the Church has incessantly made use of the printing press for the diffusion of the truth among such of her children as were simple, poor, and ignorant.

In England the Church has of late thrown herself warmly into the movement for the advance of education. She has availed herself

freely of the increased means which have been put within her reach for educational purposes. But education cannot be limited to those few years of dawning intelligence which are passed at school; it continues through life, in one form or other, and is only concluded at death. School-education is the foundation upon which the future structure is to be raised, the preparation for a further development and improvement of the faculties of the mind, the birth of aspirations and appetites which will ever be seeking new objects and new aims. This is true of education in general; it is true of the education of the poorest and simplest as well as the most cultivated classes in society. In our poor-schools we have taught the children of our poor to read; and this has entailed upon us the duty of supplying them with a literature, in order to meet the demand we have created. It is now twelve years since the late Cardinal Wiseman called attention to this subject* in two lectures delivered in London on the "Home Education of the Poor," in which he pointed out the objectionable nature of the literature which is circulated among the poor in England, and called upon the Catholic body to produce a wholesome literature in its stead, which might at once supply a want and counteract an evil. Much has been done, since that appeal was made, towards supplying the want: a great number of Catholic publications have issued from the press, and we have seen new editions of many excellent books. More, much more, doubtless remains to be done. If we might make a few suggestions as to the class of books which would be acceptable at present, we should say, in the first place, that we ought to have a popular Bible. The Holy Scriptures, of course, cannot be put into the hands of an unlearned public without the most serious danger, unless we comply with the precepts of the Church in guarding them from those dangers by explaining each portion of the Bible by a short commentary, simple, clear, and luminous, which might interpret its Catholic sense. A popular Bible should be illustrated with pictures, which have an eloquence for the eyes as well as for the intelligence of the poor, and often make a more lively impression upon them than either writing or speaking. And these pictures should be above mediocrity and really artistic, though simply executed: spirited engravings on wood would quite answer the purpose, or simple outlines coloured, in the style of the ancient Etruscan vases. We might be puzzled, perhaps, at once to find models from the existing works of native and contemporary artists; but until English artists will supply us with Christian designs, we might supply the want from the schools of

* *Home Education of the Poor*; being two Lectures delivered by H.E. Cardinal Wiseman, at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre. London, 1854.

Dusseldorf or Munich. The ancient *Biblia Pauperum* of the thirteenth or fourteenth century might serve, in whole or in part, as examples in the preparation of the book, with the text given in clear, bold, and simple type. After the Bible, commented and explained by the Church, the most important books for dissemination are Catechisms. The Catechisms used in our dioceses might be printed on larger paper and illustrated with pictures; and a good translation of Bellarmine's Catechism (which is much wanted) might be added, and illustrated in like manner. We would recommend a cheap translation of the Lessons of the Breviary, cheap editions of the Lives of the Saints, an elementary and popular History of the Church and of England, written in a deep Catholic spirit, and not, like too many of such compendia, confined to a bare, dry, chronological arrangement of facts; collections of historical tales and of fictions, of parables, pious stories—legends should be added, many such exist, in our own or other languages, and might be reprinted in a cheap form. We have collections of hymns for the use of our people in churches and schools; we desire, in addition to them, Christmas-carols, ballads, and songs. A religious poetry for the people is wanted, which might be to them what Dibdin's songs were to our navy at the beginning of this century, or what the Jacobite songs were to the adherents of the old dynasty in the last. We would close our suggestions by recommending a series of manuals for the use of those engaged in different professions, trades, and employments. Many other books, of course, will still be wanted; but even supposing the books to exist,—and we may hope to see their number increase,—they would not, as things are at present, reach the classes whose cause we are now advocating. We are not pleading only for the poor in towns and thickly-populated districts—the crowded centres of industry, where they can avail themselves of lending-libraries, institutes, reading-rooms, literary societies, and popular lectures—but for the agricultural poor also, scattered on the hill-sides and in the valleys, in outlying hamlets, in the cottages of the rural and unfrequented parts of our counties—the servants, labourers, and dependents of our country gentlemen and farmers; in short, the peasant and working-class.

Whatever intellectual culture men of this class obtain must be derived from sources brought into immediate contact with themselves. One-half only of the work is done by publishing books: they must be disseminated amongst the people, and brought to their doors, before they can derive benefit from them. John Stubbs is an educated man, in the strict sense of the term. He has been taught reading, writing, and arithmetic in the poor-school of the neighbour-

ing mission; he is foreman on Mr. Thrasher's farm, and lives ten miles from a railway-station; he rarely goes from home, except to hear Mass on Sunday, or to attend a market, or when, tempted by an excursion-train, he makes an occasional holiday-trip to some local metropolis. When he does so, you never see him enter a bookseller's shop, or make an investment at the book-stalls at the stations; yet he has in his pocket the last number of a penny newspaper, which is supplied to him through the agency of the keeper of the little shop in his village; and if you go home with him to his cottage, you will find perhaps that he has obtained from the same quarter, or from the pack of some pedlar, an almanac, a ready-reckoner, song-books, romances, Adventures of Highwaymen, Paul Jones, Valentine and Orson, the Life of Jack Sheppard, with other books of perhaps a far more objectionable character; but none of the excellent publications provided for him by the Catholic publishers. These have never crossed his path; or if you find one or two of them in his collection, they will prove on inquiry to have been given to him as prizes by the priests when he was at school. Now Mr. Stubbs is quite capable of making use of such books, and quite ready to purchase them if they came in his way and were not too expensive. If you talk with him, you will be surprised to find upon how large a number of subjects he is anxious to obtain information. You cannot please him better than by occasionally lending him a book; and if the smartness of its exterior does not make him afraid of soiling it, he will read it through before he returns it to you. But he is so much the creature of circumstances, that it never occurs to him, or if it occurs to him, it does not suit his habits and inclinations, to purchase his library beyond his own neighbourhood, or from a larger or more judicious selection than he finds in the little shop where he is in the habit of purchasing his tobacco, his groceries, and all the commodities of life, from a bedstead to a ball of packthread; or in the pack of the pedlar, who makes periodical visits to his village.

This brings us to the point to which these remarks have tended. In France the *colporteurs* exist as an organisation for the dissemination of a literature for the poor, though there is still a great dearth of suitable books for the purpose. In England almost the reverse is the case. Amidst the vast number of bad publications, we have good Catholic books, and we have a prospect of the class of literature to which we refer becoming more complete; but we have no means of bringing them to the doors of the poor; and until we have this we shall look in vain for the good results of the efforts made by authors and publishers. A system of book-hawking has been for some years introduced in this country by members of the Anglican communion,

which has met with considerable success, and is rapidly extending its operations. A Central Association has been formed in London, to which any individual or association in the provinces engaged in book-hawking may be aggregated on the payment of a small subscription. This entitles them to the reports, papers, and catalogues of books printed by the Association in London, and to the use of the central *depôt* for books. When a local association is formed, the members of it establish a *depôt* of books of their own in the town which is to be the centre of their operations, and men are engaged to act as hawkers. Each hawker has his district assigned to him, as well as the intervals at which he is to visit its different parts. He is then furnished with a truck and a pack, and directed to call at every house in every parish in his district. We are told in the Report of the Association, that persons who would never think of going out of their way to spend money upon books are daily found eager to purchase when the hawker exposes his stock to view at the doors of their cottages, and they can examine his goods at their leisure; and if customers are not to be found at the front-doors of the rich, the hawker is sure of a warm reception in the kitchen. We cannot, of course, admire the selection of books adopted by this Association; but their reports show how easily an organisation can be contrived for the end they have in view—how simple the means are which it requires, and that their experiments have met with considerable commercial success. The average income of the twelve societies at the head of the forty-eight book-hawking societies in connection with the Association, is 5*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* per week. In Lincolnshire it is 10*l.*, in Suffolk 9*l.* 10*s.*, in Essex 8*l.*, per week. In North-East Lincolnshire the total product of the sales was 470*l.* for the past year; and on examining the different classes to which the customers belonged, we find that 216*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* was the sum received from the labouring-class; 67*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* from farmers; 65*l.* 6*s.* 11½*d.* from servants; 41*l.* 3*s.* 0½*d.* from tradesmen; 64*l.* 9*s.* 0½*d.* from the gentry and clergy; and 14*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* from persons not classed,—showing the agricultural labourer to be by far the best customer to the book-hawker; and the summary of the sales effected by the whole Association shows a still larger proportion in favour of the same class.

Our object has been more to call attention to this subject than to make detailed suggestions as to measures to be adopted. We cannot refrain, however, from offering one or two observations, in conclusion, for the benefit of any who may undertake a scheme of Catholic book-hawking. Any such scheme will prove successful in the same proportion as the literature provided for the purpose combines cheap-

ness with attractiveness. We have no hesitation in saying that the average price of our popular publications is far too high for the labouring classes. In France the average price of the books carried by the *colporteurs* ranges between a sous and a franc—and yet it has been found remunerative both to the *colporteurs* and the publishers. New and original works are not needed; and if a system of book-hawking were to open a good market to the trade, we should hope that publishers would be able, assisted perhaps in the outset by private charity, to provide reprints of well-selected books in a rough simple style for very little more than the cost of the paper upon which they would be printed. But above all, whatever is intended to be bought and read by the poor must be attractive to them in its form. Among the vast number of popular books described by M. Nisard in his work on the literature of book-hawking, there is not one which does not evidently aim at gratifying the tastes of the peasantry. A large proportion of those books, as we have already remarked, are of the worst description; many of them are addressed to the worst passions of our nature, and are so objectionable that we can only allude to them. Many seek to gratify the credulity, the superstition, the love of the marvellous, the disposition to jest on serious subjects, for which the peasants of France are noted; but none of them are dry or dull. Whether in France or England, success with the poor more than with any other class of men will be yielded to him "*qui miscuit utile dulci*." We believe that in any endeavour to convey information to the minds of our poor which shall be high, and pure, and true, we shall best consult the success of the undertaking, without prejudice to an end which we hold to be sacred, by presenting it to them under what will approve itself to their taste as an amusing, artistic, lively, and attractive form.

120.

The Legend of Old Misery.

TRAVELLERS on the Continent sometimes fall in with reprints of old medieval legends or apologues, full of the quaint humour and familiar use of sacred names and religious images which characterised the Christianity of the period from which they are derived; and there is occasionally a temptation to persons unable to enter into the real spirit of such productions to condemn them at once as irreverent and profane. The fault is often far more in the critics themselves than in the thing criticised; for their religion is often to them a matter of literature, or at the best a Sunday garb, which is laid on a shelf during the week. As they cannot think of sacred truths without more or less of an effort, they have to put their minds into an attitude in order to contemplate the things of faith; and they cannot speak of them save in an unnatural tone of voice, and with bated breath. All these things are signs of their want of familiarity with the great truths of religion,—in the good, and not in the bad sense of the word familiarity. They are not really at home with what they believe; there is a veil between them and the world of faith, which is only lifted up on solemn occasions. What a man is really at home with, what is matter of his daily thoughts and the constant motive of his actions, he must of necessity speak freely about, out of the abundance of his heart; and if the occasion naturally presents itself, he will be able, without any thought of irreverence, to smile and amuse himself about it when the humorous element rises to the surface. Moreover, every one who has to teach knows that while any kind of anecdote or story that is apposite to the subject in hand is far more certain to fix it on the mind of the learner than the simply didactic method, those stories are of all others the most certain to carry the lesson home that have any thing comic about them. Hence it was not uncommon in old times to put great truths into popular, and even ludicrous apologues. This is probably the origin of some of the stock anecdotes about the power of this or that saint which now and then are brought home as rich matters of scandal by excellent Englishmen, who have every kind of common sense except that particular branch of it which consists in a perception of the ludicrous, and of a right instinct as to its legitimate application.

And the writers who have hunted-up the old popular literature of European countries have preserved for us many racy specimens of teaching of this kind. I am going to relate one of these, the origin of which has been fixed by a French critic at the same period with the celebrated *Dance of Death*, and which is claimed by both France and Italy as its native soil.*

Peter and Paul arrive one day at a village near Milan. It is raining hard, and they are wet to the skin. They look out for hospitality. A rich man tells his servant to drive them from his door; "he doesn't keep an inn." At last they fall in with a woman who leads them to a neighbour of hers, Old Misery. She gives them some fish, bread, and wine for supper, which they devour with eagerness. Poor Old Misery, however, had but a little straw for his own bed, and no more; and though he pressed his guests to accept it, they refuse the offer, rather than deprive him of it. So they sit up together, as there is nothing to lie on, and Old Misery tells them his story, to pass the time away.

His story is not long. He has almost nothing in the world except a pear-tree, the fruits of which he would gladly have shared with them; but unfortunately it has just been robbed. Peter and Paul promise to pray for him; and one of them adds, that if he wants any particular favour from Heaven he should mention it. Old Misery can think of nothing, except that any one who should get up into his pear-tree might be forced to stay there as long as its master chooses, and not come down again except when he wills.

Peter tells him that he does not ask for much; but Old Misery indulges in the thought of seeing some future plunderer stuck fast in the tree, and of hearing his piteous cries for quarter at his hands. So when the morning comes Peter and Paul leave him with many benedictions, and tell him that they hope he will have his wish. No one will ever get up into the pear-tree again without paying dearly for it; and he himself may leave it unguarded, quite sure that any one who mounts it without his consent will also not be able to leave it without the same. And Old Misery, who had hardly ever laughed before in his life, thought it a very good joke, and enjoyed a hearty guffaw, though he half thought Peter was fooling him all the time.

He went out in the course of the day to get water from the well: on coming back he found his friend the robber in the tree, struggling in vain to get down again. He began to think something of his last night's guests.

"Ah, my fine fellow," he said to the robber, "I will give you

* I shall follow the arrangement of the legend as given in M. Nisard's *Histoire des Livres Populaires*, tom. i.

plenty of time to help yourself to my pears; but you'll pay for them well though, by the torment I shall put you to. I shall begin by gathering all the village to look at you where you are, and then I shall light a fire under my tree, and smoke you like a ham."

"Mercy, Mr. Misery!" said the poor robber; "forgive me this once, I'll never come here again."

"I don't think you will," said Old Misery; "but now that I have you there, I must make you pay for all the mischief you have done me."

The man offered him any sum of money, but Misery was inexorable. He left him, telling him he was going to gather brushwood, and exhorting him to patience and good reflections till he came back.

In Misery's absence, two neighbours came up to the tree, drawn by the groans and cries of the culprit in its branches. At last they get up to help him, and they too are forced to remain till late in the afternoon, when Misery returns, laden with a huge faggot to burn under the tree. He is terribly surprised to find that his one prisoner has grown into three, and begins to reproach the new-comers with their illicit appetite for pears; but they explain that they are only there to help the other, on which Misery allows them to come down at once. Then they begin to intercede for the robber. Misery refuses all mercy, and will not hear of compounding the offence for money; till at last the robber implores him to release him *in the name of God*. At the name of God, Misery at once yields, pardons him, and makes him a present of all the pears he has stolen. However, he puts a condition on his forgiveness. He is to swear that he will never as long as he lives climb up into the pear-tree again; and so good a theologian was Old Misery as to the danger of "proximate occasions," he was also to engage never to come within a hundred paces of it while the pears were ripe. The malefactor is only too happy to promise never to come within a league.

"Come down, then, neighbour," says Misery; "and be kind enough never to get up there again."

The poor man's limbs were all swollen with his long and painful sojourn in the tree, and Old Misery had to get a ladder, and himself help him to descend, as the others present had too much respect for the wonderful tree to go too near it. After this adventure no one ever meddled with Misery's pears.

In course of time the good man got very old. He lived a poor hard life enough, and had a constant succession of sufferings; but he was always cheerful and happy, as he had no desire but to be allowed to enjoy his pear-tree in peace. Few people troubled him. One morning, however, he heard a knock at his door; and who should

appear but Death? Old Misery had always expected a visit from him, but somehow he had not thought it could come so soon. Death told him that he was going his rounds, and had come to tell him that his time was just up.

"Good-morning to you," said Misery; "I hope I see you well."

He was as calm and unconcerned as possible, as a man might be who had no fear of Death, having nothing on his conscience, and having always led an honest life, though a poor one. Death was rather surprised at his intrepidity.

"What! you are not afraid of me, then,—of me, who can make the most powerful men in the world tremble by a mere look?"

"No," said Old Misery; "I am not the least afraid of you. What pleasure have I in this life? What ties have I to prevent me from leaving it with pleasure? I have no wife or children,—I have had plenty of other troubles without those. I haven't an inch of property, except my cottage and my pear-tree, which has been a kind of foster-father to me, by means of the fruit which it has borne me year after year, and with which it is at this moment, as you see, well charged. If any thing in the world could cause me pain, it would never be any thing else but the kind of attachment that I have contracted to that tree all these years that it has fed me. However, you are a person with whom one must make up one's mind at once, and there is no reply when you summon us to follow you. All that I desire—and this I pray that you will grant me before I die—is that I may eat here in your presence one more of my pears: after that I ask for nothing."

"A very reasonable request," said Death; "I must certainly grant it. Go yourself and choose your pear; I am quite willing."

Old Misery went into the yard, Death following him. Misery walked round and round the tree, looking for the finest pear he could find. At last he fixed on one of great beauty.

"That's the one for me," he said; "lend us your scythe for a moment to knock it down with."

"This scythe of mine," said Death, "is never lent to any body; and besides, no good soldier ever gives up his arms. But it will be better to pluck the pear with your hand; it will be spoilt if it falls to the ground. Get up into the tree," said he to Misery.

"I would if I could," said Old Misery; "but I haven't the strength. Don't you see that I can hardly hold myself up as it is?"

"Well," said Death, "I will do it for you, and get you this pear, which will give you so much delight before you die."

Death mounted the tree, and gathered the pear; but found himself, to his utter astonishment, unable to get down again.

"My good man," said Death, "what on earth is this tree of yours?"

"Well, it's a pear-tree," said Misery; "don't you see it is?"

"Yes, I see," said Death; "but how is it I can't get down?"

"That's your business," said Old Misery.

"What! are you making fun of me," said Death,—“me, who make the whole world tremble? Take care what you expose yourself to, my good man.”

"Very sorry," says Misery; "what do *you* expose yourself to, to come and trouble the peace of a poor wretch who has never done you any harm? The whole great world is not large enough for you to exercise your power in, and to go about in with your rage and fury, but you must needs come into a poor miserable cottage to take the life of a man who has never hurt you! Why don't you confine your walks to the grand universe, with all its noble cities and splendid palaces? Surely there are plenty of fine subjects there for you to wreak your barbarities upon? What mad mood was this that came into your head to-day, to turn your thoughts to me? Well, you shall have plenty of time now to think over these matters. You are under my power now, and I shall take the opportunity of doing a little good to the poor world, which you have been making a slave of for so many ages. Without a miracle, you won't leave that pear-tree till I choose."

Death found himself in an exceptional position. The tree was certainly a wonderful one. He began to reason with his new master.

"My good Gaffer," said he, "you have served me right in what you have done, for I certainly deserved it for being too indulgent with you. However, *that* will never be a source of repentance to me. Still you must not abuse the power which is now given to you over me. You can't resist the decrees of Heaven; and if you are to leave this life, you will be forced against your will to do so. Now, at all events, let me get down from this tree,—or else I will kill it in a moment."

"If you do," said Misery, "I declare by all that is most sacred, that, dead though it be, you shall never leave it without the express interposition of Heaven."

Death was at his wits' end.

"Well," said he, "here I am in a mess. My good man, I am beginning to be tired of this; I have got business to get through at the four corners of the world, and I must finish it before sunset. Are you going to stop the course of nature? If I ever get out of this, you'll have to remember it."

"No," said Misery; "I'm not afraid. The man who does not fear Death is superior to all sorts of things. Your threats don't

even cause me the shadow of an emotion. I shall be always ready to start for the next world, when the Lord wills."

"Well," said Death, "your sentiments are very good. I little thought that small cottage of yours contained so great a treasure. You may boast of being the first of living men who has conquered Death. Heaven now ordains that, with your consent, I should leave you—and never come back to see you till the day of the General Judgment, when I shall have accomplished my great work—the destruction of the human race. You shall witness that, I promise you now. Only let me come down; or, at all events, let me fly away. There's a queen five hundred leagues off who is waiting for me to set out with her."

Misery asked him if he might trust him.

"I swear it," said Death. "You shall never see me again till after the entire desolation of nature; and you shall receive the last stroke of all from my scythe. You know, good Misery, that the decrees of Death are irrevocable."

"Well," said he, "I know it; and I know that I ought to trust you. To prove it, I give you leave to go where you like. You are at perfect liberty now."

Death darted through the air, and Misery has never seen him again. He has often visited the neighbourhood and the village; but he has always passed Misery's door, without even venturing to inquire after his health. So Misery, old as he is, has lived ever since,—always poor, always by the side of his beloved pear-tree; and, as Death has promised, *he will remain upon the earth as long as the world lasts.*

Le Pays de Gavôt.

"THE finest trees I ever saw are on the Savoy shores of the Lake of Geneva: the chestnuts and oaks, with the blue lake gleaming through them, form a picture that is really unrivalled."

"Ah!" replied the gentleman to whom I addressed the above remark; "I was there some years ago, and passed three months painting those trees." And he applied himself busily to transfer to his canvas the effect of a misty cloud that had become entangled among the gray peaks of the Dent du Midi. "But you surprise me," he recommenced; "I did not know that any one but artists visited the Pays de Gavôt."

"The hotels are improved," I replied; "and there is now no trouble about passports, and very little with the Custom-house. People will begin to go there soon."

"No," he answered; "travellers are just like sheep: one follows the other along the same beaten track, and no one will go there until somebody writes a book about it; which is much the same thing as the first sheep leaping a hedge."

I turned away, and continued my walk along the Swiss valley, wondering why it was that so few of the many English tourists who steam along the Lake of Geneva deign to visit its southern shores. The stream of travellers sets in one unbroken direction from Geneva to Lausanne, and Lausanne to Vevay. They stare with all their eyes at the low, arid, and burnt-up slopes—so profitable to the possessor, so uninteresting to the spectator—that spread from Coppet to Vevay; but they neglect the velvet lawns and park-like glades of the opposite shore. The character of the scenery on the Swiss side is almost invariably the same; the sloping lands are carefully freed from trees, covered—or one might say, spotted and freckled—with vineyards of stunted vines, traversed by roads without shade, and only diversified here and there by small plebeian houses of the purest white, relieved by shutters of the liveliest green. All the signs of peace, comfort, and rustic prosperity abound; but there is neither beauty nor romance, nor any trace of that rugged half-dilapidated neglect that helps to form what is termed the picturesque. Almost the only charms that greet the traveller's gaze lie in the blue waters that flow

beneath his feet, and the purple glades and snowy mountains that crown the shores of Savoy.

If we turn to this neglected region, we shall be struck with the contrast. Here brilliant slopes of green turf rise to broad and richly-cultivated terraces, shadowed by forests of oak and mighty Spanish chestnuts, some of them coeval with Humbert of the White Hands, the founder of the royal house of Savoy. The roads are bordered with gigantic trees,—many of these in May bursting into flower, in autumn brilliant with fruit. The mountain streamlets rush down the wooded clefts, and breaking into foam over the wheels of the old dilapidated water-mills, bubble onwards, sparkling over many a mossy stone, and diving beneath many an overhanging rock, until they shine forth again in the full beauty of their bright waters, as, in the course of their long descent to the lake, they perform the same service again and again. The villages, with the houses standing apart, each in its own orchard; the farm-houses, with their time-embrowned walls and broad balconies, sheltered by vines and creepers, and half-filled with farming utensils, so different from the trimness of a Swiss chalet even among the mountains,—yield a picture at every turn. But as many a landscape-painter has been driven to despair by the failure of his attempts to portray the cottages of Savoy, surely a mere word-painter is justified in giving up all attempts to describe them, or the ancient manor-houses, whose lofty towers and conical gables contrast so forcibly with these humbler abodes. Who would not, then, give the preference over the dusty shores of the Canton de Vaud to these green lawns, that rise above the blue waters of the Mediterranean of the Alps, and, crowned by churches, towers, and ruined castles, stretch from richly-cultivated terrace to terrace, until they rest against the steep rocky hills, clothed with rugged and scattered pine-woods that form the background, and are only divided by narrow valleys from the snowy Alps and the monarch of mountains—Mont Blanc himself?

The road from Geneva to the frontier of Savoy passes along a plain, that might be deemed monotonous but for the view of the encircling mountains. One of these—La Môle—is of a conical form; the chalets of La Tour are nearly the highest on the mountain, and most of the grass is kept for hay. It would be impossible to carry it down the mountain for winter feeding; but the villagers adopt a simple method. They wait until the storms and freezing winds have covered the sides of the mountain with hardened snow; then the young men climb to the top, pack the haystacks into circular nets, and roll them down from the summit to the women and children, who are assembled to receive them below. This is the great fête-day of

the village, and it is celebrated with shouting, singing, dancing, and every kind of festivity. Although these hills nearly encircle the town of Geneva, they belonged to Savoy, and are now therefore annexed to France; along the shores of the lake, however, the actual frontier is not passed until we reach the village of Devoine.

We must linger a few moments in the noble park and shady woods of Condre. Wild and savage as this forest seems—full of trees of a height and magnificence of growth rarely seen—it yet, with its wide avenues and leafy glades, forms the ground-plan of the regularly-built, uniform, and almost wearisomely-monotonous city of Turin.

The road now trends inwards; and after a few miles the traveller reaches Thonon, the capital of the province. There is here little to detain us; but our attention is attracted by the ruins of an ancient castle, crowning the twin peaks of a precipitous hill on the right. Here stood the château of Allinges, a place of famous strength in ancient days. The inscription over the ancient and humble chapel tells us that here the Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales, "*lacrymas et preces fudit*," poured forth tears and prayers, while he was labouring to reconvert the people to Catholicism. Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, after a long struggle, expelled the Protestants of Berne, who had conquered the country and were then in possession; and at his earnest entreaties the Bishop of Geneva came to aid him in uprooting the doctrines they had implanted in his people's mind. "*Lacrymas et preces fudit*," I muttered to myself, and pondered over the causes that excite these in most men. That their fortune may not be lost—that a wife or a child may be spared—that a calamity threatening their own comfort may be averted,—for these, men have tears and prayers; but that a country may be saved—that a mass of ignorance and barbarism may be illuminated by the perception of the truth,—for this, how few can find a prayer or tear!

"*Lacrymas et preces fudit*," I repeated to myself, and with dry eyes entered the humble sanctuary. Poor and plain, simple to ruggedness, naked to austerity, dark and lonely as was that chapel—twice buried under the ruins of the castle—twice (it is said miraculously) preserved,—there was about it the same peculiarity that has been noticed* of other places of frequent pilgrimage and constant devotion. The walls appear to be impregnated with and redolent of prayer; there appears to be a whisper of prayer breathing around the place, and the walls seem to give out and surround you with an atmosphere of prayer. Where so many breaking hearts have offered up their vows—where so many sighs have been breathed—where so

* Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. Maria Regina.

many graces have been obtained—where for generations past the weary and wayworn, wounded in life's battle, have brought their sorrow and despair,—the very stones appear to have been mesmerised by the influence of human supplication, and to cry to one as one enters, "Great is the power of prayer—great the peace to be obtained here by prayer!" The present condition of the country gives witness that the Bishop had not striven in vain. Too often, in the Middle Ages, do the inhabitants of a country appear, without scruple or opposition, to have adopted the form of religion professed by their rulers. In this case, however, the effect of the Saint's efforts has been permanent enough to withstand repeated revolutions and changes of dynasty. In a celebrated debate on the dissolution of monasteries in the Parliament of Turin, the late Count Cavour declared that the part of the king's (then) dominions where the Church was most respected was Savoy.

I forced my way through the thick brushwood to the other peak. The view from this point is unrivalled. The Lake of Geneva is seen in its full extent; and *Le Petit Lac*—the narrow part of the lake that extends from the promontory below you to the city of Geneva—appears the sapphire-like handle to this crystal basin. An English lady is said to have observed that "it looked like a gigantic silver fish-knife;" and though her simile may be unpoetical, it is not untrue. The towns on both shores are to be seen. Lausanne, from its elevated position and noble cathedral, makes a fine object on the opposite shore; and the view reaches onwards to the hills that border the Lake of Neufchatel and the wooded chain of the Jura. Below our feet lie the broad plains that lead to the river Dranse; and beyond it the eye runs along the green woods that, interspersed with fields "that bear both corn and wine," descend by a succession of terraces to the margin of the lake; or if our eyes follow the elevated table-land, with its gloomy forest of pines, and pass over the Castle of Lorringes and the Church of St. Paul, they will rest with pleasure upon rugged peaks of the Dent d'Oche and the gloomy heights of the Dent de Jaman. With the exception of these jagged mountains, the country in front of us is characterised by richness, fertility, and plenty; but if we turn our back to the lake, the scene is strangely altered. We see deep valleys, shut in on the further side by precipitous rocks bristling with the shaggy pines that plant themselves wherever they can gain a footing; the cottages and little hamlets stand far apart, and seem to wish to separate from each other as far as the mountain-barriers that shut them out from the rest of the world will allow. A painful air of isolation and sterility is spread over this scene of savage ruggedness, but hardly of grandeur.

Before we reach the river Dranse, a road to the left—so an old battered-looking person informs me—leads to the ancient palace and monastery of Ripaillé. The beauties of this spot tempted Amadeus, first Duke of Savoy, for cowl and beads to lay down his “ducal” battle-axe and crown. The life led by him and the five courtiers who with him made the attempt to enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* which is so difficult of attainment, has made the word “Ripaillé” pass into a proverb; and “faire Ripaillé,” all through Savoy and France, is a proverbial expression, that means to make good cheer. As, although shorn of its former magnificence, and a prey to neglect and dilapidation, the old castle is one of the sights of the country, the old peasant offered to show me the way. The annexation of Savoy to France was not yet a *fait accompli*, and I asked him about this much-vexed question.

My experience of foreign peasantry is this—that it is useless to expect them to answer a question that is purposely left general; you must lead to your answer by inquiring “Don’t you think?” or some other question that shows the bias of your own mind. If the answer is in the affirmative, it of course is useless as evidence, for the probability is, that it is a mere complimentary reply; if, however, the answer is in the negative, there is some ground for hoping that you hear the real sentiments of the man. “Are you not sorry to lose your king?” I asked, after some little talk had passed between us. “*Pas trop*,” was the answer,—he had a very curious habit of cocking his left eye. “But such a gallant man!” I rejoined. The left eye cocked furiously, but he adhered to his sentiment. After a little more talk, in answer to my reiterated inquiry he cocked his eye, as if he was taking me into his most intimate confidence, and replied, “*On dit qu’il nous a vendu*.” “What!” I exclaimed, “do they say that?”—“*Oui, tout le monde le dit*.” And as I could extract nothing more from him I gave him a small piece of money; and as I left him, told him to drink the king’s health. “*Volontiers*,” he replied; “the wine is always good.” But “*On dit qu’il nous a vendu*,” and as I walked away to the old château I turned to look back at him, and saw him still cocking his eye, and apparently repeating, “*On dit qu’il nous a vendu; pourtant le vin est bon*.”

A monastery of Augustinian monks stood here; and by the side of the conventual buildings Amadeus established his castellated palace. It was divided into seven sets of apartments, which opened into seven gardens and seven fields. The whole was defended by seven lofty towers, and surrounded by a large walled park planted with trees, and traversed by seven avenues. Here the duke with six compa-

nions retired, and founded the order of Cavalier Hermits of Saint Maurice, still the highest order of knighthood in the gift of the House of Savoy.

In life he did not long enjoy the repose he coveted, and not even in death have his bones been permitted to rest quietly in their sepulchre before the high altar. In 1536 the Protestant canton of Berne overran and mastered the Chablais. Both as monk and duke Ama-deus was equally hateful to them. They broke open and defaced his marble sarcophagus. His remains, however, were preserved from outrage, and removed first to Turin and then to Hautcombe, on the Lake Bourget, where they have long remained under the guardianship of his favourite Augustinian monks. Surely not without some reason did these black-robed guardians of the grave deem that, in virtue of the fifty or sixty dead kings and queens, princes and princesses of the reigning house, who were confided to their custody, they might expect to escape the common sentence of ejection pronounced against their order by the Parliament of Turin; but their defence availed them nothing, and they have been driven out into poverty and exile. The requiem of the would-be pope is now sung by the silver waves of the lake as they dash against the abbey, instead of the Gregorian chaunts of the cowed brotherhood he loved.

Musing much over thrones and cloisters, kings and monks, I retraced my way to the river Dranse. A small quantity of wine upsets the equilibrium of a Savoyard peasant; and I found my quondam friend reeling along the road. He had invested the coin I gave him in drinking somebody's health, and rolled up to me and proposed that we should adjourn into a neighbouring hostelry and drink another bottle of wine to the health of the king—" *puisque vous l'aimez tant*"—since I loved him so much, since I so liked him; but I declined, and hurried onwards. He tried to keep up with me, but the gyrations he made prevented him; so he sat down on the roadside, cried good-by, and then furiously cocking his eye, muttered to himself as he gazed after me; what it was I know not, but I strongly suspect it was the old burden, "*On dit qu'il nous a vendu.*"

The Dranse is a devastating mountain-torrent. In summer a few scanty streamlets diversify its broad stony bed; but in winter it often rushes down to the lake, sweeping away and overflowing its banks and spreading havoc and devastation. It makes, however, some amends by floating down loads of cut timber from the mountains of Biot and Abandonne. This timber is sometimes carried out into the lake and washed on the shores of the Swiss canton de Vaud; it is then not recovered without difficulty, and sometimes only by means of a prosecution for theft.

The country we now enter was anciently called the Pays de Gavôt. From this bridge, which, "with its tedious but necessary length, bestrides the wintry flood," to the rocks of Meillerie and the little frontier village of St. Gingolph the country is one of the most enchanting that can be imagined; and we only trust that some of our readers may be induced next summer to transport themselves to the town of Evian, the ancient capital of the Pays de Gavôt, and that fixing themselves in one of its many excellent hotels, they will traverse these wooded walks, and linger in these rustic villages, and judge for themselves of the charms of the country. It is not a place for a mere tourist to run through: sloping lawns, rustic villages, ruined castles, magnificent trees, and beautiful views of woodland scenery, through which the blue lake at his feet gleams like one large sapphire, will not detain one whose heart is longing for the snowy heights of the Bernese Oberland, the savage grandeur of the Lake of the Four Cantons, or whose ambition is to distinguish himself in the annals of the Alpine Club as a mountaineer. But let those who wish to pass a peaceful fortnight in scenery whose chief charm is its perfect repose; let those who wish to realise to its full the charm of leisure, come here; and even if we have led them to expect much, they will not be disappointed. Half way between the bridge and Evian stands the hamlet of Amphion. There is here an iron spring greatly celebrated in ancient days, and which was much frequented by the princes of the House of Savoy. Since, however, the waters have been analysed they have lost their fame, and the hotels and gardens are chiefly frequented by those who are taking the baths of Evian, but who prefer a quieter residence; and what can be quieter and lovelier than this casino built on the edge of the lake, and whose salons, once built for gambling, now echo no more the roll of the roulette-ball, nor the cry of the croupier, but only hear the whisper of the fisherman in the balcony, as he gracefully impales a worm for the lady by his side, and the sound of the float as it drops from the window into the transparent waters of the lake!

Tall cherry-trees border the road from here to Evian; from their fruit is made the "kirch," which is the favourite liqueur of the country. The vine is here cultivated in a manner peculiar to the district. Large dead trunks of trees—many of them fifty feet high—are stripped of their bark and planted in the ground, and the vines are trained to festoon themselves on the gnarled trunk and withered branches. It is most strange to see these weird-like fantastic-looking trees encircled by the green verdure of the vine-leaves and the luscious bunches of the fruit; gaunt and straggling, they seem to stretch forth their dead arms in amazement and horror at their out-

ward appearance of rejuvenescence; and they remind the sentimental traveller of the cruelty of Mezentius, or of that almost equally sad union that links youth and beauty to richly-dowered but hideous and decrepit old age.

To descend, however, or perhaps one ought to say to ascend, from allegory to fact: these trees (here called crosses) cost from fifty to a hundred francs a-piece according to their size; and each of them will produce in good years from fifty to a hundred bottles of wine. The wine is said to be much stronger and better than that grown on the dwarf vines, and it certainly is free from that earthy taste that generally spoils Swiss wine; in taste and strength it much resembles Chablais, and is pleasant enough in the hot summer weather.

The "crosses" are set near each other; and yet the soil is so prolific and the climate is so favourable to agriculture, that the vines trained on these "crosses" do not seem in the least to deteriorate or injure the crops of vegetables that are invariably grown in the field beneath them. The wine sells at about half-a-franc a bottle; and it may therefore be readily supposed that among these thrifty people the possessor of even a few acres set with crosses is deemed a wealthy man.

Evian stands on the brink of the lake; but the promenade along its margin, although long promised, has not yet been made. The ruins of the old towers and old walls that encircled it are still to be seen: to these it has owed the misery of having sustained sieges and submitted to assaults, foreign occupations, and contributions without number. The details of the sufferings of the inhabitants after their abandonment by the French in the time of Henry IV. are interesting and heart-rending; but we must not unnecessarily lengthen our pages by reproducing an account which may be found at length in the admirable French guide-book. The fortifications have confined the town to one narrow and not very clean street and one wide place. The town in itself, therefore, is not beautiful; but it would be difficult for me to do justice to the beauty of the inhabitants. The brilliancy of their complexion and the brightness of their eyes are a better testimonial to the purifying effects of the waters than the recommendations of the Paris doctors, who have of late years sent those of their patients for whom the waters of Vichy were too strong to frequent these baths.

In the principal street I often noticed a handsome old house with curiously-mullioned windows: this house belonged to the family of the Gribaldi, and was built by an archbishop of that name on the ruins of an ancient convent. Inside are said to be preserved some portraits of the old Dukes of Savoy, and a magnificent old

chimney-piece, surmounted by the arms* of the Gribaldi and their motto.†

The King of Sardinia was staying at Evian when Rousseau's "mamma," Madame de Warens, fleeing from her angry husband, threw herself on her knees before him and implored his protection. Here too, at the feet of the Bishop of Berney, she abjured Protestantism, and declared herself a daughter of the Church of Rome. It may at first sight seem of little importance what creed so immoral a woman professed. But the influence of Rousseau's writings on the minds and feelings of the men who led the French Revolution is undeniable; they both prepared its way and infused their colouring into the events that followed; so that it might not without truth be said that Rousseau and Voltaire made the French Revolution; and one of these men, Rousseau, was what this gay, good-natured, restless, and scheming, but not utterly worthless, woman made him. His naturally stern and sombre character was, as it were, veneered over with her gay contempt for the opinion of the world; his stern conscientiousness in most things yet remained the slave of his love for sensual pleasure; above all, her influence and example made him fail to see his own vices and sins in their true character. And yet the words in which he described her at their last interview, when they met, not far from here, at the frontier village of St. Gingolph, might have served to open his eyes to his own faults and their punishment, to the evil nature of his theories and their natural development: "*Mamma vieillissait et s'avilissait*;" and forcibly does this characterise her.

It is a difficult subject on which to write; but it is impossible not to see that the influence of this woman made Rousseau the contradiction he became. A worse man would have been less powerful for evil; it is from the good qualities which still remain in evil men that they derive the influence which enables them to lead others astray, and infect them with the poison of what is evil. If, after Rousseau's conversion to Catholicism in Turin, some right-minded consistent Christian lady had taken the houseless, wandering, friendless, forlorn boy home, had added to the slender *quête* collected for him during the service, what a hero might have been developed out of this enthusiast! If Madame de Warens, instead of accepting half the doctrines of the religion she embraced, had acted consistently, had shown the neglected boy whom she fostered the beauty of truth, the power of religion to reform the soul, instead of presenting before him a half-conscious hypocrisy, that united the prac-

* Or au sautoir ancré d'azur.

† Plus penser que dire, pour parvenir.

tice of the outward portion of her new faith with a secret belief in the most outrageous dogmas of her former religion; if she had not, by inculcating practices of vice, destroyed the soul of the wild lad whose body she fed, the charm of her good nature and the geniality of her kindness of heart would have eradicated the worse parts of Rousseau's nature; and we should have escaped the life of one whose Confessions form a warning against the substitution of the precepts of the subtlest philosophy man's brain ever invented for the authoritative laws of the Church. Alas for Rousseau! his experience at Turin made him think Catholics devoid of charity and love of the poor. His experience of Madame de Warens made him think that all professing Catholics who were kind-hearted and charitable were stained by sensuality and sin; so he took refuge in a philosophy of his own. To what degradation this led him his own writings bear witness.

The lofty tower of the church of Evian stands at the east end of the building, and the lower part forms the chancel. This appears to be a very sensible arrangement; for by this means great height is gained for the chancel, and the symbolism of a Gothic church is not injured by the chancel being lower than the nave. As the roofs throughout are vaulted in stone, the disagreeable effect that a flat timber-floor would give to the chancel is avoided. The churches of Thonon, Evian, and of the neighbouring village of St. Paul, are of a very peculiar and massive architecture; heavy pillars, with low vaulted roofs and no clerestories, give a sombre but powerful effect. The poverty of the district has saved them from the pseudo-classical alterations with which the finest buildings abroad are so often disfigured.

The chief characteristics of this simple people are honesty, faithfulness, and truth; they are kind and hospitable too: careless how wantonly the traveller may trespass over their fields, with never-failing good-will they point out the shortest road, and allow him to wander wherever he pleases.

A French author, after relating how weary he became of the incorruptibility of his father's man-servant, who was always sent out to walk with him, and could neither be persuaded nor bribed to let him indulge in any forbidden amusements, tells us that one day after he was grown up he met him, and upbraided him with his insufferable watchfulness. "How could I help it?" he answered; "they were the orders of my master. After all, it was not my fault that I was born a Savoyard." So many virtues are attached to the name that it is strange it is so disdained; and yet it has become so associated with showers of white mice, organ-boys, and beggars with

monkeys, that those great men who like de Sonnoy led the armies of their king, or like Costa de Beauregard supported the cause of their country in parliament, disdain the name of Savoyards, and call themselves Savoisiens.*

The deputies from Savoy always spoke French in the parliament of Turin, and so, we believe, did the deputies from Nice—which shows the cosmopolitan character of that hybrid town. "It had a strange effect," says the author last quoted, "when, at the sitting of this parliament, in the midst of the language of Dante we heard the language of Molière." On one occasion he tells us that he heard a distinguished member of the house, Signor Crotti, make the exordium of his speech in French and the peroration in Italian. Surprised at this sudden change, he inquired the reason of the doorkeeper, who informed him that Signor Crotti is the deputy from the vale of Aosta, where half the inhabitants speak French and half Italian, and so he was forced in his speech to represent his constituents. "Remember," he adds, "this is the doorkeeper's explanation, not mine."

The loyalty of Savoy was shown in 1848, when Charles Albert summoned to Italy every soldier, and left Savoy without a single defender. The revolutionary bands, *les voraces*, who entered Savoy, either under the orders or against the consent of Lamartine—shall we ever know which?—entered in order to preach the republican propaganda of union with France; but they were compelled to recross the frontier by the general spontaneous rising of the people. Nor was a warmer reception given to the Genevese in 1856, when they landed to preach union with Switzerland; and yet at the time of the annexation I could not find among the middle or lower classes of this province of Chablais one who did not prefer France to Sardinia, and rejoice at the prospect of annexation.

"Shall you not be sorry to lose representative institutions?" I inquired of a most intelligent and well-educated farmer. "Sir," he replied, "we have never had any. You cannot call it representation to send twenty-two deputies to the Parliament at Turin, where the native and foreign Italians who compose the Assembly care nothing for our wishes and interests, but always outvote our members on every point that concerns our country." I was at a loss for a reply. It must be a trying position to be linked to an alien dynasty, bent heart and soul upon enlarging its borders and drawing under its rule all who speak the same language, and in that unequal struggle, for the sake of a cause their religion makes them detest, dragging along with it a poor and subject province like Savoy, whose king begins to look upon it much as our Norman sovereigns may have regarded

* Etienne Poll, *Causeries Savoyards*.

their French duchy. Indeed, the parallel between Normandy and Savoy holds good in other instances, which we have not time to follow out; and in whatever manner Piedmont is to be divided, enlarged, or incorporated with Italy, it will be well for her that she is freed from this perpetual germ and hot-bed of discontent. For the people of Savoy were discontented. There can be no doubt they looked upon the "*causa Italiana*" as hostile to their interests, inasmuch as it would tend further to alienate the affections of their monarch, and by adding to the number of Italian deputies force them to crouch still more submissively beneath the power of the Italian majority in the Parliament. Then too the heavy taxation for the "*causa*"—that heavy conscription also for the "*causa*," that even in time of peace took away to Italy the sons they wanted to till their fields at home; the apathy of the government in the making of roads and the prosecution of public works; the incessant vexation of the custom-house duties, and their own inveterate habits of smuggling, which brought them into continual difficulties and constant collision with the laws; coupled too with the obstinacy of the government in all but exclusively employing Italians who knew little French and less *patois* than the police; the suppression of the monastic orders, which here was an unpopular measure, and the diminution of the salaries of the richer clergy, which was carried on without any regard to the vested interests of the curés,—made the people of Savoy detest Piedmont and the "*causa Italiana*" almost as much as they loved their king. For their king, their God, or their mountains, they would either starve or die. But for Italy, the unjust stepmother, who took their sons and slew them—who took their food and squandered it—who sent officers to rule over them whose orders they could not understand, and guardians of the peace who would not hear their complaints,—for Italy, and especially for Piedmont, they have a hatred which is fixed and deep, though not deadly or passionate; and since the news of the treaty by which the king agreed to cede them to France, they have visited on the head of him, who (as they say) sold them, some part of the ill-will they bear the hated "*causa*" that induced him to do so.

Personal Recollections of an old Oxonian.

III. BALLIOL UNDER DR. JENKYNs.

BALLIOL is now by general consent one of the first, if not the very first college in Oxford. When I was an undergraduate it had the character of a good reading college, but nothing more. The credit it has since attained was then in its infancy; and even before I left Oxford in 1839 Balliol had made rapid advances towards its present height. Dr. Jenkyns was elected to the headship, I think, in 1819, and soon proved himself desirous of carrying on, to the best of his ability, the work of improvement which had been begun by Dr. Parsons. He had one advantage at least over his predecessor during the greater part of his headship—that he was able to devote his undivided energies to the interests of his college. Dr. Parsons was a bishop as well as Master of Balliol; thus uniting in his own person offices either of which was, or ought to have been, sufficiently laborious to engage the sole attention of one man. I believe that the college received the chief part of Dr. Parsons's attention, and that even before his death it had begun to lift its head among its compeers. It must have been in his time that two men, to whom it afterwards owed a great deal, were qualifying themselves to be placed on its foundation—Charles Atmore Ogilvie and James Thomas Round; nor could the literary advantages of a college be small which contributed to form two such valuable men. When Jenkyns was elected Master, or soon afterwards, Ogilvie and Round were both fellows; and about the same time the college received the advantage of admitting upon its foundation Mr. John Carr of Christ Church, of whom I spoke in my last paper as one of the most distinguished men of his time.

Dr. Jenkyns was a remarkable instance of what a man of ordinary talents can do towards effecting an important work by dint of industry and devotion to a single object. He was literally wedded to his college; it engaged all his thoughts and enlisted all his sympathies. Its failures or successes were the subjects of his keenest disappointments and most exciting pleasures. In his zealous labours for its advancement he was powerfully supported by Mr. Ogilvie, a man of intellectual ability, accurate scholarship, and keen insight into human nature; an elegant English writer, a discreet preacher,

and possessed of unwearied vigilance as tutor and dean of his college. He was literally Jenkyns's right-hand man, and often threw the broad shield of his ability and influence over the defective powers of his principal. Round was one of the most admirable men I ever knew; zealous, painstaking, and conscientious, even to the verge of scrupulosity.

The effect of Dr. Jenkyns's administration soon came to be felt. He brought about an improvement in two important particulars—in the character of his fellows and in that of his undergraduates. He looked about him for the most distinguished men of the University who were not on the foundation of other colleges, or to whom, at all events, the temptation of a Balliol fellowship was sufficient to draw them away, and encouraged them to present themselves as candidates for admission to his Society. He also increased the strictness of the examination for entrance, and was thus enabled to make his selection from among the number of those who sought to obtain admission to his college. The more the college rose in reputation, the more of course did this selection become practicable. He was also extremely diligent in advancing the studies of the junior members of his Society, always making a point of looking over and criticising their exercises, and taking a personal and active part in the examinations at the end of the term. Meanwhile the discipline of the college, as well as its literary distinction, were greatly promoted by Mr. Ogilvie.

One of the most important reforms effected by Dr. Jenkyns was that of throwing open to competition the scholarships on the foundation. By a clause in the statutes, the holder of a scholarship enjoyed a preference, *ceteris paribus*, in the examination for a fellowship. In former times these scholars were merely the nominees of the different fellows; and it was therefore a creditable and disinterested act on the part of the Society to throw the scholarships open to public competition. Two of the fellowships, however, still remained under the disadvantage of being closed against all candidates except those who had been educated at one particular school; and this was a flaw in the Society which the Master deeply regretted, but which the conditions of the benefaction rendered unavoidable. There was also another and a similar drawback upon the literary excellence of the college, which was also a subject of grievance to him. This consisted in the misapplication, as he used to consider it, of a valuable piece of patronage in connection with the college enjoyed by Glasgow University—the appointment, namely, to certain valuable exhibitions, held for several years. It is, however, a remarkable fact that Dr. Jenkyns should have lived to see two of the most distinguished members of his Society created out of these sorry ma-

terials. One of them was Dr. Temple, the present master of Rugby, who, although the holder of a close fellowship, possessed abilities and attainments which would probably have secured his election to an open one against almost any competition; the other was a Scotch exhibitor, whose history is still more remarkable, and shall be recounted.

In the year 1830, among the crowd of candidates who came up in the summer term to pass their examinations for entrance was a fair-haired young Scotchman, who pleased his examiners by the intelligence and good sense with which he mastered the difficulties of the Greek and Latin passages upon which his scholarship was tried. In the following year he presented himself as a candidate for an open scholarship; but an objection was understood to have been made to his election on the ground that he held one of the valuable exhibitions already mentioned, and should therefore be considered under a disqualification, in comparison with poorer candidates. Some of his examiners are said to have been of opinion, however, that this objection, although sufficient to prejudice him in a case of equality of merit, ought not to outweigh the claim of superiority in the examination, however slight, over his fellow-candidates; and, in the judgment of the majority of electors, the young Scotchman had evidently vindicated his claim to a preference. Two years later he obtained a first-class in *literis humanioribus*, and soon afterwards presented himself as a candidate for a fellowship at his own college. His exhibition having still some time to run, the objection made to his election as a scholar was probably renewed at his examination for the fellowship, and with still greater force in proportion as the prize to be gained was far more lucrative. However, the good fortune of the young Scotchman did not desert him on this occasion also, and he was elected to a fellowship. The young Scotchman in question was no less a person than Archibald Campbell Tait, present Bishop of London. A few words more on the college career of one who has attained so high a position in this country may not be uninteresting to the reader. From a fellow Mr. Tait soon became a tutor; and his lectures were distinguished by that ability and power of lucid explanation which had contributed to his earlier successes. It is well known that he was one of the four tutors who took part against the celebrated Tract 90. On the lamented death of Dr. Arnold, he was elected to the head-mastership of Rugby school; and his subsequent career is sufficiently well known. Both as an undergraduate and as a tutor Mr. Tait was popular among his companions and pupils, who saw in his practical talent and great prudence an omen of his future success in life. In fact, those who pretended to the character of

prophets used to say, "Depend upon it, old Tait will be Archbishop of Canterbury." His successful colleague, in the election of a fellowship, was Mr. William George Ward, afterwards so well known in connection with the Tractarian movement.

In 1826 two remarkable men had been added to the list of fellows—Francis William Newman, brother of his illustrious namesake, and George Moberly, the present head-master of Winchester school. The Society rang for years with the praises of Mr. Newman's examination for the fellowship. The writer of these pages desires to commemorate him in a different way, as one of the first persons who impressed him with the seriousness of religion. Mr. Newman's career at Balliol was brief and eccentric. His religious opinions did not square with those of the college, and he had conscientious difficulties about subscribing the Articles. He soon resigned his fellowship, and went as a missionary to the East; since which time the present writer has never, to his knowledge, seen him, but retains a deep respect for the strict conscientiousness and noble spirit of devotion, with which the remembrance of his keen eye, placid countenance, and ascetical habits is still associated. Mr. Moberly fully justified his election by his great ability as tutor, examiner, and select preacher. He was a man of keen and penetrating intellect, accurate and elegant erudition, and rare accomplishments. His sermons were much and justly admired, and, what was far better than force of logic or elegance of composition, they were evidently directed, and, I believe, were greatly instrumental, to the moral and spiritual advancement of his hearers. Mr. Oakeley, who had been an unsuccessful competitor for a fellowship when Mr. Newman and Mr. Moberly were elected, was placed on the foundation in the following spring, as one of the fellows to whose charge the duties of college chaplain are attached.

The rise of Tractarianism, which was by far the most important incident in the epoch to which I refer, had a great effect in disturbing the harmony and dislocating the internal arrangements of Balliol. To the Master it was a constant source of fret and worry; and it altered the position, both social and professional, of more than one of the fellows. Mr. Ogilvie, though a High Churchman, was strongly opposed to this manifestation of an orthodoxy which he regarded as visionary and dangerous. With the rise of Tractarianism his influence with a large section of the University seemed to decrease. Mr. Keble, Mr. Froude, and others with whom he had been intimately associated both in State and University politics, had stolen a march upon him in their religious and ecclesiastical predilections. The separation of feeling between him and his former friends, which

had begun to manifest itself before Mr. Froude's death, was brought out into something like active hostility by the publication of the celebrated *Remains*. Mr. Ogilvie, who, about the time of Sir Robert Inglis's election in 1829, was the leader of the High-Church party in Oxford, now felt himself unable to act with some of his former friends, and left the University, to become domestic chaplain to Archbishop Howley. He had been generally designated in public opinion as the future Master of Balliol; but Tractarianism changed the aspect of affairs with the force of a volcanic eruption, and nowhere was the effect more powerfully felt than in the little Society of Balliol. Mr. Round sided with Mr. Ogilvie in his fear and dislike of the new opinions. Mr. Moberly, on the contrary, was inclined to them. Mr. Oakeley soon found the atmosphere of the college somewhat oppressive, and retreated to Margaret Chapel. Mr. Ward remained at his post, and took up the new opinions with characteristic energy and intensity. The Master began to deal blows against the obnoxious doctrines on the right hand and on the left—some of them effectual, but more of them impotent. The undergraduates were more vulnerable than the fellows, and more frequently wounded. The criticism of the weekly themes gave the Master many opportunities of dealing his anathemas against the new school; but his most powerful weapon was the terminal examination at collections. He had certain trial passages of the New Testament which he employed as the criteria of the religious tenets of an undergraduate suspected of "Puseyism." One of those most frequently produced was that in which the errors of the Pharisees are exposed. When a man had completed his translation of some such passage, the Master would proceed as follows: "Now, tell me, Mr. —, of all the various religious sects and parties which exist among us, which would you say corresponds the most with the Pharisees of the Gospel?" If the examinee was not fully up to the import of the question, he would perhaps answer, "The Puritans, sir." This was a safe reply, and in quieter times would have been the best for the purpose; but just then a more powerful antipathy even than the dread of Puritanism was uppermost in the academical mind; and he who wished to receive the Master's highest commendation would always answer, "The Roman Catholics, sir." This reply was so satisfactory, that, under the influence of the pleasure which it excited, an examiner would sometimes go on to say, "And is there any sect among ourselves which tends to introduce the errors of the Roman Catholics into our Protestant Church?" To this question of course there could be but one answer.

The social body at Balliol was strengthened between the years 1830 and 1840 by three important additions. There had been elected

into it Mr. Edward Cardwell, the present Colonial Secretary; Mr. Robert Scott, the present Master of the College; and Mr. Jowett, the present Regius Professor of Greek. Mr. Cardwell has done honour to his college chiefly by the credit which his political career has reflected upon himself and his electors. He remained but a short time in residence, and soon vacated his fellowship by marriage.

Mr. Scott, however, has conferred on the college of his adoption not merely lustre, but the solid advantage of able and laborious service. He was elected into the Society from a studentship of Christ Church; the reward as well as the forerunner of a brilliant academical reputation. He neared the Ireland scholarship for two or three years, and at length bore it off. It is needless to add, that he obtained the highest classical honours of the schools. After fulfilling with exemplary diligence the duties of college tutor for several years, and making time out of their interstices to edit, in conjunction with the present Dean of Christ Church, the most valuable Greek and English lexicon which has been produced in modern times, he retired to a college living; whence, upon the death of Dr. Jenkyns, he was recalled to occupy the important post of Master. It cannot be said that he found the college of brick, and will leave it of marble; but it may truly be said, that he has contributed to mould into more perfect form, and to polish into a fairer beauty, the materials which he received into his hands. The third of the important acquisitions which Balliol received during the ten years aforesaid was that of Professor Jowett, whose name has been too often before the world to make it necessary that we should refer to his very marked opinions upon questions of the day, or to those indefatigable labours in his profession and those amiable and popular manners which have won him the respect and affection even of those who most strongly object to his views on religious subjects.

The rapid progress of Tractarian opinions which took place during the interval in question was the occasion of many collisions between the Master and those of the fellows who were either connected or thought to be connected with the new school of opinions. The fellows, of course, were less tractable subjects of the anti-tractarian head of the college than the undergraduates. They had their status in the Society, and their rights, which justified them in making a stand against any vexatious or unconstitutional opposition wherever such was seriously contemplated; but matters did not, as a fact, ever proceed to extremities, and stopped short in "brushes" or "scenes," which partook rather of the ludicrous than the serious. This circumstance was mainly owing to the remarkable forbearance and indomitable good temper of the most prominent representative of Tractari-

anism in the college, Mr. Ward. Had he been as touchy and pugnacious as he was ardent and determined in the cause of the opinions which he held so sincerely and advocated so ably, it would have been difficult to foresee the extent to which the conflict might have proceeded. But as it was, his patience and amiable deportment completely took the sting out of the good little Master's intense animosity to his religious views. It was likewise a point in his favour that the college stood in great need of a mathematical tutor, and could ill dispense with the services of one who discharged the duties of that office with singular ability. On the other hand, it could not escape so vigilant and ubiquitous an eye as that of Dr. Jenkyns, that the same attractive qualities of personal character, which disarmed his opposition in spite of himself, were also gaining for Mr. Ward a powerful influence over the minds of his pupils, as well as of the junior fellows. He therefore came to the resolution of removing Mr. Ward from the mathematical lectureship; not because there was any very obvious relationship between mathematics and theology, but because he suspected that the mathematics might be made a medium for communications of a less dry and abstract character than themselves. The crisis of the movement is related to have taken a form eminently characteristic of the two high contending parties. The mathematical lecturer, of suspected orthodoxy, is summoned into the presence of the Master, who is discovered in the plenitude of his dignity and academics, and intrenched behind an impregnable fortification of ancient statutes. The culprit enters the apartment with an air of imperturbable serenity, which slightly decomposes his judge; but the statutes are at hand to nerve his failing powers, and quicken his faltering eloquence. The silent accused is confronted with chapter this, and section that; and his accuser awaits, not without anxiety, a reply to his charges at once subtle, elaborate, eloquent, and conclusive. What, then, is his surprise and relief when he finds that the culprit has come with the intention of placing an unqualified resignation in his hands! The reaction from a state of official severity, dignified condescension, and nervous alarm, into one of peaceful triumph and assured success, is too much for the equanimity of this really kind-hearted and amiable man. At once the whole pomp of an academical tribunal is put to flight. The Master throws himself back in his chair, and with a passionate burst of gratitude towards his deliverer, exclaims in a tone singularly different from that of the moment before, "My dear Ward, this is just like your generosity. I have been reading your book; I had no idea you went such lengths."

The moral tone of Balliol was remarkably high, both among the

fellows and undergraduates. In the latter class there were, of course, those exceptions which must be looked for in any large collection of young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. There were occasional noisy parties, and nightly irruptions into the college garden, with college meetings in the morning as their consequence. But there were, on the other hand, excellent men, who set the fashion of the college in a right direction. To this honourable distinction of Balliol several causes contributed. One was, that the rules of the college did not admit the reception of noblemen and gentlemen-commoners as a privileged class; so that there was no recognition of a lower standard of regularity than that to which the undergraduates, as a body, were bound to conform. There were no cases of men who had large incomes at their disposal, with the accompanying temptations to vicious extravagance. The good-natured affability of the Master contributed to the same result. His little peculiarities of manner and deportment were the subjects rather of amusement than of severe criticism; and he had the good sense not to mind being laughed at where he knew that the laughter was quite innocent, and really consisted with a great deal of sincere regard. It was one of his misfortunes that he was not a good rider, and yet used to ride a great deal. He was a little man, and he had a little pony; and every one knows that a little man with a little pony is not likely to escape a great deal of playful criticism on the part of tall men who ride tall horses. Thus, it would sometimes happen that the Master and his pony would fall in with a party of riders returning from the hunt. The riders would trot at a quick pace behind the Master and his pony; and the latter, fretted by the noise behind it, would start off at a gallop, and thus place the Master in the awkward position of seeming to head a party of his own undergraduates on their return from the hunting-field. On one occasion the excitement was too much for the pony, which kicked up, and deposited the Master in a ditch. One of the hunters, an undergraduate of his own, foresaw that the incident might be of serious moment to himself and his companions, and determined upon a politic expedient. He went up to his unhorsed principal, and benevolently tendered his good offices in catching the pony and restoring its rider to his seat. The Master could not but accept this offer under the circumstances; and, of course, the undergraduate who made it thus secured for himself and his companions an indemnity against the consequences of so awkward an encounter.

Another and very principal cause of the high moral tone which prevailed at Balliol, was the absence of a donnish exclusiveness on the part of the tutors. They associated freely with their pupils, yet

in such a way as to conciliate goodwill without compromising influence. Where tutors mix with undergraduates without proposing to themselves the moral and religious improvement of their companions as a definite object, such associations tend only to lower the one party without elevating the other. On the other hand, where they show themselves too solicitous about gaining influence, and obtrude their advice in a dictatorial spirit, or at unseasonable times, their excellent intentions are most likely to be met by little else than expressions of forced and complimentary agreement on the part of the junior, indicating no very substantial promise of a good result. The sort of intercourse which used to exist between tutor and pupil at Balliol struck the balance very successfully between these extremes, and is, I believe, remembered with gratitude by those on both sides who were the parties to it.

Nor must we forget among the causes which contributed to the high moral tone of Balliol the valuable influence of Dr. Arnold's pupils, who began to flow into it in rapid succession after he had been at Rugby a sufficient time to form the characters of his boys by means of an intercourse not unlike that which I have just described. It is difficult to estimate, for instance, the moral advantage which must have resulted to any society from the example of such a member of it as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley; uniting, as he did, the rarest abilities and attainments with a deportment characterised by unaffected humility and universal kindness.

But a main cause of the same result is no doubt to be found in the general character of the governing body, which, as a body, was distinguished by high principle and irreproachable conduct. The influence of Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Round had been materially instrumental towards this effect; and it was an influence which outlived the immediate presence of those who had created it. It is not too much to say that any conversation by which religion or morality might have been compromised would have been instantly hushed, or rather effectually anticipated by the known feelings and sentiments of the Balliol common-room. Nor could any one be present at the ordinary social meetings of the fellows and their friends without carrying away, if he pleased, some profitable impression. Those of the Society who have since become Catholics will feel, at once admiringly and regretfully, how much of the valuable influence which was there stored up, as it were, in bond, was debarred from its legitimate effect for want of a grander field of operation, and a still higher elevation of object. They will mourn over the number of "vocations" missed, and the strength of energies wasted, in a comparatively contracted sphere, where there was

so little in the opportunities to correspond with the promise. In the very images of certain individuals, still, after many years, impressed upon their mind's eye, they will be apt to see counterparts of those whom they have since known as priests and religious, and in whose telling power upon the world, or high spiritual attainments, they will discern a contrast, as painful as it is beautiful, to the subsequent careers or premature ends of some of the admirable men whose entrance on public life they remember. They will find reason to lament that those who had in them the making of saints should have been dwarfed for want of room in which to expand. Why was not — a son of St. Ignatius, or — of St. Dominic? or that simple-minded and generous heart which was so apt to be touched by the recital of misfortune, and moved to the most self-denying sacrifices for its relief—why does it beat in the breast of a Protestant Rector, instead of that of a Catholic Missionary or Brother of Charity? Why have those valuable men been distanced in the pursuit of truth by some who were once their inferiors in spiritual advancement, and who might have learned so many lessons of true wisdom at their feet? Often did they set an example of Catholic virtues at the very moment when they were defaming Catholic truth. Let us humbly hope and fervently pray that, in the merciful judgment of our Heavenly Father, the unconscious testimony of their lives may outweigh the unknowing prevarications of their lips. *Fiat, fiat!*

Cardinal Pole and the Anglican Ordinal.

WE took occasion, a few months ago, to lament the absence from the archives of this country of the very important series of documents which must have at some time existed, relating to the mission of Cardinal Pole in the reign of Queen Mary, for the purpose of reconciling England to the Holy See. This reconciliation was, as every one knows, very short-lived, on account of the deaths of the Queen and the Cardinal, and the immediate succession of Queen Elizabeth. But it was actually accomplished, and its conditions might therefore be consulted and quoted as precedents; and, as a matter of fact, the principle then acted on with regard to alienated Church-property has often been followed since that time. Happily, however, the absence of the documents does not deprive us of sufficient information to enable us to see what the Holy See considered essential, and what it thought might be sacrificed for the sake of peace and the quiet of souls. The documents themselves probably exist at Rome, and Pallavicini mentions having seen them there when he was collecting materials for his history of the Council of Trent.

The subject has been suddenly brought into prominence in a singular manner by Dr. Pusey. We have already dwelt sufficiently on what we consider to be the characteristics of his late *Eirenicon*, tested by the ordinary standards of controversial fairness, learning, and theological accuracy; and we see no reason whatever for thinking that any competent person who has examined that work critically has formed of it any opinion different from our own. Nor, if it is to be considered as in any way a basis of negotiation, can any question with regard to it be entertained before the previous consideration of the truth or falsehood of the statements which it contains. Nor ought it to be any thing but a relief to Dr. Pusey's own mind to find out that he has been led into great misconceptions and misrepresentations. Such convictions bring with them a solid gain as well as a momentary pain; for they must prove to him and to others that he has very greatly exaggerated to himself and to them the difficulties which he seems to feel as to the acceptance of the Catholic system; and if half his ideas with regard to this system are founded upon want of knowledge or misunderstanding, this will, of

course, raise a presumption against the value of the objections that remain.

In a passage in which he was speaking about the Anglican Orders, Dr. Pusey has now acknowledged that he has fallen into a great mistake. We venture to hope that this will not be the last similar acknowledgment that we shall have from him. He had said that the form adopted "at the consecration of Archbishop Parker was carefully framed on the old form used in the consecration of Archbishop Chichele a century before." He had gone on to argue from the fact that "the selection of this one precedent (amidst the number of archbishops consecrated in obedience to Papal Bulls, in which case the form was wholly different) shows how careful Parker and his consecrators were to follow the ancient precedents. This fact is in itself the contradictory of the allegations of carelessness so recklessly made by Roman Catholic controversialists" (p. 233). Dr. Pusey concluded his paragraph by an attack on Lingard.

This statement about Chichele was, of course, received on Dr. Pusey's authority. He said he had consulted the Lambeth registers, and verified (many years ago) the identity of the form in the two cases. We think that it shows the respect with which Dr. Pusey has been treated, that no one thought of questioning so very extraordinary an assertion; for it implied that there had been different *forms* in the actual consecration of a bishop at different times. The statement, however, passed, and has now been withdrawn publicly by Dr. Pusey himself, who took the unusual course of writing to the *Times* to set it right (*Times*, Dec. 4). He now says it was the form used by Chichele in confirming other bishops. Dr. Pusey, we may suppose, meant also to withdraw his argument about the great care taken by Parker to follow ancient precedents, and about the recklessness of the charges made by Catholic controversialists. It is as clear as daylight that Parker did *not* follow ancient precedents.

But what has all this to do with Cardinal Pole? Dr. Pusey seems to have thought it necessary not to withdraw one statement in favour of Parker's consecration and the Anglican Orders without making another quite as good, or rather better. Chichele, therefore, is dismissed from his pages; but the august figure of Cardinal Pole appears instead, and an assertion is made with regard to him of far more importance than that which has been withdrawn about Chichele, both in itself and because it brings in, as it would appear, the express sanction of Pope Paul IV. for the Anglican Ordinations. Certainly, if Dr. Pusey was unfortunate in having to retract about Chichele, he must have felt far more than compensated for his misfortune in having the opportunity of making, in the columns of the

Times, so magnificent a substitution of one Catholic authority for another. But, on the other hand, suppose this new argument fails him? We hardly know what there is then left for him to do, but to be silent on the subject for the future. It is very awkward to have to make a retraction at all, but still more so to have made one encumbered by a new assertion which turns out to be not less erroneous, and far more momentous in its error, than that of which it has taken the place. Are we to expect Dr. Pusey to be so heroic as to write to the *Times* over again, and plead guilty to a second mistake?

The new statement amounts to this: Dr. Pusey tells us that, in point of fact, Cardinal Pole and the Pope acknowledged the validity of the Anglican consecrations. The Legate had of course very ample powers as to reconciling schismatics and supplying "deficiencies" as to orders and functions. The first "Book of King Edward VI.," as it is called, must have been in use for some few years before the accession of Queen Mary. There were some bishops who had been consecrated according to the form there set forth. If, therefore, Cardinal Pole admitted them to be bishops validly consecrated,—even though with some deficiencies afterwards to be supplied or condoned,—we have his authority for the sufficiency of the form according to which they had been so consecrated. And if the Pope ratified the proceedings of the Legate, we have not only the authority of the latter, but the ratification of the former, to rely on in defence of the ritual in question.

The argument of Dr. Pusey goes further than this. Fully drawn out, we suppose it would be extended—indeed, it would be no good whatever to him if it were not—to the validity of Parker's consecration. He would argue that the same form which was valid in the time of the schism under Edward must be acknowledged to be valid in the time of the schism under Elizabeth. He considers it to be certain that Parker was consecrated according to this form; therefore his consecration must be allowed as valid.

There are certain hitches in the argument here, because of course the consecration or non-consecration of Parker would depend on other things besides the form used: as, for instance, the "character" and "intention" of those who used it. Dr. Pusey usually takes a sanguine view about things that stand in the way of a conclusion on which his own position depends; and so he persuades himself that, because the story about the "consecration" of Parker at the Nag's Head is not pressed by some Catholic controversialists, nothing remains for him but to prove the validity of the form in the Book of King Edward, and its certain use in the case of Parker. This, of course, is questionable in the highest degree; but we do not intend to wander at present beyond the point immediately at issue.

Let us suppose, then, that the proceedings of Cardinal Pole are to be taken as an indication of his judgment, and even of the judgment of Paul IV., as to the sufficiency of the Anglican form for which Dr. Pusey is so anxious. We can hardly wish for any thing more entirely convenient for the Catholic impugnors of Anglican Ordinations than that Dr. Pusey should rest his defence of those ordinations on the acts of Pole. He says the form was admitted by Pole as valid; and argues accordingly. The fact is, that the form was *not* admitted by Pole as valid in any case; and the whole weight of the Cardinal's testimony, as far as it goes, tells against the Anglican Ordinations, instead of for them. There are, of course, some differences between the case of the *present* (so-called) Anglican Orders and those with which Pole had to deal; but in some respects the case of the bishops consecrated under Edward VI. was far better than that of Parker and his associates; for in the former case there was never any doubt about the persons who consecrated them. Yet the facts are perfectly clear, and only require to be stated in order to make it indisputable that this new discovery of Dr. Pusey contains in reality an argument very damaging to the cause which it was meant to serve.

Dr. Pusey's statements are to be found in two letters to the *Times*, the last of which appeared on December 15th. In the first, he withdraws, as we have said, the statement about Chichele; and then adds: "The words used by the consecrators of Parker, 'Accipe Spiritum Sanctum,' were used in the later Pontificals. . . . Roman Catholic writers admit that *that* only is essential to consecration which the English service-book retained—prayer during the service, which should have reference to the office of bishops; and the imposition of hands. *And*, in fact, Cardinal Pole engaged to retain in their orders those who had been so ordained under Edward VI.; and his act was confirmed by Paul IV. (Sanders, *De Schism. Anglic.* lib. ii p. 350)." We have here two definite assertions: one as to what is admitted by Catholic writers as essential to consecration; another, as to Cardinal Pole and Sanders. Our immediate business is with the second.

In his later letter, Dr. Pusey again refers to Sanders; but he does not quote him, except as to a few words stating the confirmation of his "acts" by Paul IV. The reader will observe that the first statement is, that he "engaged" to retain certain persons in their orders; and in this statement, as repeated in Dr. Pusey's second letter (from the act of parliament in which the dispensation is set forth), the word is "promised." Dr. Pusey seems to have drawn his information from a very respectable authority—Mr. Haddan, the editor of Bramhall's Works, in the *Anglo-Catholic Library*, who,

in his third volume, p. 114, has brought together, with great general fairness, a large mass of information on the subject of the Anglican Ordinations. The passage of Sanders, on which Dr. Pusey relies, is not, however, there quoted; but it will be found in the same volume at p. 63. It speaks entirely of facts, not of engagements or promises; for it states that Cardinal Pole "confirmed all bishops which had been made in the former schism (*in priore schismate*), so they were Catholic in their judgment of religion; and likewise the new sees themselves, for Henry at the time of the schism had erected six. [These last words are not quite accurately rendered by Bramhall.] And this writing, joined to a law of parliament, was published with the decrees of that session for the tranquillising of their souls. All which things were subsequently ratified and confirmed by Paul IV."

We must first of all say that these words are *not* Sanders's; they do not occur in the earlier editions, *e.g.* that of 1585: they are really an addition by Rishton, who republished the work of Sanders in 1628. But we do not question their accuracy. In the next place, let us first deal with the "engagements" and "promises" of Cardinal Pole. Every one knows that, when the Legate came to England, the country had been for many years separated from the communion of the Catholic Church; but during the whole reign of Henry VIII. there had been no change in doctrine, discipline, or ritual, save only such as was implied in the substitution of the royal supremacy for that of the Pope. Thus, up to the beginning of the short reign of Edward VI., the country had been in simple schism; and the ordinations and consecrations had taken place according to the ancient ritual, and had been performed by bishops of whose legitimacy no doubt could be entertained. But, because the functions of the Holy See had been interrupted, with many persons certain deficiencies had to be made good. No one can question that these formed the majority both of the bishops and clergy with whom Pole had to deal, and who were contemplated in his instructions, in the powers delegated to him, and in the use to be made of those powers according to his own "promises" and "engagements." In fact, there was no other Ordinal but the Catholic one in existence or in use till at least half-way through the short reign of Edward. The number of clergy ordained, and of bishops consecrated, according to the new form, would be naturally few; as a fact, there were but seven or eight bishops of that sort at the accession of Mary. It is clear, therefore, that the words of the dispensation quoted by Dr. Pusey are not necessarily to be applied to the bishops of the new Ordinal. There were at that time in England three sets of (so-called) clergy: bishops and priests consecrated and ordained under Henry by undoubted bishops, according to Catholic forms; some bishops and clergy of the new Ordinal,—

comparatively very few; and a number of persons calling themselves ministers and clergymen, a great part of them foreigners, who had never been ordained in any way whatever. It may just as well be said that Cardinal Pole promised to receive these last, as those of the second class; and there is no ground for supposing that he made any distinction between them.

Let us now pass on to what Pole actually did; and here Sanders, or rather Rishton, Dr. Pusey's own authority, seems to limit his acts to those who had fallen away in *the former schism*—which readers of his book will naturally understand as the schism under Henry. The book is, in fact, divided into two parts, one of which contains the schism under Henry; the other, that under Edward and Elizabeth. Again, Sanders, or Rishton, says that Pole confirmed all bishops made in the former schism, and also the new sees; “for Henry, *schismatis tempore*, had erected six,”—which again seems to limit his assertion to the bishops of Henry VIII. But it matters very little how we interpret the words in themselves; for the historical fact is perfectly certain and undeniable. Rishton tells us that Pole confirmed *all* bishops made in the schism. Now he did confirm certain bishops; but they were bishops of Henry's schism alone. It can be proved to demonstration that Rishton cannot mean any bishops of Edward's Ordinal; for if so, he would state what was false. At the time of Pole's arrival in England there were no bishops of the new Ordinal for him to restore; so that his “acts,” confirmed by Paul IV., could not by any possibility have settled the question of the validity of their consecration. All the “Edwardine” bishops had been deprived on various grounds before he came. Rymer (xv. 370) gives the commissions for proceeding against them, and they bear date in March 1553-4: Pole landed in the November following. Taylor, bishop of Lincoln, was deprived expressly *ob nullitatem consecrationis ejus; et defectum tituli sui, quem habuit a Rege Edwardo VI per literas patentes cum hac clausulâ, dum bene se gesserit*. This is the language of the Canterbury Register, March 20. Hooper, bishop of Worcester and Gloucester, Harley of Hereford, Farrer of St. David's, were deprived on the same day for the same cause. Bird, bishop of Chester, was deprived for his marriage, so was Holgate, archbishop of York; Bush, bishop of Bristol, resigned; Scory was removed from Chichester on the reappearance of the former bishop, Day; but, on renouncing his marriage and performing penance, was absolved by Bonner in July, and allowed to act as a priest;* but he left the country before the arrival of the Legate.

* Mr. Haddan, in the note to which we have before referred, quotes the “rehabilitation of Scory by Bonner,” as an argument in favour of the English Ordinal, and in another place (p. 70) speaks of it as a recognition

Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, the last of whom was an Edwardine bishop, we do not count; when Ridley was "degraded," it was only from the priesthood, which shows that his consecration as bishop was held to be null. It was the same with Hooper.

We now see to what the assertion about Cardinal Pole really amounts. No single case can be adduced in which he acted in the way in which Dr. Pusey says he did act, and was "confirmed" in so acting by Paul IV. Mary and her advisers made short work of the Anglican Ordinal without him; and it is very possible that he may have been consulted beforehand, and advised or insisted on these proceedings. Perhaps Dr. Pusey will fall back on his "promises" and "engagements," and say that there may have been some clergy to be "rehabilitated," though there were no bishops. Then, at all events, he must abandon Sanders, and the confirmation of the acts of Pole by Paul IV.; but even after that, his case is a very poor one, and rests entirely upon his own interpretation of the words of Pole. Pole had, of course, very large general powers, such as would always be given to a legate in similar cases. He would be able to supply and condone deficiencies as long as what is essential had been observed. But it is one thing to have such powers and to promise to use them, and quite another to say that in individual cases the essentials *had* been observed. Dr. Pusey asserts that the Anglican Ordinal retained the essentials. It is one thing to say this, quite another to make Cardinal Pole say so; and then further to assert, that he not only said so, but fulfilled his "engagement." Pole's "legatine" powers may be seen in a printed letter from Sir W. Coventree to Burnet (London, 1685). They contain faculties to rehabilitate "ecclesiastics" of any grade, "*etiam circa ordines, quos nunquam aut malè susceperunt.*" Dr. Pusey's clergy may just as well fall under the *nunquam* as under the *malè*. They go on to speak about bishops—"et munus consecrationis quod iis ab aliis episcopis vel archiepiscopis, etiam hæreticis et schismaticis, aut alias minus rite, et non servatâ formâ ecclesiæ consuetâ, impensum fuit." But if this means the essential sacramental form, the "rehabilitation" would be simply consecration, not supplying a defect; and if it does not mean that form, it may mean any omission in the old ritual, such as took place under Henry. When Pole issued his commission for the absolution of the province of Canterbury, he speaks of the restoration of the clergy, *provided* the form and intention of the Church

of his *episcopal* character. We are not aware of any ground for this assertion. Scory had been ordained a priest under the Catholic ritual, and was restored to the use of the orders he had on renouncing his marriage. It is certain he did not resume his "episcopal" functions; and, at all events, Pole had nothing to do with the matter.

was not omitted in their ordination; but this is not to say, in a particular case, whether it had been so or not. In fact, his language implies that he expects to find *some* who have not been ordained validly: these would be the clergy of the new ritual.

It is true Dr. Pusey may say that at all events Pole *ought* to have thought so; for Catholic theologians now admit that nothing more is essential beyond what is retained in the English service. He is not quite accurate in his representation of Catholic theologians; but that may pass. Neither in Pole's time nor our own would any Roman theologian have accepted such a ritual as that in question; nor is it at all certain that at that time the essentials named by Dr. Pusey *would* have been thought sufficient. Still more questionable is it whether these "essentials" are to be found where Dr. Pusey sees them, in the book of Edward. It is not *every* "prayer during the service that has reference to the office of bishops" that would suffice, if it expressed the intentions of men who had no Catholic idea of that office. But this is not a question for present discussion. Dr. Pusey affirmed not his own opinion, but that of Pole, when he said that he engaged to retain all persons *so* ordained. Pole never said a word about it; and we must submit to Dr. Pusey whether *his* words do not distinctly convey the impression that he did. He says, this and this is enough, and Cardinal Pole promised to act as if it was. This is not correct, in the ordinary sense of the words. We have thus reduced this new contribution to Anglican defences to its right proportions. Pole did nothing whatever and said nothing whatever to imply a belief in the validity of these consecrations. In his commissions he used ordinary and general language, and used it hypothetically. The new authority which vouches for the sufficiency of King Edward's Ordinal is simply Dr. Pusey himself.

γ.

. We take the present opportunity of acknowledging some kind remarks of Correspondents on our late article, *Dr. Pusey as a Controversialist*. A learned priest has pointed out to us that the statement about Melchior Canus (p. 631, note) might seem to imply that that writer defended the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. This, of course, no one acquainted with the subject would think of asserting. Our object was to point out a very careless way of quoting in Dr. Pusey; and the passage quoted by him as from Canus is in reality, as we said, an objection from Erasmus. We never meant to imply that Canus answered the objection: he is not writing on that subject, but about the *authority* of the Fathers and others; and he, in another place, admits the statement, instead of refuting it.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of some very interesting facts concerning Du Pin, who is spoken of in the same article (p. 624). From his letters to Wake, which still exist, a gentleman, who has devoted much

New-Year's Night.

In wintry days the Old Year dies,
 Whose life began in days as dark,
 And who herein can fail to mark
 How sad and stern an omen lies ?
 The years thus born in wintry night,
 And doom'd 'mid winter's blasts to close,
 Seem charged to come with many woes,
 But little promise of delight.

time to the study of the subject, has come to the conclusion that he was not prepared to go so far in concession to Anglicanism as is stated in the article. The same argument is drawn from his *Commonitorium*. It is, however, right to say, that the statement in our article is taken from the report of Lafiteau, Bishop of Sisteron, who says that he was present when the "papers" were brought to the Palais Royal on their seizure; and it is quite possible that Du Pin may have compromised himself far more in other papers than in his correspondence with Wake and his *Commonitorium*. We may be allowed, while on the subject, to refer to a letter of Archdeacon Wordsworth in the *Guardian* of Dec. 20, which reaches us as we write. He states, with perfect truth, that Dr. Pusey has misrepresented (in a letter to the *Weekly Register*) the whole purport of the correspondence between Wake and Du Pin. Dr. Wordsworth calls it a "grave historical inaccuracy," and says it ought to be set right "for the sake of the Church of England, and of the memory of one of her Archbishops:" we may add, in order that Catholics may understand the real spirit of certain "pacificators." "Adopting the words of the *Weekly Register*," says Dr. Wordsworth, "Dr. Pusey refers to the correspondence between Archbishop Wake and the Gallican divines two centuries ago (it was not quite a century and a half) as an endeavour to make an *accommodation with the Church of Rome*. On the contrary, let me be allowed respectfully to remind Dr. Pusey and your readers that it was an endeavour to make a *combination against Rome*." Dr. Wordsworth is quite right as to the fact: it was an attempt to get the Jansenist party in France to bring about a rupture with Rome, which had just condemned the errors of Jansenius. Lastly, it has been suggested to us that a passage (p. 631), in which the mistake of Dr. Pusey about the "Feast of the Sanctification of the Blessed Virgin" is pointed out, is too concise to be quite clear. It means simply this—to keep the Feast of the Immaculate Conception is to keep that of the "Sanctification" at *that particular moment*. To keep the Feast of her Sanctification did not necessarily imply the belief that she had been "sanctified" at that particular moment; but it by no means *denied* it, especially as the Feast was kept on the day of her conception, nine months before the Feast of her Nativity. Dr. Pusey says that it *denied* it, for he calls the Sanctification "the *contradictory* of the Immaculate Conception"! When the Pope ordered the word "Sanctification" to be suppressed, he meant probably to fix the meaning of the Church as celebrating, not merely our Blessed Lady's "Sanctification" indefinitely, but her sanctification at the moment of her conception.

The year comes in—a casket seal'd ;
And we, like children mad with glee,
Grasp the new toy, whate'er it be,
E'er yet its contents are reveal'd.

Yet here within the toy may be
Some sword of keenest edge, to rend
Fond ties that knit us to some friend
Firmly as ivy clasps the tree.

Or, lurking in its fairest part,
Some germ of woe, some poison-root,
That soon shall spring to bitterest fruit,
And taint the life-blood of our heart.

Is it, then, hollow joy impels,
That we to-night our peals should ring,
And from our every steeple fling
Rejoicings of melodious bells ?

If New-Year's hopes are, after all,
But tissues woven in a dream,—
The brilliance of the death-light's gleam,
Whose brightness speaks of bier and pall ?

Ah no ! the gladdest, deepest mirth
May still befit the close of years ;
The future, dark with low'ring fears,
Is tinged with hopes, though not of earth.

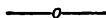
What though the coming years of life
Dawn gloomier still than those gone by ;
Yet ever still they draw more nigh
The closing of this weary strife.

New years are landmarks on the road,
The shadows of the nearing end
To which all steps and struggles tend ;
The shelter of our true abode ;

Unruffled peace of glorious life ;
Eternal years of God's own rest,
Where hope may yield to bliss possess'd,
But day not yield to closing night.

For this let every brazen tongue
Prate merrily all the night with glee,
And one wild ringing melody
From every soaring spire be flung.

Greece in the Providential Order of the World.*



A FEW weeks ago some surprise was expressed at the fact that a great English statesman, whom the then very recent death of Lord Palmerston had just made the most prominent subject in the country, though it had not raised him at once to the vacant post of Prime Minister, should find time at the moment that the Cabinet was being reconstructed, and while the future policy of the Government must have been a matter of anxious thought and consultation, to harangue an academical audience in Edinburgh on what seemed almost a purely classical question. Mr. Gladstone, however, has so often shown how keen is his relish for the treasures of ancient literature, and how perfect an acquaintance he has acquired with the subjects which he began to study at Eton and at Oxford, that it ought not to have been a matter of wonder that he should devote his farewell speech as rector of an University to the handling of a theme concerning that Greece with whose poets and philosophers he has so long been familiar. Men's minds, perhaps, were then full of the prospect of his succession to the influence enjoyed by Lord Palmerston, whom no one, certainly, could ever have fancied making a speech on the providential government of the world, or on the position of Greece, Rome, or any other country, in that dispensation. But, among the many benefits that may be expected from the prominence of a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's high character and various attainments, it may not be altogether an insignificant one, that, in an age like the present, he brings to the post of a leader in counsel and debate the perfect scholarship, the philosophic thoughtfulness and depth of view, the power to grasp ideas and conceive of motives of action higher than those of the materialist and the mere man of business, which were at one time, perhaps, more common among English politicians than in our own days. Mr. Gladstone has, as it were, inaugurated a new and most important part of his career by an attempt to contribute to the philosophy of history. We prefer

* *The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World.* An Address delivered before the University of Edinburgh. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

this view of his late discourse to that which represents him as taking leave therein of the elegant studies of his youth and manhood, in order to turn entirely to the practical business of governing the empire. Empires can have few better chances of being well governed than that which is secured them when their leading statesmen do not consider it an unpractical study to trace out the workings of Providence in the history of nations. They are on the verge of ruin from not understanding their own position, their own mission in the world, their absolute dependence on the good pleasure of Him who raises them up or shatters them as they obey or thwart His behests, when they are ruled by men who practically ignore all ends and aims save those which are material, who know of no government of the world but that which carries out the decrees of a congress of European states, nor any Providence higher than an adroit maintenance of the balance of power.

Besides that accurate scholarship and wide reading of which we have already seen so many proofs from the pen of Mr. Gladstone, his present work shows that breadth and largeness of view which cannot be given by mere erudition or elegance of taste, any more than by the most extensive practical acquaintance with the details of business or of politics. It shows a mind capable of the loftiest speculation, and one which delights to feed its gaze upon the noblest subjects with which human thought can be conversant. So little of any great value has hitherto been written on the philosophy of history, in the sense in which the words apply to the matter of Mr. Gladstone's volume, that any contribution to its literature from a mind capable of dealing with its mighty outlines is especially welcome. Any such writer does good service by raising the minds of his readers with him to a level from which the wide landscape, so to say, of the course of Providence in the history of the human race can be to any extent embraced as a whole. The service thus rendered to this important field of study is independent of perfect accuracy of detail in the view presented in any particular work. There may be something indistinct, something distorted, something exaggerated, something out of place in many particulars, and yet the general effect may be in the main true. Unless the writer be altogether incompetent, or be carried away by mere fancifulness, he will be right nine times for once that he is wrong.

These qualifications are perhaps necessary in a criticism on the brilliant and interesting discourse which now lies before us. Mr. Gladstone is very successful in his more general theme, which is to claim for the mind and culture of Greece an important part in the preparation of mankind for the advent of the Great Deliverer.

Whether he has been equally happy in his reading of the particular design of Providence to which Greece was subservient, may perhaps be fairly questioned. Again, he considers the Homeric religion as embodying the peculiar instincts of the Greek mind, or, rather, perhaps those rays of primeval light which, however afterwards discoloured and distorted, it brought with it from its ancestral home—the point from which its earliest wanderings began, where the once undivided tribes, by whom the surface of the earth was afterwards peopled, dwelt at first side by side in the possession of the same deposit of traditional truth. He truly says that we cannot conceive these races to have separated from one another without each retaining, at the outset, much the same belief with the rest. But when he comes to attempt to fix on the germ of original truth which found its most congenial home in the Greek mind, and which that mind seems to him, if we understand him rightly, to have had some special office in fostering and bringing to a distorted and monstrous maturity in the mythology to which it enslaved itself, it is obvious that he is by no means so safe a guide as on the general question. At this point of his discourse, Mr. Gladstone gives us some exceedingly interesting remarks on the Hellenic religion, as embodied chiefly in the poetry of Homer. These remarks are the kernel of the whole essay; but ingenious, striking, and beautiful as they are in themselves, we cannot recognise in them any answer to the question which they are intended to solve.

Mr. Gladstone remarks that in the primeval traditions of the human race, handed down to us in the book of Genesis, there was “manifestly included a humanistic element.” The seed of the woman was to bruise the serpent’s head. This element he supposes to have been kept out of sight in the Jewish system,* possibly from the fear of a fall into idolatry. Yet surely one of the commonest charges brought against the Hebrew Scriptures is based upon what is called their “anthropomorphism;” and they present to us a chain of prophecies respecting the Incarnation, so copious and explicit on this point, as to have produced in the minds of the Jews, when the time for their fulfilment came, a far greater readiness to receive the king, the son of David, than the hidden Emmanuel, God with us. Moreover, the frequent appearances of angels, as we gather, in the human form, would seem, to mention no other points of the same tendency, to contravene directly the assertion made by Mr. Gladstone. Nor can

* “There was no provision made, as far as we are aware—at any rate in the Mosaic system—for keeping alive this particular element of the original traditions, otherwise than as an anticipation reaching into the far-distant future” (p. 20).

any one fairly read through what he counts as the Second Commandment, and assent to his view, that its "stringent prohibitions . . . appear to have been especially pointed against the execution by human hands of the figure of a man." Nor is there much in the argument that the idolatry of the Jews was never anthropomorphic. It was, as far as we know, always a borrowed idolatry, just as much and as little anthropomorphic as that of the neighbouring nations from whom it was received. It is, perhaps, very difficult for us even to imagine the state of mind on which the tendency to idolatry was founded, but in this respect it does not appear that the Jews ever invented any thing for themselves. When they fell under the dominion and influence of the Greek conquerors of Asia, we find that those who apostatised from the national faith were as ready to receive the gods of their later masters as their ancestors had ever been to bow down to the abominations of the Canaanites, or Moabites, or Sidonians, or Egyptians. This humanistic element of primeval tradition Mr. Gladstone further supposes to have been caught and appropriated by the Hellenic race; and the working out of this idea gives occasion to what we have already spoken of as the most brilliant part of his discourse. He has remarked on the intense "humanity" of the Olympian system of deities, as set forth in Homer, and contrasted it with the more vague, gloomy, and awful mysteriousness of the system of nature-worship which it seems to have supplanted. He remarks on the introduction of the "family-order" into heaven, even at the cost of making the system of deities itself culminate in an incestuous union, such as the Greeks, of all nations in antiquity, looked upon with peculiar horror. Then, again, we find but the faintest traces of animal-worship in Greece. Hence flowed, according to Mr. Gladstone, certain principles of thought and action which raised them very far above other pagans. Such was a singular reverence for human life and human nature; though Mr. Gladstone is obliged to admit that Sir John Acton has, at all events, gone far towards proving his point about the prevalence of human sacrifice throughout the Hellenic world. This, however, from the story of Iphigenia, he supposes to have been a foreign importation. Such, again, he considers to have been the great homage paid by the Greeks to personal beauty; the tendency to look on deformity as more than a misfortune, and to connect ignorance and vice closely together. Such was preëminently the high position accorded to woman—at least in the ages the manners of which are reflected on the pages of Homer. Then, again, he has several charming passages on the influence exercised by this element, as at once the spring and guiding star of the wonderful art of Greece, and also on her marvellous mental philosophy, which

treated man eminently as a whole, without excluding either of the parts of which his being is made up.

These pages contain a number of deep and beautiful thoughts; and it may appear ungracious to criticise too minutely what so obviously needs more ample development and illustration from the hands of its author in order to be fairly appreciated. In Mr. Gladstone's view, the "humanistic element" in the early traditions of the human race would seem to be connected—unnaturally indeed and unlawfully, as St. Paul speaks of men who "detain" the truth of God in injustice—with the origin of the very human system of deities with whom the Olympus of Homer was crowded. Mr. Gladstone specifies particularly the character of Apollo, as supplying the link between the traditional truth and the mythological fiction. Is his argument meant further to imply that the "humanistic element" thus preserved in so distorted a form was a part of the providential order of the world to prepare men for the reception of the Gospel? No doubt he is quite right in maintaining that a nation whose influence on the world has been so remarkable could not but have had a definite mission in the great plan of human history. But surely we may find many a more obvious answer to the question which seeks for the part allotted to Greece in this wonderful drama than that which is thus given by Mr. Gladstone. Holy Scripture in the book of Wisdom and in the Epistles of St. Paul seems to point plainly enough to a twofold source for the origin of the systems of pagan idolatry; and both the writers to whose words we refer must have had before them chiefly, if not exclusively, the Greek system of false worship. The earlier author names the homage paid to the wonderful powers of nature as one source of polytheism; he then goes on to point to the reverence paid to illustrious ancestors and celebrated heroes as another. He reproaches the heathen, in words afterwards echoed by St. Paul in the great passage on heathenism with which the Epistle to the Romans opens, for having closed their eyes to the lessons about God conveyed in the visible creation. We may carry on the argument from St. Paul, who brings out most forcibly of all the further fact that idolatry, as well as the low and abominable excesses of sensuality with which it was closely connected, was a punishment permitted to ensue as a consequence on the forgetfulness of God. The scriptural account of heathenism is completed by another passage of St. Paul,—in harmony with the decrees of the Church as to offerings made to idols, as well as with the unvarying conduct of the Christians during the early persecutions,—in which the Apostle lays down as an axiom that the deities adored by the heathen were in reality devils; and his words are but an echo of an Old-Testament

text. With this view of the heathen mythology before us, it seems certainly very difficult to find room for the embodiment of the humanistic element of primeval tradition in the Olympian system as a part of the preparation for the Gospel—if we are right in attributing that meaning to Mr. Gladstone's argument. We might say, perhaps, that the powers of evil who were allowed to lead men on to the delusions of heathenism, travestied, to some extent, in the system which they cunningly presented for the acceptance of the Greek mind, that feature of primitive tradition to which Mr. Gladstone refers. But even this seems to us too fanciful an hypothesis. Again, there is no reason to connect those nobler features in Greek society and morality, which are so well pointed out by Mr. Gladstone, with the mythological system of the deities of that nation, except as causes rather than as effects. It is far more likely to be true that the Hellenes retained their dislike to incest, to polygamy and the consequent degradation of woman, their respect for human life, and other characteristics which raised them so high above other ancient nations, in consequence of traditions and customs which they had brought with them in their long wanderings from their earliest home, than that they caught them from the system of polytheism into which they were inveigled. Family and social traditions are far more long-lived than those which relate to the unseen world and the distant future, unless there be some special instrument and authority to force the latter upon the mind, which so soon flags in its flights beyond the things of sense. Thus the conscience of the enlightened heathen was always at variance with his mythology. All that was good and noble in the characteristic features of the Greek cultivation can thus be more easily and more naturally accounted for than in the way suggested by Mr. Gladstone. And it would not be difficult to draw out an argument for the support of the direct contradictory of the proposition he has maintained, as far as the mythology is concerned. We think it might fairly be argued—and no doubt such an argument must often have crossed the minds of the early Christian philosophers—that the noble moral instincts which made the Greek and Roman society, corrupt as it was, notwithstanding their existence, the best material existing in the world eighteen hundred years ago for the formation of Christian communities, would have been far more powerful, and have arrived at a far greater development, if it had not been for the influence of their national religions.

Mr. Gladstone appears to us to have left out of sight what certainly deserved to be mentioned almost first of all in an essay on the position of Greece in the providential order. Although the armies of Rome had, in the course of the few centuries preceding

the Christian era, done the great work of making the world one united whole in polity and government, and thus secured one of the most essential requisites for the spread of the Gospel, it was first of all the conquests of Alexander, and the Greek kingdoms founded upon them, which prepared the way for the last great empire and made the mighty "Roman peace" possible. It was Greece that first united East and West, Europe and Asia; and it was the influence of her literature, commerce, and civilisation that penetrated with one harmonious spirit the otherwise heterogeneous masses out of which the empire of Rome was built. It was Greece that first unlocked the treasures of the sacred Scriptures to the heathen world, and that scattered over the face of the earth those colonies of Jewish sojourners who, with the proselytes that gathered round them every where, furnished in great measure the first germs of the first Christian Churches. Thus the historical mission of Greece was as noble and as unmistakable as that of Rome itself. Wherever its influence was felt it softened and raised the rest of the pagan world by its philosophy and poetry, in which so many of the grandest moral truths which are the heritage of mankind were encased as in a setting of the most exquisite workmanship; it quickened thought, intelligence, speculation, and taught men to think, to reason, to argue, to study, to speak, and to write with accuracy and judgment. Greece prepared men who could listen to St. Paul; Rome trained them to live under the rule of St. Peter. And this mission will, in a certain most true sense, last, as it would seem, to the end of time. Greece will always be the schoolmistress of the world. The Roman literature, in many respects so noble, is not original; it is but an offshoot from the literature of Greece. Heathen though they are, they are more human than heathen; though they fall short in so many important points, though they are stained here and there with so many dark spots which betray the corruption in which their authors and first readers were steeped, they will remain for ever the text-books of mental cultivation. We do not say whether it will be an evil day when Greece is deposed from this, as we think, truly providential position; for if it be providential, that day will never come; nor could in any case the place of her literature be supplied by any other that was not, in the strictest sense of the word, its offspring.

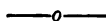
These two glories—to have prepared the world, in so great a measure, for the reception of Christianity, and to have been installed as the trainer of thought and of mental and artistic cultivation by Christianity when received—are surely enough for Attica and the Peloponnesus, for the scattered islets of the Archipelago, and the colonies which fringed the shores of Asia Minor, Sicily, and southern

Italy. They are enough to write the mission of Greece in characters of light on the pages of the world's history, and they need not be enhanced by subtleties however refined, and fancies however brilliant. Mr. Gladstone goes on, in the later pages of his discourse, to imagine a further office for the literature and art of Greece, though it must be allowed that he speaks with modesty and hesitation. He seems to think that there are certain principles brought into play by the Gospel, in its healing and remedial character, which may, if urged too far and used too exclusively, lead men into excesses and unfit them for the real work of life. The statement—as we have made it—is all but a truism; the real question is, whether it has ever been in fact verified to any considerable extent, and whether those against whom the charge of having verified it is made really deserve the censure. Mr. Gladstone mentions only, in this connection, the anchorites of the early ages of the Church: others would no doubt extend the accusation so as to include those who have devoted themselves to celibacy as a higher life than the married state, and given themselves in any remarkable degree to the exercises of asceticism and mortification. It is curious to see a man of Mr. Gladstone's character thus hovering in the rear of the rollicking army of "muscular Christians." These excesses, he thinks, if they ever exist, may possibly be corrected by the Greek spirit. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone no doubt agrees with us that the danger in our day is quite in the contrary direction. But we think him mistaken on the general question, without reference to this or that period in the history of the Church. His mistake appears to lie not so much in his appreciation of the tendencies and influences of Greek culture, as in his somewhat defective view of what we may call the spirit of Christendom. He was once taunted in debate with being mediæval and scholastic; but he is more of an Athenian than a man of the Middle Ages. He has not, perhaps he cannot have, a perfect idea of the active, vigorous, all-penetrating working of the Catholic spirit in a society which it has thoroughly leavened and animated, and on which the chilling and paralysing influences of division and error have never fallen. In such a society there would certainly be no need for "correctives" to the fullest development of the principles brought into the world by the Gospel; and yet nothing is noble, manly, energetic, and great in our human nature that would not flourish in full and luxuriant growth and life. The mistake made by Mr. Gladstone, if we understand him rightly, is twofold. He supposes that the impulses which peopled the deserts with men who had bid farewell to the world were ever supposed, by them or others, to be more than particular vocations, as if the essence of the Gospel con-

sisted in the eremitical and was inconsistent with the social life, and as if even the highest spiritual perfection could not be attained, and was not meant to be attained, in the latter as well as in the former. It is true that at the particular time of which he speaks these individual vocations to the desert were numbered by thousands, just as in our own time the vocations to active orders engaged in works of charity are more numerous than any others. The wind blows whither it will: it has been so from the first; and an inscrutable Wisdom works out its own plans by the drawings which make themselves felt in the hearts of men, at one time to one life, at another to another, as the Gospel speaks of our Lord calling to the apostolate those whomsoever He chose. It is surely not difficult to see in the circumstances of the Church at different times what may at all events seem to be adequate reasons for the varying impulses which prevail in them from time to time. Another mistake, whether Mr. Gladstone has fallen into it or not, would be to imagine that that ordinary social standard of moral perfection which is essential for the reign of Christianity over the lives and thoughts of its children can be adequately secured without the shelter of the evangelical counsels and maxims of entire renunciation of the world, embodied in the lives of a large number, and even, enshrined in permanent institutions by religious rules. The ascetics who left the world for the deserts of Nitria were in reality the guardians of Christian charity and purity in thousands who did not follow their example. Christian marriage and Christian family-life, the foundations of the Christian state and the Christian community of nations, might never have grown up in the midst of the corruption and degradation of the pagan society, but for the loftier professions of virginity and voluntary poverty. We reap to a great extent what we have not sown; we inherit the fruits of the labour of thousands unknown to us, who in ages past planted deep the roots of Christian society by raising their own thoughts and lives to the society of angels, and who have secured the transformation of the world by leaving it themselves, without despising it for others. The foundations on which we rest so securely were laid long ago. We cannot dispense, without the greatest danger, with the constant witness and operation of the same high aspirations in every succeeding generation; and as paganism had its roots in the natural and unelevated instincts of our nature, and not in the new creation of grace, its productions may be ennobled and then used for the purposes of Christianity, though if they are ever in antagonism to its impulses, the only use to be made of them is to set them altogether aside.

γ.

The Poems of Adelaide Anne Procter.*



THE appearance of the beautiful edition of Miss Procter's poems lately issued among the Christmas gift-books of the season forms a fitting occasion for some remarks upon the special character and genius of the authoress whose verses are inscribed upon its delicately-toned pages. Of both the first and second series of Miss Procter's *Legends and Lyrics* numerous editions have been called for by the public: they are now collected into a quarto, illustrated by many excellent artists, and are prefaced by a slight biographical introduction from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens, who, being intimately acquainted with Miss Procter's family, had known her from her early girlhood, and entertained for her the truest admiration and the most cordial esteem.

In attempting an analysis of Miss Procter's poetry, we may well preface it by a few words concerning her life and character, because these were the roots of her verse. To speak of the dead is at all times a sacred thing, demanding heedful words and careful justice. To speak of the beloved dead is always a doubly difficult task, requiring a specially sober modesty of expression, even while giving some scope to that instinctive power of true appreciation which affection best insures. The writer of these pages knew and loved her long and well; and in so far is qualified to speak of what she was: yet of a nature which was all womanly, and which retained to its last earthly moments a singular charm of childlike playfulness and innocence,—having been, as it were, at all times sheltered from life's rougher experiences,—it is not quite easy so to speak as to bring out a distinctive image to those who knew it not.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born, in October 1825, in Bedford Square, London; the eldest child, the "sweet beloved first-born," of Brian Waller Procter, best known to literature as Barry Cornwall. We have often heard her described as she was at three years old—"the prettiest little fairy ever seen," with fair delicate features and

* *Legends and Lyrics*. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. New edition, with additions. Illustrated by W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., Samuel Palmer, J. Tenniel, George H. Thomas, Lorenz Fröhlich, W. H. Millais, G. du Maurier, W. P. Burton, J. D. Watson, Charles Keene, J. M. Carrick, M. E. Edward, T. Morten. (Bell and Daldy.)

A Chaplet of Verses. (Longman.)

VOL. IV.

G

great blue eyes; always frail in health, but exceedingly intelligent. Mr. Dickens tells of a tiny album, made of note-paper, into which her favourite passages of poetry were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write; and she very soon began to acquire foreign languages, and even to learn geometry. One of her early accomplishments was drawing—she composed little figure-pieces with grace and facility; and we remember hearing from a loving relative of Miss Procter's, many long years ago, of a certain set of sketches of the Seven Ages of Man, done by her in pencil when she was yet a little girl. Being at the time still younger, we heard of it with a sort of admiring awe, which it is now pathetic to remember; considering in our own mind what a wonderful and even alarming little girl this must be. Some five-and-twenty years later (since her death) those little sketches came to light; the sight of them smiting upon the heart with the memory of that long-ago conversation, so full of fond hope and pride.

Miss Procter was very thoroughly educated, and from her youth went much into society, possessing in a marked degree the best characteristics of a woman of the world. Mr. Dickens says that she had nothing of the conventional poetess about her; was neither melancholy, nor affected, nor self-absorbed. What she *had*, was the ease, the polish, and the extreme readiness which we are taught to consider the traditional charm of a Frenchwoman of the old school. To perfect self-possession she added a sort of feminine mastery of those about her. Single out any of the famous Parisians gifted with the power to win and to keep, and imagine this sort of power grafted on to a nature *au fond* very simple and sterling; and thus the reader will attain to a conception of what she was in social life. She had deep and strong feeling, which she poured out in her poetry; but it did not come uppermost in her conversation. *That* was always vivid and usually lively, and, moreover, edged with marvellous finesse. "Sweet-briar" one loving friend used to call her.

Her outward life was not very varied; but her conversion to the Catholic faith, which took place when she was about four-and-twenty, gave her a wide circle of intellectual interests beyond those of ordinary English minds. Two years later she went to Piedmont, and passed a year with a relative there. She always recalled this Italian experience with lively pleasure; and it coloured many of her poems. Her letters home were very lively and pictorial, showing that she would have excelled in prose composition.

Of her first entrance into literature Mr. Dickens has given an amusing account: how she sent poems to *Household Words* under the signature of Miss Berwick, and how at the office they all made

up their minds she was a governess; and how Miss Berwick turned out, after all, to be the daughter of his old friend Barry Cornwall, who preferred to win her spurs with her visor down. When, some years later, she was with much difficulty induced to collect her poems into a volume, with her name, their success was immediate; both that volume and a second series passed through edition after edition, till she truly became a *household word* in England.

There is not, alas, very much more to tell. Just when she became famous, and opportunities of literary exertion were opening on every side, her health began to fail. For three or four years before her declared illness she was very delicate, and, with the fatal animation of her peculiar temperament, always overworking herself. But that dread malady, consumption, the scourge of England, can rarely be averted when once it has marked its prey. In November 1862, her increasing illness first confined her to her room, and very shortly to her bed. For fifteen long months she lay there, wasting gradually away; yet not only was she patient and thoroughly resigned, but up to the very last her bright cheerfulness never quite deserted her. When not actually in pain, she would enter into conversation with all her old zest, taking just the same interest in her friends and their affairs; lively, sympathetic, and helpful to the end. On the very last evening of all, one of her friends, thinking to interest her in the old pursuit, brought her a little poem in proof. It was a Catholic ballad for *The Lamp*. Miss Procter was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. She was too weak to speak any unnecessary word; but her large blue eyes roused into their wonted intelligence as she listened; and then, with the sweet sympathy which she at all times gave to others, she made a slight applauding motion with those slender wasted fingers, and smiled into the reader's face. It was such a very slight thing, and yet so utterly characteristic—courtesy and kindness and a sort of unselfish readiness surviving to the very end.

That night, an hour after midnight, on the 2d of February, the summons came. She had been reading a little book,—trying to read rather,—and as the clock was on the stroke of one she shut it up, and with some sudden mysterious rush of consciousness, having suffered greatly all the evening from oppressed breathing, she asked quietly of her mother, who was holding her in her arms:

“Do you think I am dying, mamma?”

“I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.”

“Send for my sister. My feet are so cold,—lift me up.”

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: “It has come at last.”

And then, with so soft a change that the anxious eyes bent upon those sunken features could hardly detect the moment of her ceasing to breathe, death came to the beloved of so many hearts. The prayers of the Church, of which she was so devoted a child, were audibly uplifted throughout that closing scene; they were the last earthly sounds that can have reached the dulling ear. Opposite to her, as she lay upon her little bed, was a photograph from that loveliest image by Francia of the dead Saviour lying upon His Mother's knees. At all times ardently religious, the last days of her frail life were elevated and cheered by the holy rites of her faith. As she lay in her coffin, a crucifix upon her breast, and camellias and violets sprinkled over her fair white garments, she looked the loveliest image of peace which a pure and pious life could bequeath to perishable clay. The delicate face was but little changed. Up to the very last it had retained its bright spiritual expression, just as her voice had retained its musical inflections, and her smile its blended charm of affectionate sympathy and childlike gaiety. In death that smile had vanished for ever, but something of its sweetness still lingered about the brow and mouth. The tapers for which she had asked a little while previously (for the due keeping of Candlemas-day) burnt at the head of the coffin, and shed their soft light down upon that still face. When at length it was covered up from mortal sight, and all that remained of her laid in the grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, the sun shone out with the first cheerfulness of early spring. Coming from behind a little cloud, that sunshine lit up the white vestment of the priest, who, standing by her coffin in the little chapel, spoke of the joyful resurrection of the children of God. There is a little garden upon that simple grave, where fresh flowers bloom every spring; and beside it many prayers are offered up with each returning season of the year.

But we must linger no longer on memories and associations which are almost too sacred for more than a passing word. To the world at large Miss Procter is known through her genius only; but it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that through it she is also endeared in a singular degree to thousands who never looked upon her face. To some consideration of her poems we will therefore address ourselves; the less reluctantly that they were truly so much a revelation of her life.

If canons of criticism be based on something deeper than mere superficial rules in regard to the expression of the sublime and beautiful, it must be doubly interesting to trace the causes of a widespread popularity attaching to any series of works from the same pen. Such an appreciation cannot be won by a trick of form, or by

a deliberate appeal to well-known popular sympathies. It must arise from the touching of universal emotions; from a true correspondence with those thoughts and feelings which are the heritage of the race under its most general conditions, or which have become the common property of a people in all its various grades of culture.

There are two theories regarding the nature of poetry and of that genius which creates poetry, whether in literature or in the sphere of any art. They will never be harmonised; for, like many other opinions, doctrines, and theories, of which we are separately forced to acknowledge the truth, they are irreconcilable by any effort of the human understanding. One of these theories says that genius is rare, recondite, unusual; that its creations are, by the very nature of things, little likely to be appreciated; that, indeed, the higher and the deeper it is, the more likelihood there is that it will *not* be entered into by numbers. Such genius found its embodiment in the phantasmagoria of Blake, in the poetry of Shelley, in the profound insight of this or that thinker. It is the vivid but momentary flash of lightning irradiating a sombre sky; it is the gnarled and solitary pine; the deep still tarn upon the mountain-side; it is the vein of bright ore buried in the darkness of the mine; the electric thrill evoked from inert matter, interesting, delightful, and suggestive from the very strangeness of its apparition. Who shall deny that this is *one* definition of genius, one way of picturing the idea of high art?

But there is another theory, which says that genius is that which possesses the faculty of incarnating universal affections in a type readily and instinctively appropriated by the imagination; that it painted the Huguenots, and wrought out the image of Jeanie Deans; that it sung the simple melody of "Auld Robin Gray," and accumulated the massive choruses of Handel. That—putting aside those greatest men, the Shakespeares, Goethes, and Raphaels, regarding whom criticism or definition are alike exhaustless and for ever inconclusive—the most admirable genius is that which thrills in the ballads, the religious literature, and imitative art of a people; and which a whole nation "will not willingly let die." Such genius, such art, is like the fair sunshine upon cornfields, the rippling of the running stream, the silver surface of the lake, the profuse luxuriance of spring and autumn woodlands. It embodies light, air, and the song of birds, the solemnity of the universal twilight, and the radiance of the universal dawn. Almost every one can see and feel it in *some* wise, though the keenness of the appreciation will be in proportion to the sensitiveness of the eye and ear. Who shall deny that this is another and equally true description of the highest genius and the noblest art?

The poems we are now considering, and which have won such general admiration wherever they have become known, belong to the latter class of works of art. Their simple delicate beauty appeals alike to men and women, and to the soul of the young child; their transparent clearness is that of an unusually lucid intellect; their profoundness is only that of a believing heart. She who wrote them would often say with a certain characteristic simplicity, "I only write verses,—I do not write poetry;" and would fasten upon the products of some powerful and mystic mind as an illustration of what genuine poetry ought to be. But the mis-estimate was great. The absolute absence of claptrap, of any appeal to the passions of the hour or the popular idols of the English people, showed that if these volumes lay on so many tables, and their contents were so often sung and quoted in public and in private, as expressing just that which every body had wanted to say, the reason lay deeper than the ring of the verse-writer who knows how to play into the fancy of the multitude. They are popular because they are instinct with dainty feminine genius, and reach the hearts of others with the sure precise touch of slender fingers awakening the silver chords of a harp.

Three volumes originally comprised the whole of Miss Procter's writings: a first and second series of Legends and Lyrics, and one of religious poems, published for a night-refuge kept by Sisters of Mercy. The two former have now been printed in this rich quarto by Messrs. Bell and Daldy; and it may not be amiss to say, that the whole *three* have been republished in America in one small but excellently got-up volume, at once a casket and a shrine (Ticknor and Fields, Boston). Of the secular poems now brought before our English public in so beautiful a dress, we would attempt a slight analysis of contents. There are fourteen legends or stories, long and short,—little tales in verse, of which the gist generally lies in some very subtle and pathetic situation of the human heart. Any thing like violent wrong or the ravages of unruly passion seemed rarely to cross this gentle imagination; and yet the legends are nearly all sorrowful; but the sorrow seems to spring from nobody's fault, and perhaps for that very reason it is all the more sorrowful, for repentance will not wash it away. Little dead children borne to heaven on the bosom of the angels while their mothers weep below; or a dying mother, dying amidst the splendours of an earl's home, and calling to her bedside the son of an earlier and humbler marriage, revealing herself to him at the last; or the history of a stepmother, long loved but late wedded, and who had given up the lover of her own youth to a younger friend, and afterwards taken the charge of that friend's jealous and reluctant children; or the pitiful tale, since

elaborately wrought out by Tennyson in his *Enoch Arden*, of the sailor who returns home to find his wife the wife of another man. In one and all the pathos is wrought out and expressed with the most extraordinary delicacy of touch. The reader says to himself, "Nay, is it so sad, after all?" And yet it is; sad and spiritually hopeful too; sad for this earth, hopeful for heaven. This seems the irresistible conclusion of almost every tale; even the story of the stepmother, supposed to come quite right at last, is made inexpressibly plaintive by being told by the first wife's nurse—she who "knew so much," and had lived with her young mistress from childhood, and would not call the cold husband unkind; "but she had been used to love and praise."

In others of these legends the telling of the tale is simpler, the pathos more direct, but almost always strangely subtle. In "Three Evenings of a Life," a sister sacrifices her own hopes of married life that she may devote herself to a young brother who needs her care. But the young brother marries—a catastrophe which she does not seem to have contemplated; and she finds too late that her sacrifice was useless; and, what was worse, that the bride is ill-fitted to sustain him in his life or in his art; and the unhappy sister

"watched the daily failing
Of all his nobler part;
Low aims, weak purpose, telling
In lower, weaker art.

And now, when he is dying,
The last words she could hear
Must not be hers, but given
The bride of one short year.
The last care is another's;
The last prayer must not be
The one they learnt together
Beside their mother's knee."

Herbert sickens and dies, leaving the poor weak little Dora to Alice's care; and we are told how Alice cherishes her, and bears with her waywardness through sad weeks of depression, till news comes in spring that Leonard—the rejected lover—is returning from India. Now Alice is free! Now she may love Leonard and lean upon his strength. He comes; the little household smiles once more. Summer succeeds to spring; when one twilight hour Alice is aware of the perfume of flowers brought into their London home. She goes out into the passage, and through a half-opened door hears Leonard's voice.

"His low voice—Dora's answers;
His pleading—yes, she knew

The tone, the words, the accents ;
 She once had heard them too.
 'Would Alice blame her ?' Leonard's
 Low tender answer came :
 'Alice was far too noble
 To think or dream of blame.'
 'And was he sure he loved her ?'
 'Yes, with the one love given
 Once in a lifetime only ;
 With one soul and one heaven !'

Then came a plaintive murmur :
 'Dora had once been told
 That he and Alice—' 'Dearest,
 Alice is far too cold
 To love ; and I, my Dora,
 If once I fancied so,
 It was a brief delusion,
 And over long ago.' "

Very tender and touching is the description of the forlorn woman's recoil upon her brother's memory :

"Yes, they have once been parted ;
 But this day shall restore
 The long-lost one ; she claims him :
 'My Herbert—mine once more !' "

One of the most highly-finished of the legends is "A Tomb in Ghent," setting forth the life of a humble musician and his young daughter. It contains lovely touches of description both of music and architecture. How the youth knelt prayerfully in St. Bavon,

"While the great organ over all would roll,
 Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
 Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
 Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
 Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
 Only the silence seemed to listen still ;
 Or, gathering like a sea still more and more,
 Break, in melodious waves, at heaven's door,
 And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
 Upon the pleading, longing hearts again."

Not only what he heard, but what he saw, is thus exquisitely imaged in words :

"Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
 That crept along the marble floor below,
 Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
 Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
 Now on the brazen letters of a tomb ;
 Then, again, leaving it to shade and gloom,
 And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
 The kneeling figure of some marble saint ;

Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare
 That told of patient toil and reverent care ;
 Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
 Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush-spears,
 And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
 In summer where the silver rivers flow ;
 And demon-heads grotesque that seemed to glare
 In impotent wrath on all the beauty there.
 Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
 And so be drawn to heaven at evening time ;
 And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
 On all around,—only the windows glowed
 With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
 Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
 Watch upon heaven's battlements at night."

The second critical division of Miss Procter's poems comprises those beautiful lyrics, many of which have been set to music, and all of which are full of the melody of rhythm,—inspired, as it were, by a delicate Æolian harmony, having its source in the fine intangible instinct of the poet's ear. Amidst more than a hundred of such short poems and songs, selection seems nearly impossible to the critic. Many of the little pieces and many of the separate verses are destined to float on the surface of English literature with the same secure buoyancy as Herrick's "Daffodils," or Lyttleton's verses to his fair wife Lucy, or Wordsworth's picture of the maid who dwelt by the banks of Dove. They have that short felicity of expression, that perfect finish in their parts, that causes such poems to abide in the memory, or, as the expression is, to "dwell in the imagination." In the six verses of "The Chain,"

"Which was not forged by mortal hands,
 Or clasped with golden bars and bands,"

is one—the third—which exemplifies our assertion. It reads like one of those immemorial quotations we have known from infancy :

"Yet what no mortal hand could make,
 No mortal power can ever break ;
 What words or vows could never do,
 No words or vows can make untrue ;
 And if to other hearts unknown,
 The dearer and the more our own,
 Because too sacred and divine
 For other eyes save thine and mine."

Two songs, written in the quaint irregular metre delighted in by the seventeenth-century poets, seem like forgotten scraps by one of the more elegant contemporaries of Milton; these are, "A Doubting Heart," and "A Lament for the Summer;" of which the first and last verses are instinct with the feelings of October days.

"Moan, O ye Autumn Winds,—
 Summer has fled ;
 The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die ;
 The lily's gracious head
 All low must lie,
 Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Mourn, mourn, O Autumn Winds,—
 Lament and mourn ;
 How many half-blown buds must close and die !
 Hopes, with the Summer born,
 All faded lie,
 And leave us desolate and earth forlorn."

Equally musical, but full of the more personal sentiment of our century, is that lovely song, "A Shadow," beginning,

"What lack the valleys and mountains
 That once were green and gay?"

Quite different in tone, full of ringing harmony, is the little poem of "Now."

"Rise, for the day is passing,
 And you lie dreaming on ;
 The others have buckled their armour,
 And forth to the fight are gone.
 A place in the ranks awaits you—
 Each man has some part to play ;
 The Past and the Future are nothing
 In the face of the stern To-day."

And so on, through four spirited verses. Something in these strikes the ear as peculiarly illustrative of the active pious spirit of her who wrote them, of the voice whose every tone was so clear, and of the smile whose arch intelligence conveyed the same expression of lively decision.

We must now bring our remarks to a close, having tried to indicate the different qualities of Miss Procter's verse. The permanent place which it will retain in English literature it is not for us to decide. She has had the power to strike the heart of her own generation by its simple pathos. That it is purely original of its kind can hardly be denied ; but it is hard, if not impossible, so far to separate ourselves from the standard of our own generation as to judge where the limits of the *special*, and therefore the *transient*, elements of fame are passed. But we at least must not be wanting in gratitude to one of the sweetest singers of the day that was hers and our own.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER III.

REGINA AND HER COUSINS.

"WELL, uncle Levin, what do you think of Regina?"

"I think that she would have been the joy of her mother," Levin answered.

"And of her father?"

Levin smiled:

"She must be a twofold joy to him—for himself, and for her mother."

"Do you know, my good uncle, she takes me by surprise rather? I should have expected a more submissive spirit, a more pliable character from a convent education. She is a beautiful, clever, graceful girl: but I don't like so much decision."

"Surely she obeys you in every thing, not only literally, but most willingly."

"Uncle Levin, she has a will."

"Would you have her an automaton, nephew Damian?"

"In some things I almost would. Has she spoken to you of her convent fancies?"

"Not a word; and I advise you not to attach much weight to them. Many a girl has such thoughts without the shadow of a vocation."

"No doubt; but I don't want Regina to indulge them; so I mean to betroth her and Uriel as soon as he arrives."

"But, my dear Damian, that is a risk. They have not met for five years, and perhaps they will have no fancy for each other."

"O, all that will come. A few weeks together, and it will be all right. Not a difficult thing, I should say, to fall in love with Regina; and if a girl sees herself liked, that flatters her; it's the nature of women. Uriel will soon make an end of the convent notions; I mean to take no notice of them."

"It is the best policy," answered Levin.

"Then you do not want Regina to be a nun? I thought priests and religious had a predilection for that kind of thing."

"I should hope," said the uncle, smiling, "that their predilection was the glory of God and the good of souls; and without a vocation a religious life is opposed to both."

"Ah, uncle Levin, that is first-rate!" and the Count patted him on the back, highly delighted.

Levin went thoughtfully into the garden. He too had always hitherto looked on the marriage of Uriel and Regina as a settled thing; but Count Damian's words made him uneasy, although he thought it best to treat the matter lightly in conversation with him. What troubles lay before her, if she seriously contemplated a future so contrary to her father's wishes! And was it so unlikely that the daughter of so pious a mother should have unworldly views? As he mused on all this, he came suddenly on the object of his thoughts, seated in an arbour, embroidering diligently. Her father might well call her beautiful. On the delicate clear-cut features rested an expression of childlike simplicity and deep earnestness, such as the old Florentine painters give to the faces of saints and angels. There was decision in the dark eyebrows that lay clear and straight across the fair transparent forehead; and all her soul shone from her deep gray eyes, when she slowly raised their long lashes. Every thing about her spoke of a peace of which the world knows nothing. As she worked, she hummed a tune softly to herself; now and then she looked across towards Engelberg, and the humming changed to a clear glad singing of the two words "Venite adoremus." Levin came to her side.

"You sing like a lark, Regina."

She drew a garden-chair for him near her frame, and said, with all her heart:

"I am as happy as a lark, dear uncle. If the lark rejoices in soaring up to the blue sky, we ought to do so far more; for the Heaven that awaits us is a thousand times fairer."

"Do you think about death, then—a child like you?"

"O no," she said simply; "only about eternal life."

He looked at her with unspeakable tenderness; then he said quietly:

"I wonder you find it so easy to make up your mind to leave the good nuns, with whom you were so happy."

"I am very happy here too; I love them dearly, and thank them gratefully; but I always knew I should leave them some time—that makes it easier."

"You are a most reasonable child," he said playfully.

"Well, I have my father, and you, and my mother's grave at Engelberg, where God's Mother watches over it; and Aunt Isabella is very kind; and little Corona so delighted to be at home; surely I ought to be contented."

"And then your cousins will soon come and make the place gay; and the winter will be gayer still, for your father means to spend it in Frankfort."

A shade came over her face as she answered:

"It will be a great pleasure to see my cousins again, but not much to spend the winter in any town."

"Because it is something strange to you; you will like it after a while."

"Dear uncle Levin, did *you* ever like it?"

He smiled.

"I, my child? A priest does not enter into the amusements of the world, you know; and I have been in orders since I was eighteen. In Worms I was studying theology; and then I came here to my poor sick mother's deathbed. Certainly it was lively enough in the time of my brother Matthias, your grandfather. But at thirty years old I had grown into such a regular grumbler, that I was past all taste for such things."

She kissed his hand affectionately, saying:

"We know better than you what you have grown into, uncle Levin."

The ringing notes of a post-horn interrupted them, and Corona rushed up, crying out:

"Regina! papa wants you; my cousins are come."

What a turmoil there was! the Count, four young men, Aunt Isabella, and Corona all talking together, while an enormous Newfoundland dog ran barking from one to the other. One word to explain who the fourth in the group was. Orest had been nearly drowned, when a child, in the Maine, and was saved with great gallantry by the young son of the ferryman. The boy was Countess Cunigunda's godson, and she had promised his mother on her deathbed never to lose sight of little Florentin. The father married again, and Florentin had a hard time of it with his stepmother. So the Countess had him a great deal at the castle—all the more after his father's death had made his home still more uncomfortable. And she never rested till Damian consented to adopt him.

"He has saved our child," she said; "let us save him. That stepmother will ruin him, body and soul."

And so Florentin became a child of the house.

As Regina and her uncle joined the party, one of the young men came eagerly forward and kissed Levin's hand.

"God bless you, Uriel!" he said.

"You are Uriel, then," said Regina; "I must learn you all in order."

"But we all know *you*, Regina."

She gave him her hand, and then welcomed the rest. But when it was Hyacinth's turn, she took his hand in both hers, exclaiming:

"Hyacinth, dear Hyacinth! I know you best. We were always together with my dear mother."

"Now, my lads," said the Count, "do as you like, and be happy. You know your way to the stables and the gun-room. First-rate partridge-shooting this year! You can't walk in the fields without starting a covey at every step."

"I might have foreseen it," cried Orest, who was an enthusiastic sportsman. "Such a dog as I have bought! He cost me a pretty penny; but he's well worth it. Trained like any Prussian soldier. Nimrod will get us famous sport."

The Count was as eager as a boy. "And in a week we shall have a ball in honour of Regina's fête-day."

Uriel turned to her, and asked if she liked dancing. Her "No" was very gentle and very decided.

"Never mind her, Uriel," said her father; "she has never been at a ball, and knows nothing about it."

"And dancing at a convent," remarked Florentin, "cannot be very exciting."

"I tell you," said the Count, "her opinion is worth nothing. What can she know of the matter?"

"Perhaps, father dear, I shall learn. You say I get on pretty well with riding."

"You ride, then, Regina?" cried Orest. "Receive the tribute of my humble respect. Any young lady can dance; but riding—"

"Riding," broke in Florentin, "is what I call a supernatural attainment in a young lady."

"I daresay, now, you can handle a gun?" inquired Orest, "or a pistol, perhaps?"

"You had better say a cigar at once," said Uriel, in a tone of annoyance.

Regina remarked merrily that she began to see how much her education had been neglected. Orest went on: "You cannot be expected to arrive at perfection all at once. We must see first whether you have the requisite qualifications for a *lionne*."

"A lioness!" cried Corona horrified; "Regina a lioness!"

"Now, really," continued Orest, "you children are very badly brought up. I beg to observe that a *lionne* is not a lioness."

"What then?" asked the child eagerly.

"You had better consider your answer," said Uriel, who greatly disliked his brother's free-and-easy tone.

"Not the least occasion to consider," was the answer. "Every body knows, except in the *Sacré Cœur*, that *lionne* is the technical epithet to describe a rather eccentric, brilliant, extra-elegant woman, who distinguishes herself by all sorts of charming *sottises*. Do you understand now, Corona?"

"No," said the child innocently.

Levin laid his hand on Corona's curly head, and said,

"When one has plenty of cousins, Corona, one must be prepared for plenty of teasing. You will have to practise patience now."

"I mean to try and defend myself, uncle Levin," she answered with spirit.

"Bravo, Corona!" cried Orest. "Perhaps you may turn out a *lionne*."

"Then beware of me!" she said, laughing.

All was life and excitement now at Windeck. Only uncle Levin and Regina continued as usual. She did what the others did: she rode, went on the water, played billiards, and was always cheerful and bright; but she never once lost her inward balance. Early every morning she was in the chapel, where now Hyacinth

very reverently served Levin's Mass; and every day she managed quietly to get a couple of hours to herself. Then she read and practised, or went, as her mother had taught her, to visit the sick and poor. Her father was puzzled what to do. It was impossible to find fault with her. "She behaves perfectly," he muttered to himself; "only she seems to have no heart,—and no eyes either, or she would see that Uriel has none for a creature but herself. What a trial daughters are! Impossible to understand them—or any woman!"

Uriel was a noble fellow. He had great talents, strength of character, and powerful intellect; but his spirit was clouded and perplexed by the countless contradictions and confusions of the world; while Orest, a year younger, was perfectly clear as to his career, and had quite made up his mind not to let any thing in life disturb him. Uriel held aloof from Florentin, whose sceptical turn of mind was distasteful to him, and whose creed ran thus: in religion, Protestantism; in philosophy, Radicalism; in politics, Socialism. Orest liked all but the last point: he was to come in for Stamberg, his grandmother's estate; and that made a difference! Uriel disliked Florentin's influence over his brother, and was glad that their paths in life would be different: Orest's predilection was for a military life; Florentin had chosen the medical profession, the object of his ambition being the Professor's chair in a university, from which he could train mankind for the great work of Socialism.

In the evenings there were plenty of discussions going on. Regina seldom joined in them; but once, when the Count said that people ought to be allowed to work on Sundays for their daily bread, her soft voice answered, "Not on bread alone doth man live."

"Very true, Regina," said Orest; "he wants cutlets, oysters, and *côte rôtie* besides."

"You have been silent for an hour," said the Count, "and now utter an oracular sentence. Where do you get it from?"

"From the Gospel, dear father."

"The Gospel is no authority with modern critics," Florentin objected.

She looked at him bewildered.

Uriel turned to her: "A certain learned man makes the story of the Gospel into a myth, and certain persons—Florentin among them—agree with him. He looks upon the Gospel as a human composition, put together possibly with a bad, certainly with a narrow-minded, object, and he rejects it."

"How strange," she said, "to believe a learned man rather than the revealed truth of the Son of God!"

"I only believe him," answered Florentin, "because he expresses the mind of mankind, which, after 1,800 years, has a right to cast off the swathing-bands which hinder its progress, and which are opposed to its wants and desires."

"If that were so," answered Regina, "which, mind, I deny, man-

kind would be retrograding instead of progressing, and would just have to turn round."

Uriel agreed; adding, "It is only the evil in man that refuses to acknowledge the divine truth of the Gospel, because it condemns the evil."

"If the Gospel were in truth the word of God," Florentin said, "it must of necessity have an organ suited to its dignity."

"Of course," returned Regina; "and that is the teaching of the Church, which the Presence of the Holy Spirit makes infallible."

The discussion did not end here, and every word that fell from Florentin was a shock and a pain to Regina, for it showed how deeply he was tainted with the sceptical spirit of the times. She thought about him late into the night, and with bitter tears. "O poor Florentin!" she sighed; "he is in the way whose end is the death of the soul; he despises his God, and the love of his crucified Lord. And he was the adopted child of my mother! Does he ever pray, I wonder? Could he have gone so far wrong if he prayed?" She took her rosary, and went down the winding staircase leading from her room to the chapel, to say it for Florentin. Hyacinth was kneeling before the altar, with outstretched arms and intense fervour. The light of the sanctuary-lamp fell on his fair hair, and made a golden glory round his head. Every where else it was dark. She did not go into the chapel for fear of disturbing him; but kneeling down just at the door, she recommended Florentin to the Blessed Mother of God. When she had finished the rosary Hyacinth was still kneeling in the same position before the altar.

CHAPTER IV.

"SOLO DIOS BASTA."

THE day of the ball came. The Count had impressed on his daughter that her dress must be "gauze, or crape, or whatever the stuff is; something very airy and light, you know. Let your aunt see about it."

"Ah, uncle dear," said Regina to Levin, "the first ball!"

"But not the last," he answered playfully.

"I am afraid," she whispered.

"Why, my child? You will behave well enough, I will answer for it."

She blushed as she answered, "It is not quite that."

"Well, it is easier to be recollected in the chapel, or in your own room; but you do not want to do only easy things for Him. You can lift your heart from the frivolities of a ball-room to the joys of Heaven, and take a look now and then at Engelberg, or our own chapel; then you will not be likely to think more of worldly vanity than of Almighty God. But be bright and cheerful; that I insist on;" and he shook his finger at her playfully. "And to make it all

easy we will go to the very first Mass at Engelberg to-morrow, and ask the Morning Star who rose on the world on that day to be the star of our lives, and their evening star too."

For Regina's birthday was our Lady's Nativity. Her mother had been childless many years, and her first daughter was given to her prayers after a Novena to our Lady; so the happy Cunigunda called her Maria Regina. Engelberg had been a place for pilgrimages from early times, and Regina began life with one. They found Hyacinth already there. His mother and Regina's lay in the chapel. How tenderly must their spirits have looked on their children that day!

In the evening Regina went to show herself to her father in her ball-dress. She was in pure white, with a wreath of corn-flowers in her hair. Their deep blue was a charming contrast with her fair hair and blooming face. The Count forgot all his intended criticisms in his delight at her beauty, and only said, "Ah, that will do!"

Orest said, in his usual strain of compliment, "Regina, you are too beautiful for this world."

"I am glad of it," she answered merrily.

"O you deceiver! we all look on you as a saint, and here you are approving of extravagant compliments."

At the ball Hyacinth declared he could not dance. Orest danced for dancing's sake, no matter with whom, if only they were tolerable partners. Uriel would have liked to dance with no one but Regina, and that being impossible, he found the affair a bore. Florentin danced with the most elegant girls in the room, or not at all. He watched Regina constantly; he almost hated her and was almost in love with her at the same time. He was bitterly offended that she had dropped the familiar "du" in addressing him, thus making a difference between him and her cousins. He called her in his heart haughty and fanatical, and all the while he rejoiced in her indifference to Uriel's attachment; and once, when he saw her talking to him, he drew a long breath, and said, "Thank God, she does not care for him!"

The Count, perhaps, had drawn the same conclusion; for next morning he sent for Uriel and told him his wishes, thinking it best to hasten matters:

"The sooner it is settled, my boy, the better; you have my blessing."

"But not her heart," said Uriel.

The Count combated his fears, encouraged and scolded him to his utmost. At length he exclaimed,

"Uriel, do not make me angry! Do you mean to say you cannot put a little notion of love into a girl of seventeen? Nothing easier!"

"Regina is a very uncommon girl, and I am a very ordinary man."

"You do not care about the marriage, I believe."

"My dear uncle, I care for nothing half so much."

"That's a good fellow! But, Uriel, as you are such a terribly bashful swain, I will break the ice. Trust me, not one girl in five hundred would refuse a taking fellow like you, and a good *parti* into the bargain. That will do; I will settle it."

The good Count spoke very bravely; all the same he was half afraid she might be the *one* out of those five hundred he had spoken of: "But then, if she has a will of her own, she is a good obedient child, after all."

So he rang, and told the servant to beg Countess Regina to come to the study. She had just taken her beautiful embroidery out of the frame, and brought it with her.

"What is that, my child?"

"A veil for the Ciborium, dear father; do you like it?"

"Yes, yes, well enough. But attend to me now, Regina; I want to speak to you seriously; and I am not going to speak in my own character, but in that of one who loves you dearly, and is a suitor for your hand."

"Dear father, tell him that I am grateful, but that I do not wish to marry."

"You do not even know of whom I am speaking," said the Count.

"No, dear father; and it makes no difference to me who it is."

"But it does to me!" and he only restrained his anger by a strong effort; "it is of Uriel that I am speaking; and he has not my consent only, but my wishes, and those too of your dear dead mother, and of his own parents; what do you say now?"

"Just the same;" and her voice, which trembled at first, grew firm as she went on: "you know, dearest father, that my heart is not in the world, but the convent; and I have made a vow——"

He started up, and shouting: "Stay here; do not stir till I come back!" he left the room. Regina murmured a prayer, and pressed to her lips a rosary which had been her mother's.

"My way of the Cross is beginning," she said; "for I have to grieve my father."

Presently he returned with Levin. Her face lighted up at the sight of her uncle, whose gentle countenance seemed gentler than ever. Poor Count Damian was resolved to be very calm and composed.

"Now, Regina," he began; "when did you take this vow of which you speak?"

"On the day of my first Communion."

"How old were you then?"

"Thirteen; and I have renewed it every New Year's Day since."

"Who advised you do this?"

"No one."

"So you committed this act of presumption entirely out of your own head?"

"I did not think it was presumption to vow an undivided love to Him who is the Divine Love," she answered, so simply and earnestly that Levin could not help folding his hands in silent thanksgiving.

"Was this a custom at the *Sacré Cœur*?"

"It is a custom nowhere, dear father."

"I mean, did any one ever persuade you to it, directly or indirectly?"

"Never."

"Did any one else know it?"

"I do not know; I never mentioned it."

"Not in Confession?"

"O no; one speaks of one's sins then; and this is not one."

"I am not so sure of that. Such a thing to do without your parents' knowledge! Is it not God's command, that you should honour your father and mother?"

"Surely, dear father. Yet Christ said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'"

"What made you first think of it?"

"First of all, it was my dear mother."

"That is not true. She always wished that you might marry Uriel."

"Your father is right, Regina," said Levin. "Think, my child."

"Dear uncle Levin, there is no need to think; I *know* it. Do you not remember how fond she was of some Spanish lines of St. Teresa's, which ended with '*Solo Dios basta*'?"

The Count and Levin nodded.

"'*Solo Dios basta*!' it sounded so sweet and solemn; and I asked her what it meant. She said it meant, 'Only God can satisfy us;' for in Him we have love, and joy, and peace unchanging and eternal; while in every thing but Him they are uncertain and transitory. And she told me of holy nuns in old times, who worked for God by prayer and example, and kindled the love of their Lord in thousands of souls even after their earthly life was over; she told me how they were often tried by pain, and sorrow, and strong temptations; but through it all they were glad at heart, because to them, as to St. Teresa, these words were true, '*Solo Dios basta*.' My mother died very soon; but I never forgot her '*Solo Dios basta*,' and all that she had told me. So when the happy day of my First Communion came, and I learnt more and more of that miracle of God's love in the blessed Sacrament by which He draws our souls onward along the path of grace and up to His throne of glory; when I thought of that infinite condescension of the Eternal Love in desiring *our* wretched love, and how, instead of loving Him, His creatures despise, reject, and forsake Him, and call every thing happiness which is *not* God; then I could only keep saying, '*Solo Dios basta*.' Without thinking of the words, or trying to think of them, I *saw* and heard them every where. And when the day came, I could hardly contain myself for joy, that my soul had been keeping a heavenly bridal-feast and an eternal union with the King of Heaven, and that, as my mother said, 'all love, and joy, and peace' were mine for ever. Then came the evening; and we First-Communion girls knelt again in the

lighted chapel in our white dresses and wreaths, like brides; we were so happy, and the Sisters so kind and loving, and every thing so bright and beautiful; and then the thought came into my mind—I do not know how—that many of us girls would one day have another bridal-day. Then I looked up to the Tabernacle, and said in my heart: ‘But, dear Lord, *I* will not. I will remain *Thy* bride always. I will wear no bridal wreath but *Thine*.’ When I had said this, I was as happy as if I were in Heaven. Then, when Benediction was given, and we all sang ‘*O salutaris*,’ I looked up to the Monstrance, and said: ‘As truly as Thou art present here, veiled beneath the Sacred Host; as truly as Thou hast this day given Thyself to me, so do I give myself exclusively and unreservedly for time and for eternity to Thee, to live and to die a nun and Thy bride.’”

Regina had spoken with as much quiet composure as if she were telling the most simple occurrence in the world.

After a pause, the Count said, “Uncle Levin, is such a vow binding?”

“Surely,” he answered.

“But the Bishop or the Pope can give a dispensation, I suppose?”

“Certainly, if it is requested.”

“Dear father, do not ask one for me,” said Regina entreatingly; “for I should never use it.”

The Count went on as if she had not spoken:

“We should want one for the vow, and one for the marriage, because of the relationship. I think it will be best to go to Rome one’s self about it. The fancies of a child of thirteen must not prevent the happiness of a family.”

“But, father, that child and her happiness belong to the family too; and she is more than thirteen now.”

“But she knows nothing of herself, or life, or the world, or her own real happiness.”

“I know that my happiness is not in the world nor in myself, but in God; and knowing that, why should I gain experience which can teach me no higher lesson? ‘*Solo Dios basta*,’ that is enough.”

“Do you suppose, then, that there is no happiness in earthly relations?”

“I know that there is, for those whom God leads into them, that is, for most persons; but not for me, for He is leading me out of them.”

“And do you never think that the end of such a choice as you contemplate may one day be bitter regret and despair?”

She looked at him with the sweetest mischievous smile, and asked in her turn: “Father dear, do you ever think that you will one day come to regret never having committed a murder?”

“Stuff and nonsense!” growled the Count.

“There now, father! you grant that it is impossible to regret having kept one of God’s commandments; and I do not see how I shall ever regret listening to our Lord when He bids me love God above all things.”

"You have quoted only the half of those words of Christ: what follows shows that we are not to seek our happiness in selfish isolation. How does it go on?"

"Our Lord bids us love our neighbour as ourselves: therefore I must love Uriel, not as I love God, but as I love myself; and so I do, for I should be glad indeed to see him a priest."

"Regina!" thundered the Count: but Levin laid his hand soothingly on his shoulder, and said:

"Regina, you know that persons are no less bound to love God supremely in the world than in the cloister; and you know, too, that very great saints, perhaps the most popular among female saints, lived in the married state, like St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Frances of Rome, St. Jane Frances, and many more."

"And I rejoice, dear uncle, that there are souls strong and great enough to keep themselves in such union with God among worldly distractions. Still I know that the Gospel places holy virginity in the highest place; and I know that all those holy women left the world at some period of their lives to follow their Lord more perfectly. Can you wonder that I desire to do at the beginning of my life what they did at the end of theirs—they, those glorious and saintly women, after full opportunities of prizing all worldly joys and advantages at their right value?"

"My child, you must not forget that it makes a gap in family life."

"O uncle Levin, if a Russian prince were a suitor for Corona's hand, and if she were favourable to him, would not our dear father make up his mind to let her go to Archangel, without regarding the gap in the family? would he fear that she would be estranged from him in a strange land and among strange people? No, he would reconcile himself to what was in the order of God's providence, in spite of all the anxieties which he could not help having. And for me, with the Carmelites, there would be none: *there* there is nothing to lose, no one to grieve, no earthly cares and fears. '*Solo Dios basta.*' The arms of God are a safe and happy home. Do you not know that, dear uncle Levin?"

"Yes, my child," he answered; "but your father doubts it."

She knelt down, and kissed the Count's hand, while her eyes beamed with a heavenly light. "O my dear father, you too *will* know it."

"That will do, Regina; you may go now: we will talk about it more to-morrow."

After she had left the study, he leaned back in the arm-chair, silent and thoughtful. And Levin too was silent: he was thinking how wonderfully sparks and flashes, as it were, of the Everlasting Love fall secretly into the hearts of men; sometimes fading in their darkness, sometimes dying out in their coldness; but sometimes, as on an altar, kindling the fire for the sacrifice. And he thought too of the wonderful influence of a saintly mind. One of God's holiest creatures, St. Teresa, expresses the whole spirit of her life in three simple words, and after the lapse of centuries they find an echo in a

pious soul, a loving mother's heart, which by them, unconscious how deeply they have gone, sways the heart of her child towards God and Heaven. "So St. Teresa will be her guide to the mystical Carmel," he thought, "if only she has patience and perseverance." It was characteristic of Levin that in considering Regina's future he never counted his own influence, his life of prayer and sacrifice, his supernatural love and patience, for any thing: he never even thought of all this; and yet it was one of the most sanctifying influences that surrounded her.

It was so quiet in the study, that the striking of the clock startled them both. The Count came suddenly out of his reverie, passed his hand dreamily over his forehead and eyes, and said, "Dear uncle, what did she say? what have we been listening to? what is it all?"

And Levin answered, "The love of Christ in a pure heart."

CHAPTER V.

A DRAWING-LESSON.

On the banks of the "golden Maine," but far past the spot where the monastery of Engelberg and Schloss Windeck are mirrored in its depths, stands, in a bright beautiful garden a little way out of Frankfurt, the elegant villa of the Spanish banker Miranes. But the garden is not very bright now; the fogs and night-frosts of autumn have stripped its gay parterres, where only a few solitary asters are left here and there. But if we miss the flowers in the garden, they are plentiful in the cheerful pleasant house; a thoroughly pleasant house it is—bright fires in the stoves, pictures on the walls, and books, new and old, on the tables. But it is wonderfully still just now; Madame Miranes has driven into town; and we must go through one empty room after another, till in the last of the suite we find the young daughter and heiress of the house standing in a thoughtful attitude before an easel, on which is a picture representing a woman in an Eastern dress. "What a face!" she murmured; "she looks as if she knew every thing, and yet so melancholy: I should never be melancholy, if I knew every thing!" She might have served as a model for Melancholy, with those noble regular features which one finds in ancient statues, and the deep tragic expression which is in them all, from the Sphinx of the Pyramids to the Psyche, which, even in its fragments, is the gem of the Museo of Naples and of Greek art. And how can the whole antique world, with all its gods and heroes, help being melancholy? for it is under sentence of death, it is unredeemed, vaguely feeling after an end which it cannot find, nay, which it knows not how to seek. And so it was with this beautiful melancholy Judith Miranes;—she was a Jewess. Presently she looked at the clock, and murmured impatiently, "Half-past twelve, and Ernest not here; and I do want to know about this picture." She brought forward a second easel, put holland cuffs over her sleeves, and had every thing in order, when the door opened and an elderly man entered, with a very shabby coat, and a kind face with nothing very striking about it but a singularly clear eye and a

broad calm forehead. "You have kept me waiting, Herr Ernest;" and her tone was haughty now, not melancholy.

"I beg your pardon, Fräulein; you should have set about doing something, and then you would not have noticed it. Now, how do you like my picture?"

"It is most beautiful," said Judith; "but who is it?"

"It is a copy of Guercino's *Sibylla Persica*."

"And who was she?"

"The Sibyls were to heathen antiquity what the Prophets were to the people of Israel—they foretold the coming of the Redeemer."

"Why does she look so sad?"

"Because of the sins of the world, which were to bring the Son of God from Heaven and to crucify Him."

"I—I mean *we*—understand nothing about that."

"I know:—the Cross is an offence to you,—to us it is a secret of heavenly love; and so it was to the Sibyl, though she was not a Christian."

"And are *you* a Christian, Herr Ernest?"

"What on earth do you take me for?" he asked in astonishment.

"For a Papist," she said. He burst out laughing; Judith went on—"Well, I thought Papists were a sect who worship the Pope, and that all Christians called the Pope Antichrist. I was quite glad that you were a Papist, for this reason."

Ernest laughed till he sat down exhausted.

"Will you please to tell me what you are laughing at?" asked Judith, between jest and anger.

"That would take too long; but did the person who gave you this definition of a Papist profess to be a Christian?"

She grew paler than ever, as she said, "It was some one in Paris: for my part I care nothing about what Christians believe, and never talk to them about it."

"Well, no, I suppose not. It is scarcely a subject to discuss over a cup of tea or an ice."

"And I would much rather hear about the Sibyls," she said; "tell me."

He obeyed; and when he had done speaking, she said, "But you told me that art has immortalised them."

"Yes," answered Ernest; "in the Sixtine Chapel Perugino and Michael Angelo have given us the whole epic of humanity, from the Creation to the Last Judgment; and the Sibyls look down with the Prophets of the Old Testament on the Altar where the Lamb of God is offered up. Ah, but, Fräulein, you should see Raphael's Sibyls in Santa Maria della Pace!"

"What a pity to hide them in a church!"

"Not so," he answered: "the old Egyptians, a thoughtful people, even in their pagan darkness, carved stately palaces out of the rock, and covered the walls with figures and scenes painted in the brightest colours; and in the very last of the rooms they placed a sarcophagus with the mummy of a king; and last of all they rolled huge blocks

of stone to the entrance, hiding their labour and art from every human eye: all the splendour was to do honour to that royal mummy. And is it a pity to decorate with our best the churches where God dwells?"

"Ah, Herr Ernest," she said impatiently, "I care nothing for your churches."

"All right;—let us set to work, then."

"No—I want to hear more about the Sibyls: I like to hear of grand women."

"But you see, Fräulein Judith, their only grandeur has reference to our churches: they were highly-favoured women only because they prophesied of God's Virgin Mother. This reminds me of a shrine I once saw: a colonnade of pillars leads up to the sanctuary, and between them, two and two, stand the Prophets and Sibyls, forming, as it were, a procession from distant ages up to the sanctuary of the Word made Flesh."

"I should like to see that," she cried.

"Fräulein Judith, let me tell you *how*. First, you must go into a beautiful chapel containing a great bronze basin upheld by four angels, and covered with bas-reliefs from sacred history. There are four lovely little statues on the edge of the basin, and they came out of its depths: they are four virtues, and their names are Faith, Hope, Charity, and Perseverance. There is water in the basin which has been mingled with the Blood of the Cross; and the power of the Holy Ghost rests upon it. A few drops of this water on your head will make your soul capable of receiving the four virtues. Then go into the church with the Prophets and Sibyls, and you will understand it all. But if you go only as a sightseer, you may as well stay at home."

"Not at all; I should improve my artistic sense."

"Impossible, while you have no feeling of the inward sense of the work of art. Of course you could study colour, grouping, drawing, and the technicalities of art; but your soul would take in none of its beauty. Beauty is meant to do for us what the sun does for the rain-clouds—to brighten our dull, gray, tearful souls with the rainbow."

"Is *yours* a tearful soul, Herr Ernest? one would not guess it. I think the rainbow is always there."

"Every one has a tearful soul, Fräulein, ever since Paradise was lost. It is laden with dust, wounded with thorns, threatened by the serpent: so how can it be otherwise? But then comes One who takes away the burden, cures the wounds, stands between the serpent and the poor soul, dries all its tears, and never leaves it. Now, Fräulein, you can see that having One who does all that for me, I do not think much about tears or wounds."

"But of whom are you speaking?" she asked eagerly.

"Of my Lord and my Love, Fräulein Judith." She turned away impatiently.

"Gray hairs and such enthusiastic love—do they agree, Herr Ernest?"

"Only they, Fräulein," he answered calmly. "Earthly love dies with youth, and to rave about *that* is certainly very undignified for the experience and sobriety of age; but it is different with *my* love."

Judith shook her head. "I don't understand it; but as to earthly love I will have no more to do with it than you."

"Easier said than done, Fräulein."

"I have resolved never to love any one," she said quickly.

"A formidable resolution. How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"A couple of years," he said, laughingly, "and good-bye to the resolution!"

"No, I tell you," and her dark eyes flashed, "I will never love; for love brings suffering, and I will not suffer."

"No one can live without love and suffering."

"Then, in that case, others must suffer through me."

"Better and better, Fräulein; if you carry out all these designs, you will attain a wonderful and rather unnatural eminence."

"O, I except my parents."

"That is a comfort. But come, Fräulein, we have chattered enough; we must think of the lesson."

"It cannot signify to you for what you are remunerated, if I like your conversation better than your teaching," said Judith, with the cutting *hauteur* that made her so repelling at times.

"Yes, it does," said Ernest, quietly. "I have engaged to cultivate your talent for painting, and an engagement is sacred. Of course, if you do not wish me to continue teaching you, you have only to say so. But I shall be very glad to leave you the Sibylla Persica to copy; and when you have done with it, I should like to send you the Cumean Sibyl, after Domenichino: some people prefer it to this one."

"Herr Ernest, you are a splendid man; we must be friends;" and the lesson began.

Judith was a spoilt child, especially since her elder sister's death. Her parents built great hopes on her talents and beauty; and her father could give her a large fortune. All his efforts were for this end, and all her mother's were devoted to surrounding her with every luxury and elegance of life. She got the first masters for Judith; she had a French governess in London, and a German one in Paris; and Madame Miranes triumphed in the result of it all, when at sixteen Judith spoke five languages, sang brilliantly, and showed an extraordinary talent for painting: as to her child's mind and soul, she was an absolute stranger to them. She was a loving and indulgent mother, and only lamented that Judith seemed to take so little pleasure in worldly gaiety and amusements. She was grave and serious in the theatre or the ball-room; ungratified by the most *recherché* toilette, unexcited by any admiration. Her sister's fate was the clue to her shrinking from earthly passion—she had died of a broken heart; and Judith grew bitter, as every one must who stands without

faith at the grave of a beloved one. Poor Judith had not a spark of religion; her parents belonged to the rationalistic school, which is to be found among Jews as well as Christians.

"Have you known much sorrow, Herr Ernest?" she asked presently.

"None worth mentioning; when sorrow is before us, it seems a mountain—behind us, a mole-hill."

"But you called it a condition of life."

"So it is; what would become of the poor selfish human heart without it? Do you fancy, because I am a painter, that I have lived an ideal sort of life? Not at all. I have known something of hunger, and anxiety, and trouble."

"Hunger, Herr Ernest!"

"You see, Fräulein, I was a poor peasant-lad; there were eleven of us, and I was the eldest. My father was a wood-carver, and I helped him: somehow it came out that I had a little talent, and I found patrons, went to Munich, and then to Italy. I had to work hard to send money home; for my father was paralysed, and my dear good mother needed my help. Then she died—and there were the poor children. That was working, Fräulein. Then I took to portrait-painting; for people have such a mania for seeing their own faces, that one does not get out of work soon in that line; so I thanked God for this mania, and worked away."

"But what a hindrance to your genius!" Judith exclaimed.

"Yes, I think it was my worst trial, my hardest battle; but, you see, it was God's will, not that I should be a great painter, but a good son and brother; and it is a finer thing to do God's will than to cover the Vatican with frescoes like another Raffaele. They all turned out well, the seven brothers and three sisters; they have had ups and downs, of course, but they look on me still as a father; and Clara, my youngest sister, has rewarded me for all."

"I don't believe it," cried Judith, "or you would not go about this cold weather in that light coat, and with no paletot."

"Coat! paletot! no, no, Fräulein Judith; Clara gave me a better reward than ever went through a tailor's hands—all respect to the tailor notwithstanding. No, no; Clara is a little Benedictine at Salzburg, and prays day and night for me, poor sinner."

Judith looked at him, expecting him to go on, to explain. But he said no more; only just one moment he looked up gladly and thankfully. A carriage drove up: Madame Miranes sailed in, in her Persian shawl and sables. The lesson was over. Ernest bowed low to this magnificent lady, whom he liked well enough in her way, for his benevolence embraced all God's creatures. She dismissed him graciously; and he thought as he went away: "How splendidly she would come into a picture as Queen Vasthi! She would have been a regular prize for Veronese!"

CHAPTER VI.

CHANGES IN THE FAMILY.

WHEN Count Damian had recovered from his bewilderment, he considered seriously what was to be done. Opposition was no use; besides, Uriel would not agree to it. Regina must be drawn gradually out of these notions. Perhaps it might take a year or two. Uriel must have patience, and be kept near them. Perhaps he might be attached to the Embassy in Frankfort. So he planned a regular winter-campaign against his daughter, and explained it to Levin, who said, "It will be good for her to be tried—God will help her." When Uriel learnt the truth he was in great agitation. He liked Regina's piety,—it was a kind of glory round her head,—but he could not endure that God should claim her heart. "It is a dream," he said; "a delusion. Let me speak to her." And he hastened upstairs and had a long interview with his cousin, whom he found as gentle and affectionate as ever, but quite immovable in her resolution. What could he do? He could but protest his own constancy.

"Regina, you will not give me the faintest hope; but—I shall wait. You are only seventeen. A change may come any day. I shall wait."

"Uriel," she said, "do not reproach me at a future day for the years you will have wasted. I do not know when my father will give me his consent; but when he does, I shall go. O Uriel! do not wait."

When Count Damian heard of the interview, he only said, "We must have patience. It is a capital preparation for marriage. I shall tell her that I insist on a ten-years' trial of these convent notions. She will never stand out so long. Nothing like waiting for wearing out an idea. One may hold on for one, two, or three years; but ten—"

"Dear uncle, I will wait ten years for Regina very gladly."

"Ah, I fancy there will be some impatience with the gladness."

He was as good as his word.

"You shall see the world, and mix with people, and consider what is your duty and your happiness, for ten years."

"And then," she said eagerly, "may I go to the Carmelites with your consent?"

"Yes," he answered, "after embittering our lives for ten years, then I will allow you to lament your perversity where you please."

She knelt at his feet, and covered his hands with tears and kisses.

"O dearest father, how I thank you! It is all right—it must be so. The way may be rough, but it will have *that* at the end. O, I thank you."

What was to be done with a girl who thanked you for every harsh word, and saw indulgence in severity? It was altogether beyond the Count.

Hardly was this matter disposed of for the present, when Hya-

cinth commissioned uncle Levin to announce to the Count his wish to enter the priesthood. Here was another puzzle—another subject for regret. But there were no plans thwarted in this instance; so there was more lamentation than reproach for Hyacinth. As to the rest of the family: Uriel would have rejoiced heartily in his brother's vocation under other circumstances; but now he would not show any satisfaction, because Regina's determination might gain strength from Hyacinth's. Orest was lost in astonishment; Florentin was indignant; the Baroness Isabella timidly pleased; and Corona wished Hyacinth could say his first Mass at once, and that she might be his candle-bearer.

"You had better dispose of your dogs and guns," said Orest; "there's an end of all that for you."

"You are blind, Hyacinth," said Florentin. "Do you not see that the Catholic Church is coming to an end? Do you not see that it is tottering before the advancing steps of Liberty? Do you not see that Ultramontaniam will not go down in Germany, and that the Pope himself, following the spirit of the age, is embracing a liberalism which is incompatible with Romish darkness and slavery? Do you not see it?"

"No, I do not," answered Hyacinth, composedly; "for all those are idle fancies, which are only to be found outside the world of faith. I see, on the contrary, that nothing in the world has any stability *except* the Catholic Church."

Late in the autumn the family circle broke up. Hyacinth was the first to go. The Count made him promise that no false shame should keep him silent, if he should find out that he had mistaken his vocation. Levin said in his simple way, "Keep yourself in God's presence; pray, watch, and trust to His grace."

Uriel said, "It is the best part, Hyacinth; but I cannot follow you. It is a great grace to have a pious priest in the family. You will take uncle Levin's place one day."

Soon after Florentin went to Wurzburg to complete his studies. The Count said to him at parting, "Mind you don't carry your Republicanism and Communism too far, my boy. I don't want you to be a bigot; but take care not to fall into the other extreme."

Poor Count Damian looked on Florentin's irreligious ideas as the natural reaction after Cunigunda's over-pious line of education. Regina gave him a little book, saying, "Dear Florentin, when the day comes that will see the shipwreck of all your projects for improving the world, this little book will show you how to save yourself."

"You look on my shipwreck, then, as a settled thing?"

"I hope for it," she said, affectionately. "I can wish you no better wish."

"Ah," said Florentin, glancing at her gift—the *Imitation of Christ*—"I accept it as a memorial of your fanaticism, Regina."

"Never mind, so long as you do accept it. It was my mother's favourite book." Then he pressed it suddenly to his lips, and left her.

So Uriel was the only one of the four young men left at Windeck. The Count would have it so. Regina must get accustomed to the idea of a union with him. She did not change towards him in the least; she made a point of showing him how unconquerable her resolution was, to prevent his nourishing false hopes. Opposition and uncertainty sometimes wear out an affection, and sometimes strengthen and intensify it. The latter case was Uriel's. Regina was his ideal of human perfection, with her noble character, her pure heart, her sweetness, grace, and gentleness. And he loved her all the more for her unworldly thoughts and views, and learned from her to place little value on the things of earth. But then he did not consider the winning of Regina to be one of the things of earth. Levin said to him gently, "I should like to ask you a favour, dear Uriel: to get attached to the Embassy at Vienna, Rome, Paris—any where but Frankfort. You are preparing bitter pain for yourself. I know that you anticipate a favourable answer at last; but—if it should not be so, what then?"

"What then?" said Uriel dreamily. "My dear uncle, I do not know what will happen after my death. I do not mean that I shall die literally without Regina; but my heart will die most certainly."

"Then may it revive in God!" answered the old man gently. He saw that it was in vain to argue with a passion like this. Regina left Windeck and uncle Levin with a heavy heart. He was not to be persuaded to leave the castle and the chapel.

"I have become a sort of snail, and grown to my dwelling," he said, when every one, from Count Damian to little Corona, tried to induce him to come with them. "And besides, I should have very little of any of you in town: Uriel will be busy with diplomacy, Regina with gaiety, Corona with her studies; your papa and aunt will have the house to see to, and all the arrangements to make. What could an old do-nothing, like uncle Levin, do with himself? No, no; he must stop at home—that is the best place for old folks."

CHAPTER VII.

PARADISE AND THE PERL.

THE first snows of November had driven Judith and her mother into the town. Ernest came in one day exclaiming:

"Fräulein Judith, I am reconciled to portrait-painting. I am painting Count Windeck's daughters, two girls of twelve and seventeen. Imagine the figure of a Hebe and the head of a Saint—that is the eldest; and the little one has such a poetical face—something between Mignon and Ophelia. I saw them first at the seven-o'clock Mass in the cathedral; they walk there in all weathers. I little thought I should so soon see them at my studio; they came in like sunbeams—the little one in rose colour, the eldest in white; she held a wreath of corn-flowers in her hand, which she put on, saying: 'My father wishes me taken so.' I believe nine hundred and ninety-

nine women put on their nightcaps with more idea of what is becoming than this beautiful girl did her wreath."

"Every body is talking of her," said Judith: "for my part, I cannot fancy a German countess any thing but *fade* and sentimental."

"You see I am not experienced in countesses," said Ernest; "but I fancy you would admire this one. After Christmas, when the gaieties begin, you will see my phoenix."

Regina was to make her *début* at a ball at the Austrian Embassy. She knew that for the present she had to go into society, and she fulfilled this duty, as she did all others, sweetly and cheerfully; her inner life was unchanged.

On the evening of the ball, Uriel knocked at the door of the girls' room; Corona put out her head, and he said:

"Your father has sent me to Regina."

"You cannot speak to her," she whispered.

"Then tell her she need not hurry herself; my uncle has two places to go to before the ball."

"O, she is dressed," said Corona, "and she looks so lovely!"

"Well, then, I can tell her myself."

"No, Uriel; you mustn't disturb her;" and the child put out her arms to bar his entrance: "you see she is afraid of being too tired to say the rosary after the ball, so she is saying it now."

"What, in her ball-dress?"

"And such a beautiful one!" she said, triumphantly.

Quickly and gently Uriel put his little cousin on one side, and entered: the room was empty. Corona put her finger on her lips, and pointed to a side-door only closed by a portière. He drew it a little aside; Regina was kneeling before an image of Our Lady; her head and eyes uplifted; her rosary in her folded hands. Her rose-coloured crape dress floated round her like a morning cloud. A few pale-pink tea-roses were in her hair, which was fastened with two large gold pins set with pearls. She wore no other ornament. A bouquet of tea-roses and her gloves lay near her. Yes, she was dressed for the ball, but her thoughts were far from it. Uriel stood motionless as Regina knelt, and his heart grew heavier and heavier, and that nameless pain filled it, which is the second-sight of love, and which showed him a future of unfulfilled hope. He could not silence the inward voice which whispered to him that this flower of God's garden was for no earthly wearer, and with a feeling of unutterable tenderness he sighed, "Mystical rose, pray for me." Then she changed her position, made the sign of the Cross, and began in a low voice the "Salve Regina,"—that song of the exile longing for his heavenly Home. Uriel stepped softly back, and left the room.

"She is not the least interesting-looking," said a young man at the ball, who evidently considered himself, with his dark hair and pale face, as interesting as Byron's Corsair.

"She looks just a simple inoffensive child," said another. And one very learned youth declared she looked like "the Persian Anahid."

As, of course, nobody had an idea who the Persian Anahid might be, he explained how her beauty brought two angels from heaven to win her love. Anahid listened to neither, but learnt from them the mysterious word which opens the doors of heaven; then she said this word, floated upwards, and was changed into the morning star. If only the learned youth could have guessed what truth there was in his comparison, how he would have triumphed!

A few days after the ball Madame Miranes came to consult her daughter's drawing-master. She wanted to give, not a common ball, not even a *bal costume*, but something quite fanciful and unique; and artistic into the bargain.

"And am I to help?" said poor Ernest.

"That you are! I mean to have *tableaux vivants* arranged by a real artist."

"And I am to arrange modern drawing-room figures artistically? Madame, it is impossible."

After a little more discussion, Judith took up an illustrated copy of Moore, and suggested "Paradise and the Peri." She told him the story of the poem, while he looked at the engravings; and when she had finished, he said quietly:

"I think the Peri would have had to shed the tear, as well as to bring it, before she could get into Heaven. But we must not be too particular, and I think it will do admirably with you, Fräulein, for the Peri, and Countess Regina Windeck for the angel."

Madame Miranes was delighted. Ernest impressed upon her the importance of securing Regina. "She is the very one for the angel. It will be nothing without her."

Madame Miranes proposed calling to make the request personally, and Ernest advised addressing it to the father; then the matter would soon be settled. And so it was, to poor Regina's dismay.

"Regina as an angel!" cried Corona, with dancing eyes. "That is nice! I am so glad!"

"So am I," said Uriel.

"O, you are in for it too," said the Count laughing. "You are to be a monk, and to convert the tyrant Ezzelin in his prison."

There was no help for it. Regina had to accept her fate, and order her angelic costume under Ernest's direction.

"I do not so much wonder," she wrote to uncle Levin, "at people amusing themselves for an evening in this or that way; but to prepare for it, consider it, talk about it for weeks together, as eagerly as if it was a question of life or death, is past understanding."

Another time she described to him her first meeting with Judith: "I heard a young girl sing the other evening, of whose voice every one is talking. They say it is superior to that of any public singer of the day, and they call her a second Pasta. She sang only operas (one hears nothing else in the world), and with an expression that I can only call tragic; but perhaps it was partly that I pitied this beautiful girl so much, for she is a Jewess. I kept thinking how heavenly her voice would sound in the 'Ave verum' or 'O

salutaris,' singing the praises of the Everlasting Love, which she does not know."

After many discussions and rehearsals, the *tableaux* came off. Ernest had bewailed his fate a hundred times in having "put his hand into the wasps' nest." There was no end of difficulty with the ladies. Judith and Regina were the only manageable ones. The former thought she was doing quite enough in condescending to be admired, the latter—obeyed.

"Countess Regina," said Ernest, "when you stand as the angel of light, anticipating the moment which will one day summon you to the heavenly Jerusalem, withdraw your soul from all around you, and pray for that poor Peri, Judith; that will hallow all the scene to you, and also give you the right expression."

Regina was so familiar with the practice of inward recollection, that she saw nothing strange in the suggestion. She knew too that an apostolic zeal for souls was a leading principle with St. Teresa's daughters; so she answered humbly and gratefully:

"How kind of you, Herr Ernest, to remind me of what is so easily forgotten in a crowd! And what a help to throw a little meaning into the charming nonsense!"

The *tableaux* were a success; but all faded into insignificance in comparison with the two last. The Peri wore a light-blue floating dress embroidered in silver, silver butterfly-wings spotted with the eyes of peacock's feathers, and on her forehead, just at the parting of her dark hair, a sapphire star, whose blue lustre suited well with the melancholy cast of the beautiful face—the very ideal of the banished Peri! The angel wore a white dress with a golden border and girdle, large white wings, a palm-branch in one hand, and round the rich fair hair a narrow gold band fastened over the forehead with a small diamond cross. In the first *tableau* the Peri knelt before the angel, who stood refusing her petition. In the second she advanced gladly and hopefully, and the angel held out the palm-branch to her.

"An angel indeed!" murmured Ernest, who was among the spectators; "an angel just ready to take flight for Heaven."

It was dark, of course, on account of the *tableaux*; so that Ernest did not know at first who answered his whispers: "O hush! no prophecies of death!"

He looked round, and in the dim light recognised Uriel, who had just thrown back his monk's cowl.

"How do you know of whom I speak?"

"How can I doubt it, rather? And these scenes are sad to me; it is like seeing my cousin in Heaven."

"I wish, Count, you had this second-sight about the Peri too."

Then the curtain fell, the chandeliers were lighted, and the ball began.

THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY 1866.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY	111
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE EPIGRAMS	127
NAZARETH	128
EARLY DAYS OF AN ARTIST.	139
LITERATURE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH RELIGION	151
THE MUSEE RETROSPECTIF IN PARIS	171
GROTE'S PLATO	181
A HIGHLAND PASTORAL	189
DR. M'CARTHY ON THE EPISTLES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR	196
PRACTICAL GEOLOGY	199
THE WINDECK FAMILY	202
Chap. VIII. The "Sovereign People."	
„ IX. Three Years after.	
„ X. The Nightingale of Cintra.	
„ XI. The Death of a Hope.	
„ XII. Farewell.	

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

BURNS, LAMBERT, AND OATES, 17, 18 PORTMAN STREET, W.

NOTICE.

All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall's, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ludgate Street, E.C.; or at 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to the latter address.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

As some complaints have been made of unpunctual delivery of the MONTH, Subscribers in any part of Great Britain or Ireland are informed that they may receive it, post-free, on the day of publication, by sending their names to the Editor, at 50 South Street (as above), at the rate of 7s. the half-year, or 6s. 6d. if paid in advance.

** * A new serial Novel, by the Author of "Constance Sherwood," called A STORMY LIFE; OR, QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL, will shortly appear in successive Numbers of the MONTH.*

The First Sister of Mercy.

THE visitor who enters the parlour of any one of the numerous convents of the Sisters of Mercy in England or Ireland will probably soon find himself looking at a plain engraving of moderate size and no very high artistic merits, which is nearly sure to occupy the place of honour over the mantelpiece, or at least to be found somewhere in the room. It represents an elderly religious with an expression of frankness and benevolence upon her countenance, and her hand resting upon the open volume of the rule of the order, at the chapter which speaks of charity. It is in some respects a provoking portrait; one of those indifferent pictures which just give the idea of their own insufficiency. It is clear that there was more in the face of the person it portrays than the painter has been able to catch; and, in fact, we have an impression of having seen a better one on a smaller scale somewhere. But still it breathes simplicity, playfulness, charity, and patience; and there is also an air of quiet decision and shrewd common-sense, refined and elevated by unwonted gifts of faith and grace. So far it expresses well enough the character of her whose features it is meant to hand down to hundreds of her spiritual children who never saw her face—Catharine M'Auley, the foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Mercy.

Her life is full of singular, though quiet, interest. It has been written by one of her own religious, with much of that simplicity and inartistic plainness which characterises the portrait of which we have spoken. Happily the book is sufficiently rich in detail, and dwells at some length on the life of Mother M'Auley before the foundation of her first convent. She was then between forty and fifty years of age. These earlier years were in reality her preparation for the work to which she was unconsciously called—we say unconsciously, for up to the very last she had no idea of founding a religious order in the Church. Born in 1778, she was the daughter of a most excellent father—a man given with all his heart to charity and piety; one of a class of laymen to be found here and there in those days in Ireland, who were the providential instruments of keeping alive the faith in many souls besides their own. Notwithstanding the social disadvantages which then, to a far greater extent than at present, weighed upon all Catholic gentlemen who openly and zealously

exerted themselves for religion, he was not only remarkable for his charities, but also for his endeavours to supply to some extent the dearth of priests in his part of the country, by assembling the poor of his neighbourhood from time to time and giving them the best instruction he could. This excellent man, whose spirit was inherited by his daughter Catharine, died while she was quite a child, leaving two other children—another daughter and an infant son—to the care of his widow, a person by no means equal to him in her devotion to her religion. She removed to Dublin, and allowed Protestant influences to be brought to bear on the children, which ended in the disturbance of the faith of the two younger. Catharine, however, persevered; and she used to attribute the grace which enabled her to do so to the Sacrament of Confirmation, for which she made a devout and fervent preparation. Her own life was afterwards continually coming back to her in the needs of those who were the objects of her work of mercy; and she has left her own diligent care in preparing children for Confirmation as a special legacy to the Sisters of her order. She grew up a bright, affectionate, winning girl; with a special gift of comforting and cheering others, strong impulses to piety, a love of reading, and a great dislike for the usual amusements and enjoyments of young people like herself. She was about half-way through her teens when her mother died. The children fell into the hands of a Protestant friend, who brought them up well in other respects, but without the slightest attention to the religion to which they belonged. Those were days too in which Protestant families spent their conversation in nothing more commonly than in abuse of the Catholic Church. The boy—Catharine's brother—became a Protestant; her sister afterwards married a Protestant, and conformed to his religion. Catharine herself, unable to answer the statements and objections urged upon her without mercy, was in great trouble of mind; but she fell in the way of a man of much eminence in those days—Dr. Beytagh—who instructed and consoled her, lent her good books, and thus helped her to surmount the trial. She began again to listen to her impulses to devotion, though she was under so many restrictions in her new home as to make the frequentation of the Sacraments difficult to her. These restrictions, however, were but little in comparison to the disadvantages under which she was soon placed in this respect. At eighteen she was adopted, as their daughter, by a wealthy Protestant couple, who had no children of their own, and their house in the country, at a distance from any Catholic church, became from that time her home.

The years which intervene between eighteen and forty-four are in

most lives by far the most important part. No doubt the character is to a large extent formed before that time; but it is within that interval that the greater part of most careers is included; and the years of youth and supple growth are over soon after its beginning, and the lot and path in life of nine persons out of ten is irrevocably fixed between twenty and thirty. When we are within a few years of a half-century of existence, it seems as if we could not change or turn ourselves to new habits of life and new pursuits, especially if they require greater restraint, more methodical exertion, and exact greater sacrifices from our liberty. Hence it is a rare case for "postulants" to be received in religious orders after forty or even thirty-five. The character is then too far fixed and pronounced to bend and mould itself easily to the requirements of discipline and a life in community. Most people will remain for the rest of their lives what they have been between eighteen and forty-four. And yet it seems as if there were certain special classes of work in the world and in the Church that are often best begun by people of mature age. The "late-flowering" plants are not the least beautiful or the least robust. Lord Macaulay has remarked somewhere on the number of great literary productions which have not been begun till after the eighth lustre. Some of our most successful statesmen and generals have been comparatively unknown till they were past their prime; though Wellington's military career was over before it, and Napoleon was his contemporary. In great spiritual works it is the same. St. Teresa was some years past forty when she began her reform; St. Ignatius was not "converted" till he was thirty, and it was many years later that he laid the foundations of his Society. In our own century, many of the religious institutes which are now most flourishing and most useful have been founded by persons who have undergone a long previous training in secular life. There is, no doubt, a certain disadvantage in every such new work, from the want of experience and training in the details of religious life on the part of its first members; but it is compensated for by a certain authority and firmness of character which deals more happily with difficulties and opposition from without than could be expected in the case of a set of young persons; and there is often a peculiar grace given to the beginners of such undertakings which fits them for their office as well as if they had inherited the traditions of centuries and spent a long life in obedience before they were called on to command. Catharine M'Auley spent no less than twenty-two years of her life in her new home at a distance from a church, with very scanty liberty to approach the Sacraments, and under the imperative necessity of hiding in every way even the less obnoxious parts of her

religion. It was a life that would ordinarily be hardly recommended, perhaps hardly permitted to a Catholic under her circumstances. Yet we find her at the end of the time admirably trained to begin her great work in the Church, not only by the constant practice of humility, patience, charity, and sweetness, which those years had imposed on her, but with a great amount of actual experience as to the mode of dealing with the miseries she was to provide for. The ample fortune left to her by her adopted parents was but the least of her qualifications for the beginning of the work of mercy.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan of Coolock House, who had thus taken Catharine for their child, gave her full liberty in every thing but her religion. But she used her new position for the benefit of the poor. She went into society as much as she was obliged, and no more; but for miles round she was known as the angel of comfort and relief to the sick and needy. She seems to have been often quite unable to get to Mass herself. The church was too far for her to walk, and her friends could not send her in their carriage. She could not even keep a crucifix or a pious picture; but she knelt with a Catholic servant before the cross made by the partitions of the doors, and found the holy emblem in the branches of the trees. She managed to practise some mortifications, especially that which she continued all her life,—to eat and drink nothing from Holy Thursday till Easter-eve. She prayed very much; and the poor repaid her charities by fervent prayers; for they knew her faith, and the difficulties she had in practising what it required. Things went on in this way for some time—we are not told how long—then she was able to get to the Sacraments secretly, during some shopping visits to Dublin; and by the advice of her confessor, she took courage to petition for greater religious liberty, which Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan did not refuse.

She was, in fact, to be the means of their conversion. Her character was perfectly radiant with the light of grace and faith, though she said nothing, and her influence gained an ascendancy of which they were unconscious. Mrs. O'Callaghan fell ill, and lingered long. Then Catharine was able to win her to consider the Catholic faith, which she had already pressed on her in daily life by the most efficacious of all arguments—a saintly example. The fear of displeasing her husband was the last hindrance to be overcome. She thought, moreover, that her conversion would induce him at once to dismiss Catharine from his home. Catharine implored her not to hesitate on her account, and managed to introduce a priest while Mr. O'Callaghan was absent. Mrs. O'Callaghan died almost immediately after her reconciliation to the Church.

Catharine's position was not changed by the death of her adopted mother. Mr. O'Callaghan trusted her entirely; and she was now able to resume her active works of mercy among the poor. The experience she thus acquired was the source from which she afterwards drew largely; and she then composed the substance of what is still the manual used by the Sisters of Mercy in their visits to the sick. After some time—the good Sister whose work lies before us is rather careless about dates—Mr. O'Callaghan came to be confined to the house, and at last to his bed. This was the opportunity for which Catharine had so long prayed. She tended him with the utmost sweetness and affection, speaking to him of common religious subjects without mentioning matters of controversy. At last he began to inquire about her faith, but, as it seems, at first without the slightest misgivings as to his own belief. One morning she knelt by his bedside and burst into tears. She had been told by the physician that his state was extremely uncertain; and her confessor had exhorted her not to let another day pass without urging on Mr. O'Callaghan the danger of his soul. She was unable to speak till he asked her to tell him whether he was in danger of death. She told him the truth; and then spoke of religion. He said he had no doubts as to the religion which he had always professed, and had endeavoured to serve God uprightly in it. Still she insisted; and he consented to receive the visit of the priest who, after a short time, received him into the Catholic Church. His death left Catharine the sole heiress of a large property, at the age, as we have said, of forty-four.

The circumstances of her life had cut her off from any large circle of Catholic acquaintance. Her chief adviser was the good priest, Mr. Armstrong, who had reconciled Mr. O'Callaghan on his deathbed. Catharine looked upon the fortune of which she was now the possessor as a trust placed in her hands by Providence; and she determined to spend it entirely in the service of God and of the poor. Her own experience suggested the kind of misery which it should be devoted to relieve. Ignorant children, in danger of being badly brought up, or losing their father; servants out of place; persons of good character without a home; and the sick and dying, in need of comfort and spiritual assistance—these she had already frequently come across, and desired to help more than had then been in her power. One day, at a later time than this, she had seen an orphan-child turned out of one of the cellars in which the poorest of the poor live; its parents had lately died, and the cellar had been let to another family. From that time dated her devotion to the relief of orphans—taken up as it has so nobly been by her spiritual children.

The "Houses of Refuge" had their origin in her mind in a sadder tale. Before the death of Mr. O'Callaghan, she met with a foolish girl of good character whose imprudence had exposed her to great danger of ruin. She sought at once to place her in the established House of Refuge in Dublin; but it was one of those institutions governed by boards and committees; and the poor girl was lost before the regular machinery for admitting her could be put in motion. Her first idea as to the use of her fortune was to provide some permanent establishment for such cases as hers, and for the education of children. She bought, at a very high price, the ground on which the present convent in Baggot Street stands; and the first stone of her building was laid in July 1824. It was more than a year and a half after the death of Mr. O'Callaghan. She had but little definite plan as to the requirements of her building. The architect gave it a conventual character and arrangement; but she had merely required large schoolrooms and dormitories, a room that might serve as a chapel, and some accommodation for ladies who might undertake to help in the work which she hoped to found. We see thus that the work of mercy, in her mind, preceded the design of a religious order devoted to it. It was not, in fact, till some years after the work had been begun that a religious rule was adopted by Catharine and her assistants, and even then it was more as a matter of necessity than as a part of the original design. The account of the gradual progress and extension of the work begun in this simple manner is very interesting; but we should exceed our limits if we were to dwell on it in detail.

Catharine's building was not completed till after three years from its beginning. In the mean time she resided with her married sister, who, as has been already said, had conformed to the Protestantism of her husband, and brought up her children in the same religion. Catharine devoted herself, as usual, to works of mercy, teaching children in the schools, and visiting the sick. There is a touching story at this part of her life of the care which she lavished upon a poor maniac, who had formerly been in good circumstances. Meanwhile her prayers and silent influence were doing their work. Her sister's health was rapidly failing, and she determined to return to the Church. She managed to remove to Dundrum for change of air, and was there reconciled without her husband's knowledge, exhorting her eldest daughter, who was with her, to follow her example as soon as she could. She soon after died. Catharine continued to live with her brother-in-law, and her niece soon attached herself entirely to her. A chance conversation on the subject of her influence over his children revealed to the father that his wife had died a

Catholic. He was in such a paroxysm of fury at the news, that it seems as if her sudden flight from the house alone saved him from killing his sister-in-law in his passion. She continued, however, to reside with him after this, and her niece was ultimately received into the Church, and became one of the earliest postulants of the Order of Mercy.

Meanwhile the building in Baggot Street was nearly completed, and was opened on the Feast of our Lady of Mercy, 1827. The schools were served, and the young women admitted into the "House of Mercy," as it was then called, were watched over, by pious ladies, who had volunteered to assist Catharine in her good work. Two of them lived in the house. Catharine herself still resided with her brother-in-law. The residents wore a semi-religious dress, and practised many austerities. Gradually other ladies joined in the work of instruction in the schools, which soon numbered about three hundred children. The inmates of the House of Mercy were not at first occupied during the day within its walls: they went out to work every morning, after prayers and instruction, and returned at night. A few orphans, wholly provided for, lived in the house from the first. In 1828 Dr. Armstrong, who had all through been Catharine's great adviser and supporter, died. It was just at the time when, as it seemed, he was most necessary for the protection of the work, for which he had hitherto secured the countenance of the Archbishop of Dublin. The new institute was beginning to attract attention, and, of course, opposition. Still all went on well for a time. In the course of the autumn, the Archbishop allowed the house to be called after our Lady of Mercy, and towards the close of the year the associates received leave to visit the sick. Not being religious, and presenting themselves as simple ladies, they even obtained entrance into some of the hospitals of the city. Early in the following year (1829), Dr. M'Auley—Catharine's brother-in-law—died, and she took up her own abode in the house in Baggot Street, accompanied by her niece. Her residence there, where she was at once recognised as a kind of Superior, led to the introduction of a regular *horarium*; and the little company of ladies, who all dressed in the same plain habit, and called each other Sister, assumed very much to outward appearance the guise of a religious community. In the course of the summer the chapel was finished, and arranged so as to be open to the public, as there was then no church in the neighbourhood. A chaplain was appointed, and the confessors came to hear confessions in the chapel. By the middle of 1830 the number of "Sisters" had increased to twelve.

It could not be denied that what was practically and in all ex-

ternals a religious community had risen up no one exactly knew how. It was drawing to itself ladies who might otherwise have entered religious orders; and its work, it was supposed, might interfere with that of the Sisters of Charity already established in Dublin. It is not at all surprising that so anomalous a state of things should have seemed objectionable to many, as it was, in fact, hardly in accordance with the strict rules by which the Church regulates the formation of such bodies. Some rather high-flown praises of Catharine, from the mouth of the priest who preached the sermon on the occasion of the dedication of the chapel, seem first to have kindled the smouldering opposition into an open flame. The Archbishop was at last appealed to, and he admitted the many inconveniences of the existence of a practically religious body which was bound by no authorised rule. His expressions were, however, exaggerated; and the tidings flew to Catharine's ears that he intended to hand the institution over to the Sisters of Charity. It gave her an opportunity of showing how deeply grounded she was in humility, obedience, and detachment; how pure had been her intention in the work which had absorbed all her care as well as all her fortune. She quietly turned to her informant, and said that she would yield to whatever the Archbishop decided; and then immediately wrote to his Grace to the same effect. The result was such as might have been expected: he disclaimed the intention imputed to him; but after some negotiation he decided that the ladies attached to the house must either drop the appearance of a religious profession, or submit themselves to the realities of rules and vows. This decision was the real foundation of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy; the associates chose to become really religious. The rules of several orders were consulted and studied; offers of affiliation to the Carmelites and Poor Clares were declined; and at last the rule of the Order of the Presentation—an order of Irish origin—was chosen as that by which the new institute should be governed, with certain modifications rendered necessary by the peculiar object of the Sisters of Mercy. It was arranged that Catharine with two other ladies should make a novitiate in the Presentation Convent, George's Hill. Meanwhile application was made to the Holy See for the faculties necessary for the establishment of the new order.

When we consider that Catharine was at this time fifty-two years of age; that she had spent the greater part of her life in affluence, and without any other restraint on her inclinations than was imposed by her adopted parents, both devotedly fond of her; and that since Mr. O'Callaghan's death, eight years before, she had been her own absolute mistress, and recognised, moreover, as a Superior by the ladies whom she had gathered round her,—we may be able to some

extent to understand how great a trial it would have been to her to become all at once a novice and a subject, if the foundations of spiritual perfection had not already been deeply and securely laid in her heart. The Sisters of Mercy date the beginning of their institute from the day of her profession, December 12th, 1831. It is not merely that from that time the order became really established, and its members subject to rule. Her year of novitiate—though in many respects, no doubt, she did not require many of the lessons that were then taught her—was her real qualification for the work of a foundress and a Superior. Works of that kind have sometimes been undertaken by persons who have shown but too conspicuously the danger of beginning to teach what they have not first practised themselves. These failures reach far beyond the persons whose characters they immediately affect. Or, let us rather say, the humility and docility practised by persons in the position of Catharine M'Auley, and the thoroughly religious spirit in which their souls are, as it were, steeped by means of such a novitiate as hers, last on beyond their lives as heirlooms and traditional instincts in the bodies of which they have been the first Superiors. No one can impart to others what he has not received; no stream can mount higher than its source. The Institute of the Sisters of Mercy has not yet been in existence for forty years, yet its convents generally seem haunted by the traditions of a long line of Saints; and, with all the constant intercourse with the external world which is imposed on their inmates by their laborious works of charity, they breathe an air of peace and recollection which seems like the inheritance of many generations of cloister-life. This, the most precious of all gifts to religious communities, they owe, under Providence, to the wise humility of their first Mother, which made her not merely submit to her novitiate as a necessity, but welcome it and profit by it in the spirit of a child. Persons called to works like hers have, to a striking degree, the gift of impressing their own character on those around them, and thus creating in a short time what afterwards becomes a living tradition. In her case, perhaps, the individual character has not so much perpetuated itself as that of the Sister of Mercy—gentle, patient, hard-working, humble, obedient, charitable, and, above all, simple and joyous.

Her novitiate was not at all free from trials. The mistress of novices took great pains to humble her, often reproving her severely before others. Her cheerfulness and gaiety were very great; so much so, as at times to appear even excessive. Then there were troubles reported from Baggot Street, where the remaining "Sisters" were not quite able to manage one another without her. Some of

them took occasion from her absence to give themselves to excesses of mortification, or to work too hard for their strength. One very promising member of the little community died; two others—one of whom was Catharine's niece—fell dangerously ill, but rallied for a time. Then there were some difficulties about the profession of the three postulants, as they were not to remain in the Order of the Presentation. Catharine was in great anxiety, and had recourse, as usual, to earnest prayer. At last all obstacles were overcome, and she, with her two companions, pronounced their vows in the Presentation Convent, with a clause stipulating that the rule of that order was in their case to be subject to any changes which might be necessary for the new Institute of Mercy.

The story of the remaining years of the life of Catharine M'Auley is in a great measure the history of the progress of the order of which she had, almost unwittingly, become the foundress. There is a wonderful simplicity and absence of design about the gradual growth of an institute which, having first started in 1831, has now, after an existence of thirty-five years, between 150 and 200 houses in almost every part of the world where the English language is spoken. Its first progress was, of course, in Ireland; but it soon crossed St. George's Channel (Bermondsey being the first English foundation); and was not long in fixing itself firmly in the United States and the British North-American provinces. It is to be found in California, in Australia, in Brazil, and in New Zealand; it has confronted, in its mission of mercy, the great scourge of our time, the cholera; and its habit was seen side by side with that of the children of St. Vincent of Paul in the care of the hospitals in the Crimean war. It does not appear that this world-wide extension was at all contemplated by Mother M'Auley when she began. The reality of her work, and the blessing of Heaven upon it, has been manifested by another far more precious sign than that of material progress; for the Sisters of Mercy have carried with them to the most distant lands, and have displayed under the most varied and difficult circumstances, the thoroughly religious spirit which animated their first Mother. Having been originated entirely at the suggestion of the Archbishop, the first house was of course dependent on him; and there never seems to have been any desire in the order to exempt its houses from the jurisdiction of the ordinary prelate. Thus it is essentially a diocesan institution; and indeed there is no necessary connection, save that of charity, between separate convents in the same diocese, except in the case of what are called branch-houses, the as-yet-incomplete offshoots from some particular convent. Each convent, when fully formed, has to provide itself with its Superiors, who are not allowed to

remain permanently in office, its Mistress of Novices, and other officials. There are no "provinces" of the order; no authorities higher than the Superiors of the several convents, who are immediately under the rule of the Bishop in whose diocese they are settled. It is not improbable that the spirit of the institute is opposed to any more complete organisation of the order as a whole; and many of the causes which make such arrangements desirable in other cases do not exist in that of the Sisters of Mercy. The few years during which Mother M'Auley lived after her religious profession—about ten—did not, at all events, give time for further developments in this direction.

Gradually, as occasion arose, one feature after another was added to the original plan of her House of Mercy in Dublin. At first there were no lay Sisters; but after a short time she was touched by the needs of the class of young women from which they are recruited; and her convent had every reason to be grateful for their introduction. Then came a call from the populous parish of Kingstown—in great want of the many services which the Sisters were rendering in Dublin; and in this way the first branch-house was formed in 1834. It was not till a year later that the formal approval of the new institute was obtained from Rome. Up to that time the Sisters had been simply a creation of the Archbishop's, who had, of course, obtained the necessary powers to begin the work. The first convent, after that in Baggot Street, was founded at Tullamore in 1836. The same year saw the second foundation at Charleville; Carlow and Cork followed in 1837. Each of these convents became the mother-houses of numerous colonies. Bermondsey—the oldest house in England—was founded from Cork in 1839; some English ladies having passed their novitiate there in order to learn the rules and catch the spirit of the order. Birmingham—or, as it should now be called, Handsworth—was founded in the same way, in 1841, from Dublin; several English postulants having been previously trained at Baggot Street. It was the last foundation made by Mother M'Auley herself, as she died a short time after its completion. Each of these two houses has sent out numerous swarms to other places; but the call for the Sisters of Mercy in this country has been far too great for them to supply, and a considerable number of houses have been founded from Ireland. Other religious orders have sprung up in the present century on the same soil, so fruitful in every thing that is Christian and Catholic; but none have developed so rapidly or spread themselves so widely as the Sisters of Mercy. The reason is obvious enough, in the great needs that call every where for work such as theirs. As St. Francis

de Sales is reported to have said that a community of Capuchins would find a living any where, we may say of the Sisters of Mercy that they find work wherever they may be planted; for their vocation calls them wherever there is ignorance, poverty, sickness, and misery. A peculiar feature of their institute—which is probably to be accounted for by the derivation of their rule from that of the elder Order of the Presentation—consists in the amount of what may be called cloister and community duties, which they combine with their active employments. Thus they have to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin every day, and have other calls on their time of the same kind. In this, as in their longer novitiate, their perpetual vows, their diocesan constitution, and notably in the character of their spiritual exercises, they differ very widely from the Sisters of Charity, with whom they were at one time accused of interfering. Of all religious orders whose members are not only not cloistered by obligation, but may ordinarily spend many hours of the day outside their convent in school teaching or in visiting the sick, they are probably the most frequently recalled to the choir, and the most abundantly supplied with practices that secure recollection and defend the interior life. They are thus enabled to bear the really hard, and often very thankless, work imposed upon them by their charity.

We could name a convent of this order—nor would it be a singular instance—which has struggled on for years under every possible circumstance of disadvantage and discouragement, such as would be certain to wear out any but the true metal of the sonndest religious virtue. Its members are very few; the situation is utterly uninviting—in the heart of a tract where the earth seems to have been turned inside out by mines and pits, and where smoke and fire have withered every vestige of freshness and softness alike from the face of nature and from the character and manners of the population. The house is small and miserable, in a dingy street, with no garden or court of any sort for the privacy of the Sisters. They have been hardly tried by sickness and poverty; their own pupils have turned against them and opposed them; and from some who might naturally have been expected to show them sympathy and to support them they have met with coldness and even unkindness. The work is too hard for the small number; but novices will scarcely come to such a place; and if they come, the misery and bleak discouragement around them is enough to break down the courage of any but the stoutest hearts. Humanly speaking, there is no hope of better days in store. The house is independent of the convents in the same diocese, and those have work enough and more than enough for their own inmates. It would seem as if there were

no prospect before these religious but to die out one by one, and, what is worse, to die out without seeing any result of the sacrifice that they have made. Yet when they have been asked to go elsewhere, and give up a field of labour so unprofitable and unpromising, they have shrunk from the invitation, not because it would be contrary to their rule to migrate to a more favourable situation, but because their hearts are attached to the place which has been to them a home of religious peace as well as of outward toil, failure, and disappointment. A community such as this proves the sterling merit of the religious system of an order more than a dozen grand and successful convents, prosperous in all their undertakings, and famous for activity and charitable enterprise. The outward work of the Sisters of Mercy may be imitated more or less successfully even outside the Church; but the interior spirit, the transparent simplicity, the gentle humility, the resigned patience, the purity of intention, the quiet obedience, the happy serenity, and cheerful peace, for which the true children of Catharine M'Auley are remarkable, can never be counterfeited.

The simple memoir from which we have drawn the materials for this sketch of the life of the first Sister of Mercy is full of interesting recollections which illustrate her character during this last stage of her career on earth. Charity was her favourite virtue; and we are told that towards the close of her life she was able to say of her religious Sisters, that the sun had never gone down on the anger of any, and that there never had been a breach of charity among them. She could not possibly have said any thing more significant of the solid perfection to which she had trained them. She was herself a pattern of condescension and humility. Though the Superior and Mother of all, she did whatever she was asked, as to tell a story or sing in recreation for the amusement of the rest. She seldom reproved severely. Once, after having done so, her conscience smote her with the thought that she had spoken too strongly; she sent for the Sister, and begged her to bring with her all that had been present when the reproof was given, and then, when they were all assembled, knelt down at her feet and asked her forgiveness. She was always perfectly serene and cheerful, even under the gravest external trials; and when her last surviving niece died, in the middle of one of the convent-retreats, she went on attending at all the exercises as if nothing had happened. Never, under any trial or care, did she let a trace of vexation or sadness appear in her countenance or demeanour at the ordinary recreation; her cheerfulness and winning playfulness were always the same. One so penetrated with charity could not but be deeply grounded in humility. She thought so little

of her own importance in the work of establishing the order, that at the time when every thing was beginning to prosper,—after the early difficulties had been overcome,—she offered to go and found a community in Nova Scotia, and to remain there herself. Her love of mortification was great; and her biographer mentions several exercises of that virtue which she habitually practised. Her devotion was deep, tender, and very simple; her favourite prayers were such as the Litany and Psalter of Jesus, and the Thirty-Days' Prayer.

It is easy to see that a person of such a character must have made herself intensely beloved by her religious children and companions. At the time of her death in 1841, there were but fourteen houses of the order in existence; and all of these but the two English foundations were in Ireland. She was therefore personally known to almost the whole order. Her death was not sudden, and she had for some time before, as it seems, been aware of its approach. She had, up to that date, had a great fear of dying, which was now, as is often the case, changed for a most perfect serenity and courage. But her loss was unexpected by her children, who could not persuade themselves that she was in danger. She, in fact, returned from the foundation of the Birmingham convent, in the autumn of 1841, only to prepare to die. "For the last six months," writes one of the Sisters present at her death, "she was herself well aware that she was dying; and since her return from Birmingham she cautiously avoided any thing like business. It is only by her acts that we can judge her mind. She was perfectly silent as to what she thought; arranged all her papers about a month or six weeks before, and said to Sister Teresa, on leaving the parlour, '*Now they are ready.*' About four on Thursday she desired the bed to be moved to the centre of the room, saying that she would soon want air. About seven she desired the Sisters to be brought to her; said to each one individually what was most suited to her; but her first and last injunction to all was to preserve union and peace with each other; that if they did, they would have great happiness, such as to make them wonder whence it came; told Sister Genevieve particularly (a venerable Sister, who entered Baggot Street in 1833 at the advanced age of fifty-three) that she felt exceedingly happy, as if to encourage her to die. She recognised all; told little Sister Mary Camillus (her godchild Teresa) to kiss her and go away, that she would see her again. She sought thus to prevent her from weeping. The Holy Sacrifice was offered in the room at about half-past eight. . . . I think her agony commenced about eleven o'clock. She spoke very little. . . . About five in the evening she asked for the candle to be placed in her hand: we then commenced the last prayers. I re-

peated one or two that she herself had taught me. She said with energy, 'May God bless you.' When we thought the senses were going, and that it might be well to rouse attention by praying a little louder, she said, 'No occasion, my darling, to speak so loud; I hear distinctly.' In this way she continued till ten minutes before eight o'clock, when she calmly breathed her last. I did not think it was possible for human nature to have such self-possession at the awful moment of death."

The character of Catharine M'Auley, as handed down by memory, and preserved in the artless and humble biography on which we have been drawing, is the most precious legacy that her children can inherit from her. Its chief strength seems to lie in its simplicity. It was this that probably preserved her through the trials to which her faith was exposed during her younger years, and kept her from being chilled and hardened while, for so long a period of her life, she was unable to practise her religion except in mere necessities, and was hardly allowed to make any open profession of it. Yet we find her, after she had passed forty, able to begin the work of mercy with which her name will now be connected for ever. What is still more remarkable is the pliancy and gentleness with which she allowed herself and her work to be moulded and directed by authority, without claiming any rights or dictating any conditions on the ground of the large fortune which she brought with her to the undertaking. It is to such characters that great providential works are often intrusted; and we often find them, as in her case, led on step by step without knowing whither they were going, because they have the privileges of the true children of Him who bids us take no thought for the morrow, and depend on His fatherly guidance with absolute confidence and perfect docility. Without knowing it, they find that they have established some institution which is to shine brightly in the annals of the Church; and have been used to give an impulse to some movement which swells into a mighty stream by gathering into itself the charitable yearnings of thousands of hearts. The history of the foundation of religious orders is frequently the same. A need exists; and up and down the Christian community there are a number of souls prepared by the instincts of charity and zeal to work for its supply. At one time they are waiting for the call of Dominic, at another for that of Ignatius, to enrol themselves into a sacred army for the defence of the truth; or Francis is to raise for them the standard of gospel poverty, or John de Matha and Felix de Valois to invite them to a crusade of mercy for the rescue of Christian captives. The bond of religious charity must knit them together; they must vow themselves to the following out of the evangelical counsels, and

then the great work will be carried on, by the blessing of God, from generation to generation. The instruments chosen by Heaven for the beginning of such undertakings are often quite unconscious of the designs of Providence. St. Francis of Assisi little understood his first call; the plan of St. Ignatius, though conceived so long before its execution, grew upon him, and the original scheme of preaching in the Holy Land was abandoned; St. Francis de Sales meant to institute an active order—much like what the Sisters of Mercy were to be afterwards—and found himself, in reality, the father of a glorious race of cloistered religious. The simple-hearted foundress of the Sisters of Mercy was led to her work by the most ordinary method of providential guidance, that of ecclesiastical authority; but neither to the Archbishop nor to herself was the religious character of the institution any thing but an afterthought. Here, again, was a great call on her simple docility, which enabled her to adapt herself to a novitiate, to embrace a rule not made for work such as hers, and to carry on her order to its complete establishment with an organisation that had, as it were, to be supplied piecemeal.

The order seems at present to be quite in the state in which she left it, both as to the spirit that animates it and the work which it undertakes. Perhaps the teaching of schools has become more evidently the chief occupation of the Sisters; and the changes in the educational system in England, together with the great demands now made upon the teachers under government inspection, have sometimes exacted from them very great and difficult exertions. Orphanages are here and there under their care: one of the best and most numerous inhabited is that at Old Oscott or Maryvale, where the situation is admirably suited for such a work. Pension-schools for middle-class girls have sprung up in some convents since the time of Mother M'Auley; the great need of the class of children whom they benefit making such work almost imperative on the Sisters. These, again, are recruited from time to time from their own pupils as well as from the pupil-teachers in their poor-schools. The multiplication of convents has made it, in some cases, difficult to supply them with novices; and we are sorry to say that the Sisters have no mercy on themselves, and so are often worn out at a comparatively early age. It is on these thin communities that the independence of the convents from one another presses most hardly. In one diocese at least in this country the defect has been met by having only a single great convent, and making the rest branch-houses, to which, of course, fresh Sisters can be sent from time to time, and a change of place and work provided for others. Wherever we have had the pleasure of knowing them, whether in large or

small convents, whether popular and successful or labouring under disappointment and difficulty, the Sisters of Mercy uniformly bear the deeply religious character stamped on them at their beginning, and their demeanour breathes the quiet peace, unaffected charity, and humble simplicity which marks them as the true children of their venerated and beloved foundress.

γ.

Oxford and Cambridge Epigrams.

[These epigrams were occasioned by the marked difference made in his treatment of the two Universities by one of the Hanoverian Kings, who sent a troop of horse to Oxford, and, at the same time, a present of books to Cambridge.]

OXFORD.

THE King, surveying with impartial eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Latine.

Regia Musarum inspiciens vigilantia sedes,
Quam bene disposuit munus utrique sum!
Granta, tuos libris prudens ditavit alumnos;
Militis armati, te, Rhedecyna, manu.
Huic nempe obsequium, sapientia defuit illi;
Floruit hæc doctis, altera mancipiis.

CAMBRIDGE.

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Latine.

Rex ideo turmis Rhedecynam implevit et armis,
Quod vires istic pro ratione valent:
Granta, tuas libris ornavit amantior aulas,
Quod tibi pro summis viribus est ratio.

γ.

Nazareth.



SOME light-hearted pilgrims were cantering through the gently-sloping valleys and olive-groves which lead from Samaria to Dothan. They had spent the previous days at Nablous, the ancient Sichem, with its beautiful groves of fruit-trees and palms, its narrow bazaars and fanatical population, and curious Samaritan synagogue with its ancient Pentateuch. By the well of Jacob they had read the 4th chapter of St. John the Evangelist, and on the mount Gerizim they had witnessed that mysterious sacrifice, the last vestige of an ancient rite, so admirably described by Dean Stanley, that any account of it could be but a repetition. From thence too they had first caught sight of Hermon, with its dazzling snowy peak, and Tabor and Gilboa, and the lesser hills of Galilee, while the whole of Central Palestine seemed stretched out, as in a map, at their feet. From Nablous they had ridden to Sebaste (the ancient Samaria), and camped on a high tableland overlooking the surrounding country, close to the ruins of Herod's palace. A multitude of columns still remain to testify to the magnificence of that miserable king. Hard by are the remains of a church, now converted into a mosque, built by the Knights of St. John, whose broken crosses are still to be seen embedded in the walls. A flight of steps conducts the pilgrim to the prison where St. John the Baptist is said to have been confined, and finally beheaded.

And now the road leads them, through fertile pasture-land and past inland basins of rain-water covered with wild-fowl, to Jenin, with its beautiful date-palms and olive-trees and orange-groves. But the inhabitants were surly and fanatical. From a cave in the rocks two of them had pointed their long guns at the cavalcade as they neared the village; but on being pursued by one of the horsemen, armed with a revolver, they rapidly retreated. The travellers rested during the heat of the noonday sun in a park-like ground, with fine trees, by the side of a rushing stream; but their occupation of it was disputed by the inhabitants; and finding that the only eligible spot for pitching the tents had been secured by the servants of the Duke of M——, they resolved to push on a few miles further, and camp at Jezreel. A straight route, four miles in

length, leads direct to the city—now in ruins—and to the remains of Ahab's watch-tower; that very route by which "Jehu the son of Nimshi" was seen "driving furiously." They found that their dragoman had pitched their tents on the rocky site of what is supposed by tradition to be Naboth's vineyard. But here uncomfortable tidings awaited them. The escort promised by the Sheik of Jenin had failed to make its appearance, being engaged in checking a raid and revolt on the other side of the valley; and a hostile tribe of Bedouins, with their long low black camel-hair tents, were camped in a wooded bottom, scarcely half a mile from the halting-place of the travellers. A council of war was held with the Sheik of Jezreel, who agreed to allow twenty or thirty of the principal inhabitants (*moyennant* a handsome "backshish") to act as guards during the night. Every precaution was taken; the tents pitched in a circle; the horses and mules picketed in the centre; and watch-fires were lit all round the encampment. The younger portion of the party, heedless of danger and wearied with the heat and the long day's ride, very soon forgot their alarms in sleep; but their elders watched all night; and well it was that they did so; for at one o'clock in the morning the alarm was given that the Bedouins were upon them. It was only a reconnoitring party, however; and finding the Europeans on the alert, and the native guard valiantly patrolling and shouting out their national war-cries, they wheeled round and rapidly galloped back to their tents. Fearful, however, that they might return in increased numbers, the travellers resolved to leave their insecure camping-ground as early as possible; so that four o'clock of the following morning found them in the saddle on their way to Nazareth. Winding down a steep hill, they came upon the great plain of Esdraelon, which is more than twenty miles in extent, and capable of the finest cultivation; but, under the sway of a powerful Bedouin sheik, it is reserved for the pasture-ground of his tribe; and the few peasants, who, armed to the teeth, were ploughing little patches here and there or tending small flocks of sheep, pay a heavy black-mail to the marauder for even this scant courtesy. Shunem, a miserable village, surrounded with a hedge of prickly-pear, was quickly passed; but our travellers lingered at Nain, where a rude cross marks the spot on which, in ancient times, a church was erected by "the gate of the city," where that wonderful miracle of love and tenderness was performed by our divine Lord. A fountain remains, where the Arab girls were filling their pitchers and poisoning them on their heads with their usual native grace. A burial-ground, still used by the Moslems, is shown to the right of the village; and on this very path must our Lord have met the

sorrowful procession as it passed out of the gate. From Nain the travellers came to Endor, with its caves in the rocks, which seem as if they must be unchanged since the time of the witch's residence. Here a glorious view burst upon them,—Tabor, with its low round green top, and its base skirted with dwarf oak, ilexes, and arbutus; high above it, glistening in the sun, rose the conical peak of Hermon, "white as snow," with the Kishon dividing the valley beneath, and Carmel forming the barrier to the left; while to the right lay the long low range of Bashan, "beyond Jordan." It is a magnificent panorama, and brings before one the imagery of the Prophets and of the Psalms more strikingly than almost any other part of Palestine.

Quantities of storks were feeding on the green patches in the plain, while here and there eagles and hawks soared above their heads. But one of the ladies of the party was ill; she had been suffering from fever ever since leaving Jerusalem; so, in order to expedite her journey, the guides suggested that the travellers should take a short cut to Nazareth, up a steep and somewhat rugged path, by the Mountain of Precipitation, while the baggage-mules went round the longer way by the plain. In an evil hour this proposal was acceded to, and the ascent begun; but very soon the road became impassable for the horses; in their efforts to scramble up the precipitous rocks the saddle-girths broke, and the travellers were compelled to dismount, greatly to the increased suffering of their invalid, who fainted repeatedly on the road, and caused them the gravest anxiety. It was with immense thankfulness, therefore, that, on reaching the summit, after two hours of painful exertion, they perceived the white houses of modern Nazareth nestled in a gorge between two hills; and with still greater joy found themselves at the door of the Franciscan convent, where the usual hearty welcome awaited them, and the Duke of M—— gave up his own rooms to afford more comfortable accommodation to the suffering lady. The illness became serious, and detained the party three weeks; and during the whole of that time the thoughtful care of the monks, and especially of the kind old Spanish doctor and the venerable Padre Guardiano, exceeded belief. The latter literally spent his days in devising little luxuries and alleviations for the invalid. The earliest asparagus, the first strawberries, the brightest flowers,—even some scented soap and toilet-vinegar, which had been presented to him in bygone days by some enthusiastic lady-pilgrim, were ransacked from his stores for the benefit of the sufferer. When she was well enough to be moved homewards, he arranged a litter for her to enable her to reach the sea-coast without fatigue. And this lady was neither of his own

country nor of his own creed! Yet pilgrims have been found to say harsh and bitter things against this kind old man and his Franciscan brethren, to complain of and find fault with their hospitality, to grumble at the food, and to throw discredit generally on their order, thereby causing them grievous pain and disquiet.

But to return to our travellers. It was the 4th of April—the 25th of March had fallen that year on Good Friday, so that the great festival of the Incarnation had been remitted to that day. From the earliest dawn, the beautiful church of the Annunciation, with its high altar, raised on a double flight of steps, and its beautiful shrine below, leading to the house of the Blessed Virgin, had been thronged with kneeling figures. The women were unveiled—for Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is essentially a Christian town. They were all dressed in gay colours and holiday costume, with strings of gold coins round their necks or wound in their dark hair. They covered every inch of the steps leading to the sacred subterranean shrine, where a star marks the spot—"Hic Verbum caro factum est"—a broken column suspended from the roof indicates the place where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling when Gabriel—God's chosen messenger—appeared before her.

Here were spoken those words in which she accepted her sacred mission, and with it her share in the sufferings of the redemption: "*Ecce ancilla Domini; fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*" Words as fruitful as the first "*Fiat*" pronounced by the Creator, when, in His omnipotence, He made the world; for, by her humble acquiescence in the Divine will, she consented to the conception, by the Holy Spirit, in her immaculate womb, of the Creator Himself made man.

Here lived St. Joachim and St. Anne; here St. Joseph; here, in a word, was the home of the Holy Family. Here our Lord, after His return from Egypt, lived thirty years of that sacred hidden life; here "*erat subditus illis*," living in the profoundest submission to his Virgin mother and his supposed father. And this place, where the great mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished, what was it but a poor humble home, in a quiet village of a land reduced to the condition of a petty province of the great Roman Empire; nay more, even in this land Nazareth had become a byeword of contempt and reproach!

High Mass was over, when the Padre Guardiano came to propose to our travellers to visit the other spots which make Nazareth a place of such deep and thrilling interest to every reader of Gospel history. Their first visit was to the synagogue, where our divine Lord, having read in the Book of the Prophet Isaias the words regarding Himself,

sat down and expounded them to the people, who "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from His mouth." This synagogue is now converted into a Greek church, supposed to have been built by Tancred, who was prince of Galilee during the temporary Christian occupation of the Holy Land. From the synagogue they passed on to St. Joseph's workshop, now a little chapel, rudely furnished, but where Mass is daily said by one of the Franciscan fathers. From thence they walked to the table or rock popularly called "Mensa Christi," where our Lord is said to have dined with His disciples both before and after the Resurrection. It is on the summit of the city, and a tiny chapel has been erected close to the stone. The Padre Guardiano then led the way to the Fountain of the Madonna, which is situated at the eastern entrance of the town, and is the only spring of fresh good water existing in Nazareth. Here, by undisputed tradition, the Blessed Virgin daily came during those thirty years. Here, again, must her divine Son have constantly accompanied her. Groups of women now, as then, were filling their pitchers at the fountain; looking like the ancient Bible pictures of our childhood, and dressed precisely as the Blessed Virgin is perpetually represented by the early masters—in red dresses and blue drapery, a white square cloth covering the head. In every walk, at every turn, in the streets, or on the hills, or in those flowery valleys, one seems to realise the presence of both the Mother and the Son. In the beautiful words of a modern traveller—"Nazareth was the nursery of One whose mission was to meet man and man's deepest needs on the platform of commonplace daily life;" and every step of that "daily life" becomes ennobled in the thought of Him who trod the same path.

Coming home, our travellers visited the convent of "Les Dames de Nazareth," who have a large orphanage, admirably managed, not far from the Franciscan convent; and among the children are many sufferers from the terrible Lebanon massacres. The Superior pointed out one little girl, with dark and earnest eyes, whose mind had never recovered from the shock and horror of that scene. Her father had been murdered while endeavouring to save her; and his brains had been dashed all over her face, which the poor child was continually rubbing, as if to wipe away the horrible remembrance. These nuns were most kind in their offers of service to the sick lady at the hospice; and afterwards volunteered to receive her in their little home at Caiffa, previous to her embarkation. A beautiful Benediction, sung by the sisters and orphans, closed a walk so full of absorbing interest.

The following morning our pilgrims were early in the saddle, and again, under the guidance of the kind Padre Guardiano, were ascending.

the steep and beautiful path leading to Mount Tabor, which is a ride of about two hours from Nazareth. The hill-sides were perfectly pink with the delicate linum, the cistus, and other spring-flowers. The shape of Tabor is that of a truncated cone, the base being thickly fringed with dwarf oak, ilex, and arbutus. The ascent is difficult and painfully rugged; but the view from the summit repays all the toil. On one side is stretched the great plain of Esdraelon, with the little village of Deborah the Prophetess, which still bears her name, nestled under the great hill; on the other, the village of Cana and the plain of Zabulon, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and the beautiful lake of Tiberias glistening in the sun; while beyond are the mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, and the cities of Safed, Bethulia, Naphthali, and Cæsarea Philippi. The ruins of no less than three fine churches remain on the top of the mountain, one of which has lately been restored by the Greeks. But the Padre Guardiano led our party to the one to which tradition points as the actual scene of the Transfiguration, and there celebrated the holy sacrifice.

The Mass over, the party breakfasted under the shadow of the ruins, on a smooth greensward, which formed the flat summit of the mount, and then reluctantly proceeded to leave the sacred spot and descend the hill. Here the Padre Guardiano left them, to return to Nazareth; while the pilgrims continued their road towards Tiberias, resolving to pay a visit on their way to Achill Aga, "the Sheik of sheiks," as he is called, whose black tents were stretched out on the plain at the base of the mountain. This mighty Bedouin chief virtually owns the whole of the surrounding country; and the Porte has found it both politic and necessary to make a treaty with him, so as to insure the safety of the travellers and of the dwellers in the plains. He is a remarkable man, with a frank and pleasing exterior, and has the reputation of being both generous and brave. A kind of native *darbar* was being held when our travellers approached; but Achill Aga rose with stately courtesy, and conducted the ladies to a divan raised at one end of his tent. On a signal from him, cushions, coffee, and other refreshments were noiselessly brought. In the mean time various other sheiks made their appearance, all of whom prostrated themselves on their arrival before Achill Aga, and submissively kissed his hand. One of these chiefs, a man of a singularly cruel and forbidding aspect, was the sheik of the tribes in the plain of Esdraelon, and had 600 mounted horsemen day and night ready to fulfil his behests. He was at the head of a far more powerful people than Achill Aga; but the moral influence of the latter compelled an outward show of submission.

Coffee and pipes having been discussed, Achill Aga offered to

show the ladies his harem ; and a black eunuch was summoned to escort them to a neighbouring tent, where a singularly handsome woman, beautifully dressed, and with large pearls round her neck, was waiting to receive her guests. Having no interpreter, however, signs were obliged to take the place of words with the ladies ; but it needed no explanation when a black attendant produced a beautiful child, of two or three years old, just woke out of its sleep, at the sight of whom the mother's love shone out unmistakably from the bright eyes of the Bedouin lady. Achill Aga afterwards produced, with natural pride and pleasure, the watch and pistols given him by the Prince of Wales ; and then proceeded to show-off the mares and foals which were pastured round the camp, some of which were of priceless value. In the mean time a kind of guard of honour had been prepared for our travellers, who amused them by a variety of feats of horsemanship, throwing their long lances, and executing a species of war-dance, as they wheeled and doubled round and round the party, and occasionally rode races with the younger and best-mounted of them. The sun was still high in the heavens when the pilgrims found themselves at the base of the Mount of the Beatitudes, after crossing the plain of Zabulon — that plain so fatal as being the theatre of that last disastrous battle which decided the fate of the Christians, and ended the reign of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. The field below the hill is the one in which our Saviour is supposed to have walked and gathered the ears of corn on the Sabbath-day, to the scandal of the proud Pharisees. Ascending the Mount of the Beatitudes, a Carmelite priest, who was of the company, recited the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, sitting on the stones which mark the ruin of an ancient church built by the Crusaders on this sacred spot. The whole of the Sea of Galilee appeared stretched at their feet, forming, with the violet colour of its surrounding mountains, the most beautiful panorama possible. The hill on the opposite side of the plain was pointed out by the guides as the scene of the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes ; but the pilgrims, being anxious to reach Tiberias before nightfall, gave up the idea of ascending this also, and followed the winding track, which led down a steep and precipitous hill to the sea-shore.

Tiberias is a fortified town ; but the walls and forts have been nearly destroyed by a succession of earthquakes, which have, however, spared the church. Rebuilt by Herod Antipas in honour of Tiberius Cæsar, it was once a royal city of great importance, but is now reduced to a few miserable houses, inhabited by a race of fanatical Jews. Our party camped on the sandy shores of the lake beyond the town, not far from the thermal springs and baths supposed to

have been built by the Emperor Vespasian. The next morning early one of the party, following a native guide through a cleft in the wall of the city, made her way rapidly through the deserted streets to the little church built in honour of St. Peter, on the very spot where our Divine Lord is said to have given him the keys which were henceforth to bind or loose the whole Christian world. This site has been held in veneration ever since the second century; but the actual church was built by Tancred at the time of the first Crusades. It is in the form of a ship ready for launching, and the waves of the Sea of Galilee beat upon its prow, but have never yet prevailed: fit emblem of the Bark of Peter, which all the powers of hell and of the world have conspired to attack, but failed to overthrow. There is a little hospice attached to the church, occupied by a Franciscan priest and a lay-brother, with a beautiful view from the terrace on the flat roof of the house. But their position is a painful one, surrounded by a singularly fanatical population, mainly consisting of Jews, who, in their long dressing-gowns, and with their cork-screw ringlets, scowled at the pilgrims as they passed down their streets. Two beautiful fair boys, with the faces of cherubs, served the Mass; but the congregation was scanty and poor, and fever had decimated the Christian residents. After Mass the party again mounted to ride along the shores of the lake, which were fringed with oleanders, pink and white, in the fullest blossom, and with beautiful double and single hollyhocks of different shades. A party of Achill Aga's men, armed to the teeth, accompanied our travellers, singing war-songs, and occasionally galloping furiously forward, as if to attack them, when, suddenly reining-in their horses, which were brought down almost on their haunches, they would remain immovable, with their long lances crossed in a point on the ground, in token of respect and courtesy. An escort was very necessary along these shores; for hostile tribes were about, whose raid on the cattle of the unoffending fishermen Achill Aga's men were about to avenge, and their scouts were seen lurking here and there among the ruins. Passing by Magdala, a small village with nothing remarkable about it, save the ruins of an ancient watch-tower, our party came, after an hour's ride, to Bethsaida. A ruined mill alone marks the spot so full of interest as the birthplace of St. Peter, St. Andrew, and St. Philip, and as the spot where St. James and St. John were called by the Saviour, while "mending their nets," to their high place in the Apostolic College.

Another half-hour brought them to Capernaum, that city so full of reminiscences of the daily life of our Divine Lord during His three years' ministry, that scene of so many miracles, and yet that

city the eyes of whose people were blinded that they saw not, and on which, as on Bethsaida and Chorazin, the woe was emphatically pronounced by the Saviour—that woe so literally fulfilled; for not one stone remains upon the other, and it has been “more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon” than for them. A little further on, they came to the place where the Jordan empties itself into the lake. Close by is a heap of stones, which mark the site of Chorazin, of which all that can be said was said by the guide to our travellers: “*Una volta era qui!*” Above their heads, perched on the side of the mountain, was Safed, the city “set on a hill,” which “could not be hid.” Every foot of this ground is sacred to the eye of faith, every mountain and stone teems with its sacred imagery. Returning to Tiberias, our travellers felt that their pilgrimage would be incomplete without going on the lake, and so hired a clumsy boat, one of the only two existing, which looked primitive enough to have been there since our Saviour’s time, and for which the Jewish proprietor demanded an exorbitant price. The day was lovely, the heat intense. Nothing could equal the stillness of the scene or the desolation of the shores; but the lake is proverbially treacherous. Only two days before, a storm had suddenly overtaken a similar party, who, in this un-managable tub, were saved with difficulty. A few fishes were caught by the boatmen as they lazily rowed towards the south of the lake, past the ruins of the town of Tarichea and the land of the Gadarenes to the mouth of the Jordan on the opposite side; and then back again to the town of Tiberias, where the tents were already folded on the baggage-mules, in readiness for the return towards Nazareth. The temptation to linger by the lake had overcome the usual prudence of our travellers, and mid-day found them only half-way to Nazareth, exposed to a burning sun, and with a scanty supply of water to quench their thirst. One of the younger ones, with less endurance than the rest, at last threw himself from his horse, declaring his inability to go on any further. But he was compelled to remount, and the whole party galloped as quickly as the road would allow till they reached Cana, and with it the only spring of good water to be found between Tiberias and Nazareth. A beautiful broken sarcophagus lies by the fountain, where some cows were drinking, whom the weary cavalcade quickly displaced. Their thirst at last quenched, they proceeded to visit the house, or rather court, which was the scene of the first miracle—a building recently purchased by the Marquise de —. A church was formerly erected on this spot, of which a few broken arches only remain; but some large water-jars were lying in the court, exactly of the shape and size represented by the painters, which completed the picture or “composi-

tion of place," in the minds of the pilgrims. From Cana, a beautiful ride through a wood of dwarf oak, arbatus, and myrtle, leads to Saffurieh, the ancient Seforis, where are the remains of a fine old Roman castle, and a magnificent decorated church dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whose native place was Seforis. A steep and rugged road conducts the traveller from Cana to Nazareth, winding up a narrow gorge, where the horses can barely keep their footing on the pointed sloping slabs; but the view from the top, looking down on Nazareth and the plain on the one side, and Cana and Seforis on the other, is unequalled even in that land of beautiful and sacred memories. One more quiet Sunday did our travellers spend in that spot so associated with our Blessed Lord's boyhood and youth; and then the time came for them to leave their kind hosts and pursue their journey to Carmel.

After early Mass, one of the travellers crossed the court and entered the convent-parlour, where she was to take leave of the Padre Guardiano. She found him carefully packing for her the "*Sacro Bambino*," that waxen image of our Lord's infancy, which, manufactured annually for the Grotto of the Nativity, remains at Bethlehem during the whole of the solemn octave in that sacred shrine, and then, with the seal of its authenticity attached, is sent to Nazareth, and from thence, year by year, forwarded to churches in far-off lands. Gratefully does she accept it for a church very dear to her heart in her own land, the beautiful church of the Oblates of St. Charles, where she received her first teachings of Catholic truth. And then she stood listening to his few parting words of kindness and loving counsel.

"I have nothing of value to give you, my child," said the old man in conclusion; "nothing but this, the Breviary given me by the Bishop who ordained me in the Tyrol many years ago. See—it has the picture in it of my patron-saint, St. Wenceslaus; and of our Franciscan brethren who were martyred in Japan. Take the book and read it, if you can, *daily*, in remembrance of me. You have been so accustomed to say office with us, that you will have little difficulty in finding your places. Some day I hope you will be admitted into the third order; and then, you know, our office will be incumbent on you."

Sorrowfully the English lady received his parting gift and blessing, and mounting rode away. As she reached the brow of the hill she looked back, and still saw the brown figure of the kind old monk standing watching her from the convent-door. It was the last time she was to see him on earth.

A few months later, a malignant fever which broke out at Tiberias

carried off the Franciscan priest who served the little church of St. Peter there. The Padre Guardiano instantly set off to replace him till a successor could be appointed. But the same poisonous air rapidly filled his veins: he fell sick the following day, and in less than twenty-four hours the end came. He died alone and untended, save by a poor Greek priest, who came to administer to him the last rites of the Church. Yet surely other ministries waited, unseen, around that dying bed; and, the dark river past, those words must have echoed in his ears: "*Euge, serve bone et fidelis; quia in pauca fuisti fidelis, supra multa te constituam; intra in gaudium Domini tui.*"

Early Days of an Artist.

"TURNER," says his biographer, "had the good fortune to be the son of a barber:" meaning, I suppose, not exactly that a barber's son must needs be fortunate, but that he was happy in being born among the working-people of this world, and so preserved from that state of social idleness which is the most deadly of the foes of genius, inasmuch as it precludes all necessity for the toil and trouble by which alone its full power can be properly developed.

His father, then, was a barber, and a native of Devonshire—that county which had already sent Reynolds and Northcote to the artistic world. His mother is said to have been of gentle blood; though it is hard to reconcile that statement with the fact that one of her brothers was a Brentford butcher, and the other a fishmonger in the town of Margate. William Turner, the artist, was born, in 1775, in Maiden Lane, a dark and narrow street, where house-tops almost meet in their friendly endeavours at nodding to each other, and where inhabitants on opposite sides can converse in whispers from their open windows; where the fog rolls in heavily long before the fall of night, and where in winter the sun, like an unpopular monarch, seldom shows himself in person, sending a few deputy rays to do duty for him at noontide, or allowing himself to be altogether superseded by the oil-light or gas of human manufacture. It had not, however, always been the low quarter that it is at present, and that it was in the days of Turner's childhood. It had once been the very heart of what in olden times represented the "West End" of London. Durham Place, where Raleigh lived, and the mansion of the Cecils, were close at hand; and Southampton Street, into which it opens, had in yet later times been the residence of Congreve and Garrick, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the days of her highest fashion as an actress. Maiden Lane, moreover, had celebrities of its own to boast of. "Honest Andrew Marvel" wrote to his constituents from Maiden Lane; and Voltaire, a less pleasant character to think of, resided at the sign of "The White Peruke" what time he snubbed poor Congreve, and in his turn was epigrammatised by Young.

Those who fancy that the early scenes of childhood exercise a

strong influence on the after-character of the man, may well deem it strange that one of the greatest painters nature ever boasted should have been born amid crowded streets, and that Turner, who loved nothing so well in his artist-life as to depict the Ocean, should never in his early days have walked beside it, never have inhaled its invigorating breezes, never have watched it in its changing moods or sent a longing eye over its broad expanses, never have dreamed of sea-weed and rosy shells upon its bosom or wreathed corals underneath it, never, in short, have known aught about it in the first decade of his life. Perhaps the rule of contrarieties may count for something in the matter. There is such an innate consciousness of nature in every human breast, that the veriest city-child who ever drew breath within its walls feels his pulses quicken when men talk of the country; and he has an almost intuitive knowledge of the fact that outside the murky mass of buildings, which enclose his young life as in a prison, there are free spaces under the clear air of heaven where flowers blossom and birds sing, and children, fearless of magistrates and policemen, disport themselves in delicious liberty. Bring such an one as this suddenly face to face with Nature, and he will be probably far more alive to her fascinations than another who has gazed upon her from his cradle, and so grown somewhat callous to her beauty.

And such an one assuredly was Turner. So strong was the love of Nature which she herself had planted in his bosom, that it only acquired strength from its long suppression; and when at last he left the city and flung himself, giddy with joy and breathless with admiration, in fields knee-deep in clover, or down by the sea-shore at Margate, the beauty of those new revelations must have stamped itself on his artistic brain with a vividness and vigour which the fondest and earliest recollections of childhood could hardly have bestowed.

Long ere that day arrived, however, one little glimpse of her hidden treasures kind Nature had managed to bestow upon her favourite son. Covent Garden being close to Maiden Lane, the boy-artist, while other children of his age and standing played pitch-and-toss, tormented orange-women and upset their stalls, may have lingered enraptured over the manifold productions of earth and sea brought hither for the use of the wealthy. He who in after-times did not disdain to spend hours in the successful foreshortening of a dock-leaf must indeed have found ample food for his artistic eye in the gold-and-silver glittering of fish yet panting from the ocean, in the rustic beauty of baskets piled high with vegetables and fruit, in the many-coloured blossoms arranged into dainty nosegays or flung

together with a "grace beyond the reach of art;" and when the Christmas-times came round at last, in the shining green leaves and scarlet berries of holly-bush and laurel piled together in gigantic stacks, and relieving at once, and by contrast heightening, the dead whiteness of the winter snows.

It is said that Turner could use a pencil before he knew how to write; but even if it were so, there is nothing very startling or marvellous in the fact. All children as a rule love to play with pencil and with paper; but as a rule also, their first attempts are mere aimless strokes, and without a hint from a more experienced hand, they seldom attain to any idea of form. It was this idea of form, therefore, which made the real distinction between Turner and other children of his age. It seems to have been in his young head almost from the beginning, and must have sprung there spontaneously, for hints from older persons he was not very likely to have been favoured with. His father, the "busy little barber of Maiden Lane," plied his trade unceasingly; and when he had succeeded in giving a good cauliflower-shape to his customers' perukes, had in all probability achieved what was his highest conception of the beautiful in form. His mother was a shrew—and something sadder still, all the latter half of her poor life having been passed in an asylum. This is a fact indeed which should never be forgotten in the due estimation of her son's character in after-life. Turner was hardly five years of age when that idea of form to which I have before alluded began to develop itself most decidedly. His father, so runs the story, had been sent for to dress the hair or the peruke of a Mr. Tomkinson, a busy little pompous patroniser of the arts, and great himself in the article of pianos—the Broadwood, in fact, of the days in which he flourished. He resided in Dean Street, Soho. He had a coat-of-arms too, had Mr. Tomkinson, or at all events he had bought one. This coat-of-arms was richly emblazoned on a table of inlaid wood, which happened to be in the room where Mr. Tomkinson received his barber. Among other strange inventions of the heraldic mind, that shield contained a lion such as never flourished save in heraldic fancy; a lion rampant or upright, and apparently standing on its own tail, with fiery eyes and bushy mane, and all the colours of the rainbow dashed over his mottled hide. Red, blue, and green—the great colourist of future years could not take his eyes off a beast so splendidly depicted; and it was slowly and reluctantly, when the barber's task was over, that he turned from its contemplation and followed his father back to his dingy domicile in Maiden Lane. But he carried away the image in his mind's eye; and ere that same day had faded into night had produced and presented to his admiring

parents a very respectable imitation of the many-coloured king of beasts which had so ravished him in the morning. He was pronounced a born genius on the spot, and henceforward, to all neighbourly inquiries as to what he was about to make of William, the little barber, dancing on his toes, as was his wont when joyfully excited, replied without hesitation or misgiving, "William, sir?—Yes, sir, William is to be a painter."

William probably thought so too; and the pencil, having once been compelled to obey his bidding, was seldom or never permitted afterwards to be idle. We hear little or nothing, however, of its further achievements until two years later, when he was sent, in consequence of ill-health, or of the mental state perhaps of his mother, to reside with an aunt—the wife of the gentlemanly Brentford butcher. There, at a day-school at Brentford Butts, he commenced his education, and there his love of art, stimulated perhaps by the first sweet country breezes he had ever scented, broke forth beyond concealment or control. For Greek and Latin he had no great liking; and to the end of his days his English spelling was incorrect—a weakness which he shared with Reynolds, though without the same excuse, for the laws of orthography had been thoroughly laid down before Turner commenced its study; and Johnson, like a great tyrant as he was, had left it in no man's power to spell or to mis-spell according to his fancy. If Turner, however, lagged behind other boys in graver studies, his artistic education made rapid progress. While *they* cast longing eyes towards the playground, and dreamed vividly of batting and of balls, *he* watched the clouds wistfully as they drifted in huge masses across the skies, or gazed upon the branches of the mighty elms bending and swaying beneath the same breeze which sent them on their way through heaven; or he dreamed of the rainbow, which he had seen perhaps on some bright April morning from the schoolroom window, or passed in loving review before his mind's eye every fair tint of colour which Nature scatters among her flowers, from the "shining crimson" of the rose to the silver paleness of the lily.

Strange to say, his companions had some sympathy with these artistic dreamings—a proof that he was not always the reserved individual he afterwards became—for schoolboys have rarely any tenderness to bestow upon beings less open and joyous than themselves. This sympathy, too, they manifested in a way which showed it must have been something more than a mere passing sentiment; some among them occasionally undertaking that Latin theme for which he had so little liking, while he drew surreptitiously from the schoolroom window. His biographer tells us that he owed much

to those first days spent in the country. Doubtless he did; and that they awakened and fed his love for Nature, and excited him to sketch her sweet face for himself instead of servilely copying her features as he saw them reflected in the works of other artists. How fair the long avenues of Bushy Park, with its double row of pyramidal chestnuts and their candelabra-like clusters of white flowers must have shown to the boy-artist the first time he walked beneath their shadow! And the fast-flowing river, the white swans that floated on its surface, the cattle reflected in its limpid pools, the dark clustering elms and daisy-speckled meadows, surely they made his heart sing for joy within him, and deepened almost to loathing that distaste for London which prevented him all his lifetime seeing any fit food for poetry or painting in its dull myriads of red-brick houses. Certain, at any rate, it is, that the recollections of Twickenham haunted him to his dying day, and that it was to Twickenham he came, when weary of the smoke and noise of London, to refresh his languid senses and to bathe them anew in the translucent air which had refreshed and invigorated his childhood. But the charms of cloud-watching and surreptitious drawing were not destined to be his for ever; and a day came at last when the little barber reappeared at Brentford to claim his son and to bear him back, like a recaught bird, to the hot city from which he had been so joyous to escape. Later on, however, he was sent to Margate, then a wild sea-village, supposed, in the non-existence of railroads and telegraphic wires, to be at an almost immeasurable distance from the great Babylon of the kingdom. And there he first saw the sea, which he loved afterwards all his life long so well to paint. There he watched it in all its varying moods,—now placid and blue as the skies above it, now white and angry, and rolling in long resounding billows up the beach. There, too, his cloud-studies were resumed, and he could mark, without fear of chiding, the shadows—blue, green, and inky-black—which they cast upon the waters. There, with a boy's eager fingers he picked up shells and drifted weed, and listened, as he walked along, to the distant moaning of the ocean, and dreamed, to the utter forgetfulness of all outward circumstances, of the mysteries of poetry and beauty which lay hid within its bosom. The boy was not alone, either, in these sea-side rambles. A schoolfellow often walked beside him, and one whom he loved better than any schoolfellow—a girl, who, little as he thought about it then, was to form the sunshine alike and deepest shadow of all his after-life. Just then, however, she was only his playmate, and nothing more. A dear, gentle, sympathising little girl no doubt he thought her; but nothing more!

It has been said that no man is a prophet in his own country;

and for the same reason, perhaps, genius is seldom so kindly encouraged by the family in which it germinates as by outsiders of the domestic circle. It is therefore infinitely to the credit of the "little barber," that, far from trying to lower the mind of his son by forcing him to follow his own calling, he did his best to aid him in his higher flight, and to send him fairly forward in that career for which nature had so evidently intended him. He made him attend, in the first instance, a drawing academy in Soho Square; and later on, he sent him to a school kept by old Tom Malton, most of whose pupils were intended either for architects or engineers. Tom Malton was a clever artist; and Turner used to say afterwards, that he owed all his knowledge of perspective to his tuition. Nevertheless, it is a fact that his education was considered at the time a failure; and that Malton not merely failed to discover the genius of his pupil, but that he went one step further, and stigmatised him as a dunce. The fault probably lay more with the master than the scholar; or, still more probably, it lay between them. There are minds among masters which, however well they may be stored themselves with knowledge, lack the proper ability for imparting it to others; and again, on the other hand, there are minds among scholars which require some especial mode of training before the intellectual machinery can be set in motion. Once fairly started, it goes on rapidly and smoothly enough; but if the key to the intellect be not discovered, every effort proves abortive, and master and pupil part with a mutual sense of dissatisfaction in each other. So it was with Turner and his professor. Whether there really was some fatal want of sympathy in their minds; or whether it was that the boy, just fresh from the broad ocean and rioting in its glittering recollections, could not compel his fancy to the dull study of mathematics, certain it is that he never succeeded in crossing that bridge which is the terror of the school-boy mind; and that failing in every attempt to do so, Malton returned him, sad and crest-fallen, on his father's hands.

But perseverance, not to call it obstinacy, was one of Turner's especial attributes as a man; and even as a boy he was not easily to be turned from a favourite pursuit. His father believed in him still: and at his earnest entreaty Malton once more received him as a pupil; always, however, with the same result. His young brain was by this time in a whirl of perplexity; and he had lost that power of calm application by which alone, in such a case, success could be secured.

Destined one day to be professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, he proved himself, at this precise moment of his life, unequal even to elementary geometry; and Malton sent him back once more

to his father, with the despairing but kindly-intended counsel to make the boy a tinker, a tailor, a cobbler, or a barber—any thing, in short, save that one thing which his soul aspired to be, and which he afterwards so thoroughly became—a perspective artist.

Even this repulse did not check his career. He had that consciousness of the right stuff within him which has often, before and since, saved genius from breaking down beneath the dull criticisms of loving friends. He would not give in; and his father, to his credit be it recorded, backed him nobly. Old Tom Malton might sneer down his boyish efforts, and pronounce him just clever enough to be a cobbler: he knew that God had given him an artist's soul; he hoped, some day or other, to have an artist's hand to give expression to its dumb music; and he persevered.

Even then, and under the pressure of Malton's disparaging remarks, Art was beginning to reward her boy worshipper by some faint glimmerings of success. Smith, an excellent mezzotinto engraver, employed him, as well as the boy Girtin, afterwards Turner's dearest friend, in the colouring of prints; and drawings moreover, purporting to be copies from Dayes and Sandby, the successful water-colour men of the day, were pinned up in the barber's shop, and elicited not only praise but also pence from customers, innocent of all thoughts of art when they first placed themselves in the barber's chair. Porden, the builder of George the Fourth's Brighton folly, employed him in embellishing his architectural designs; a process which the boy seems to have accomplished easily enough by splashing in blue skies and gravel-walks, with grass, and dock-leaves, and all sorts of leafy "litter," in the foreground. Porden found his designs go down all the better with his customers for these slight improvements; and with a show of liberality more apparent than real, he offered to take the lad without premium in the capacity of apprentice. But the barber proved himself quite as good a hand at a bargain as the architect; and rightly guessing that a boy worth taking without a premium must have a certain money-value of his own in the market, he wisely resolved to keep him to himself. But though he declined Porden's offer, it seems to have turned his attention for a moment towards architecture, young Turner being sent soon afterwards—not, however, I believe, as an articulated apprentice—to Mr. Hardwick, the designer of St. Katherine's Docks. The boy submitted outwardly, but his whole soul was in rebellion against the decree. His artistic powers were striding rapidly towards maturity, and every day he cared less to copy. The dull work of embellishing other men's designs began to pall upon his fancy. The vigorous artist-soul within him was tumultuously asserting its own powers, and he was longing to be up and

doing; longing to stand face to face with Nature, and to force her, by fair means or by foul, to unveil her coy beauties to his gaze.

Mr. Hardwick read the boy's struggles in his wistful eyes; and more generous than Porden, he went to old Turner and strongly recommended him to send his son to the Royal Academy. His advice was taken; and once admitted to the Academy, and allowed to copy in the studio of its President, young Turner was fairly started in his art-career.

He was at Somerset House on that memorable day when the floor fell-in during Sir Joshua's lecture; and, curiously enough, was close to the President in their hurried retreat from the room. Doubtless, therefore, he heard and admired, as a boy would naturally admire, the answer which, true to his placid temper and undying love of art, Sir Joshua made to some one, who asked him of what he first thought when the crash occurred. "I thought," quoth the President, "that if we all had perished, art would have been thrown back five hundred years in England."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was closing his career at the very moment when Turner was beginning his; and he had barely time to copy two of his wonderful portraits, when that sad morning came on which the President laid down his pencil never to resume it. Lady Beauchamp was then sitting for her portrait, but it was never finished. Even as he pursued his task a film came over the painter's eyes, and the fair form that he was sketching seemed to swim and grow pale before him. Then he felt that his hour was come; the sitter was dismissed, the doors of the studio closed, and Turner left, with other students who had haunted it, to seek such advancement as they needed in their art elsewhere. To a commonplace talent this might have been a misfortune; to Turner it was probably the reverse. He thus lost his last temptation to be a copyist; and left to his own devices, his good genius prompted him to go straight to Nature, and draw inspiration fresh and sparkling from her fountain. With the boy Girtin, whom we have already mentioned, he now spent many a long summer day upon the Thames, sketching whatever of graceful, or fantastic, or imposing met his eye, and laying up a store of recollections which afterwards served him well, when he took his place as Nature's best-loved painter, to hold the belt for England against all competitors. The long winter evenings were spent almost as pleasantly, and quite as profitably, at the house of Dr. Munro, one of George III.'s mad doctors. The "good doctor," as Turner always styled him, is said to have seen some of his early sketches at the barber's, and taking a fancy to him and his inseparable companion Girtin, often invited them to draw at his house, giving them half-a-crown a-piece and a

capital supper as the reward of their evening labours. He gave them, indeed, more than money, for he gave them that which money could not purchase—the chance of studying and making sketches from the great masters of other days. Wild landscapes from the pencil of Salvator Rosa, and tender and touching ones from that of Gainsborough, adorned his house; and his portfolios alone contained mines of instruction for the young aspirants. There, we are told, Girtin found the Canaletti drawings of London and Venice, which he loved to imitate; and there Turner studied at his ease the Loutherbours and Sandbys, which he commenced by copying, and finished by excelling.

This friendship between Turner and Girtin, to which we have already more than once alluded, is a very pleasant feature in the character of the former. He seems to have loved this first companion of his artistic days with a sincerity and fulness of affection which men are perhaps never more capable of feeling than when, like Turner, they are reserved and shy, and therefore somewhat chary in its outward show. He admired his talents, too, with an unselfish and ungrudging spontaneity, which is not, unhappily, always to be found in the judgments of even friendly rivals. His love, in fact, made him constantly tend towards an almost undue appreciation of his friend's powers and an equally unfair depreciation of his own. "Never in my whole life could I draw like that," he said once to Chambers Hall, alluding to one of what he called "Girtin's yellow drawings;" "and yet I would at any time have given my little finger to be capable of doing so."

Girtin, young as he was, soon discovered his own value; and probably Turner and Dr. Munro between them helped him to the knowledge. He knew it so well, in fact, that he refused at last to fulfil his apprenticeship to Dayes; and being committed to Bridewell for breach of contract, employed himself in covering his prison-walls with frescoes, which brought half the city of London to behold them. Among a hundred others, the Earl of Essex came; and delighted with what he saw, he went off at once to Dayes, bought up the lad's indentures, and coming back to prison, burned them before his eyes. From Bridewell he carried Girtin down to Casshiobury, where, free and happy, and lapt in such regal luxury that he used long afterwards playfully to pretend it had spoilt him for humbler dwelling-places, he pursued his artistic career without further molestation. Turner, on his part, set up for a drawing-master; an attempt that proved to be a signal failure. He was too reserved to be capable of pleasantly and easily imparting knowledge, and far too chary of his art-secrets to be willing to barter them for a poor couple of half-crowns.

It was, moreover, one of his favourite maxims, that those who could not understand a hint would be none the better for a bushelful of advice; and as far as pupils were concerned, he seems to have acted thoroughly on this idea.

Abandoning himself to his own thick-coming fancies, he left his pupils pretty much to their own devices, only waking up now and then to frown or give faint praise, as the case might seem to need it. Such things, however, are not the sum-total of what men look for in an instructor; and one by one his pupils left him, to seek a more practical, if less gifted master. This attempt at teaching may have been connected with the matrimonial engagement which ended so unhappily for the young painter, strewing ashes on the very bread he earned, and casting a shadow over the most brilliant successes of his life. That little girl, whom he had loved long ago at Margate, still possessed the heart which she had so unconsciously won when they wandered together by the ocean-shore, picking up its tangled weeds, and listening turn about to its far-off moanings in the thick-lipped spiral shells which it carried to their feet. Such childish love, it has been often said, never survives the days of childhood; and this is true enough in most cases. But here, as in many other things, Turner was an exception to the rule. Slow to care for any, and reserved with even his most familiar friends, he had yet a heart which never proved faithless to its first affection. This boy's love of his had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. It was connected with his youngest and brightest recollections; with days of sunshine, snatched from the smoke and fogs of London; with expeditions in tiny cockle-shells of boats, pushed adventurously far from land; with breezes fresh from the foaming waves; with the dance and ripple of bright waters; and with all that makes the gladness and joy of the seaside life to the eager mind of boyhood.

And perhaps that ocean itself was dearer to him for the recollections it ever brought him of the young and innocent affection which had risen like a morning-star over the day-dawn of his early youth. They had parted long ago at Margate, with childish vows of constancy until death; and meeting again, as youth and maiden, renewed the engagement in a more solemn and binding form. But they were far too young and poor to think of marriage yet, and so they were once more forced to sunder. He went to London, to push his fortune in the world; she remained to that far harder lot, of waiting and of weeping. The moment their means were sufficient for the purpose the marriage was to take place; and in the mean time it was settled that they should correspond. But she had a stepmother—a stepmother not much older than herself perhaps—who envied her the fresh young

fortunes of her coming life; for Turner, it must be remembered, was not in those days the dry eccentric artist years and trials made him afterwards, but a well-featured resolute-looking youth, strong enough to make his own way in the world, and kind-hearted enough to smooth it as much as might be for the woman who intrusted herself to his guidance. Perhaps, after all, the stepmother only wished a richer husband for the girl; or perhaps she had a private grudge against young Turner. Certain it is that she proved false to both, and that the letters which he addressed to his betrothed never reached her hand. Postage was not in those days what Rowland Hill has made it now. You could not then get a pennyworth of news from your friends; and small enough was the quantity to be had even for a shilling. Turner was probably both too poor and too busy to write often, and this made the fraud practised upon him comparatively easy. He may have marvelled at the silence of his betrothed, but it never occurred to him to doubt her. How should it? She was the one great faith of his life, the sole creature whom he trusted. Men who doubt every thing and every person else have not uncommonly some especial favourite in whom they settle all their faith; and it is strange how much more confiding, in that one instance, a suspicious man will be than any other. Turner was a suspicious man, and he never doubted; his betrothed was probably any thing but suspicious, and she doubted, and did more! True, she had a stepmother to pity and moan over her, and to hint that she was forgotten, and perhaps forgotten for another. For two long years she waited, devouring her grief as best she might in silence and in weeping. Then came the reaction. Wounded pride took the place of love in that sorrowful lonely heart; and in an evil moment she forgot her child-troth and her plighted vows of later years, and promised to wed another suitor. Turner heard of it at last, and rushed back to claim his bride. "Too late! alas, too late!" So she told him, in sorrow and in tears!

Too late!—though he indignantly repelled the charge of fickleness, and proved that if he had had one iota less of confidence in her, the fraud which had divided them would have been long ago discovered. Rightly or wrongly, she deemed herself bound to the man whom she did not love; and rightly or wrongly, she left the man whom she did love to his lonely lot. Turner left her, vowing never again to put love or trust in woman; and prophesying, with a sad true prescience of the human nature in him, that his life would be henceforth without happiness or hope. And so, in fact, in one sense it was. That disappointment crushed out all that his heart possessed of youthful joy and freshness; it hardened the best side of his nature, and turned the worst into stone. Under any circumstances he must have achieved

success ; but if his youthful love had prospered, it would have come to him through a softening and sanctifying medium. He would have seen his fame reflected in the bright faces of his wife and children ; and seen thus, it would have been happiness.

As it was, it came to him with the cold lustre of a northern sun, lighting, not warming, the empty places of his heart, making the inner darkness darker still by its contrast with the glare outside ; and teaching all who care to learn, that fame and happiness are not of necessity such inseparable companions as young and eager aspirants after both are naturally inclined to think them.

Literature in its Relations with Religion.

In an age in which Literature daily claims to exercise more of social power, it seems desirable to ascertain what are its chief relations to that for which society, no less than the individual, exists—Religion. On the present occasion we do not profess to treat this great theme in its completeness. While putting forward what seem to us important truths, it is necessary to remark that certain converse statements might also be made with truth. It is not in one mode only, but in several—and these of a very different character—that Religion and Literature affect each other. The same remark applies to many things beside. For example, true patriotism finds its highest support and sanction in religion; while yet it is certain that one of the most forcible charges brought in early times against Christianity was that it exercised an influence unfavourable to patriotism; an influence which indeed it must ever exert against the sentiment as understood by the mere worldly mind. So, again, friendships of an ardent character may be favourable at one period to a man's religious condition, and yet at a more advanced period of religious progress may exercise a retarding influence upon it. In affirming that it is in religion that literature finds its noblest inspiration and its steadiest support, we neither deny that religion may at certain periods tend also to supersede literature, nor would we conceal the fact that it has always exercised, unless its just authority has been disowned, a restraining as well as a protecting power over its noble nursling.

Still less do we mean to imply that literature has ever acquitted itself of its debt to religion. However high its claims may be, its responsibilities must rise in the same proportion. They have never been frankly met and adequately discharged by the fully-developed literature of any period. No nation yet has produced a literature worthy of being called Christian, as a whole; and during long periods the literature of more nations than one has been Pagan, and sometimes worse than Pagan. In modern times governments have more often made a religious confession than literatures have done so; and it is well known how wide, at best, has commonly been in their case the interval between the confession and the performance. The Christian Faith and the Christian Church have encountered no more envenomed enmities than in the diseased literatures that have hung over diseased nations,

like a mist over a swamp. Should an opportunity of discussing that part of the subject present itself, it will not be difficult to show that there are two great main causes whence proceed the prevarications which have so often changed letters into a curse; and that these are no other than those two great seductions by which individual souls have also been most desolated, viz. Sensuality and Pride; the former chiefly affecting the literature of southern nations, and the latter that of northern. Literature has, like man, its Original Sin, which is ever the prolific source of transgressions in detail, and still more abundantly, of omissions. But it has also, like man, its heavenly origin, and its *mens melior*. The brighter theme is that which now lies before us; but it must ever be remembered that the elevation which literature in its ideal form may justly claim is the severest condemnation of its shortcomings and rebellions. Literature has often been false to religion, but never without being false to itself at the same time; often noxious to society, especially in the periods of its false glories, but never without being likewise suicidal.

Taking, then, literature in its highest sense, as the recorded and careful utterance of men and of nations, their selectest and most harmonised yet spontaneous utterance, when dealing with those problems the vital importance of which, as well as their nearness to our sympathies, compel utterance, what is the origin of literature? Many persons, especially in modern times, would refer that origin to mere love of excitement, to the instinct of activity, or to intellectual vanity. Others would attribute it to sources not more elevated; and they would have spoken too often with a show of reason. Yet assuredly we are not to form our judgment of any thing from its degradations chiefly. To estimate it aright, we must contemplate it in the light of that idea which determines its true character.

If we would know the true origin of literature, we have but to bear in mind the origin of human intellect itself. That intellect is the attribute of a creature made in the Divine Image; and it is the faculty through which his whole being is irradiated with light and truth. It could never have been intended, therefore, to occupy itself chiefly with material objects. The first man walked with his Creator, and all things in this world were made subject to him. It was not assuredly among those inferior things that his thoughts habitually dwelt. The lower world of sensuous objects constituted but a language through which he interpreted that higher world of spirit which was his spirit's home. Contemplating them with this piercing insight, he saw, through them, their inner meanings; and his eye was not permanently stayed upon the outward form. No book was needed then, for Creation itself, transparent in the symbolic language

of its divinely-ordered forms, lay as a volume ever open beneath the eye of its new-created lord. Where his descendants spell out feebly a letter or a syllable in that language, he read the words in clear succession. He found in Creation an image of the Uncreated Word; and all that he read in nature's face was a hymn to her Maker's praise. As the unfallen man saw, so he spake. Nature was a divine language, through which the Creator revealed Himself to His creature. Language became conversely the voice by which all nature, speaking through man, her representative and high-priest, offered up to her Creator the tribute of her confession and veneration. We are told that when God made all His creatures pass before the eyes of their new master, that master assigned to them names. He could have done so only in virtue of an insight which descried in each creature its proper character, and of an impulse through which he attested and stamped in words the character so descried. In this act we find the type of all human language, and of literature as the selectest and most developed product of language. Even in his fallen condition it has ever been given to man, and to him alone of mortal creatures, to discern the interior meaning and essential character of the objects that surround him, and of events no less, looking through the sense and reaching to the spirit, and to express in language what he has so discerned. Among the objects of the mere outward sense man has ever felt himself to be but a sojourner. His native home has been elsewhere. His noblest language has been the translation of material objects into their spiritual representatives taken from the region of thought. His highest literature has therefore been the sigh of the captive, or the song of the wayfarer on his pilgrimage. He has ever felt things above him to be nearer than things around him, and things below him to be his, only when raised to his level by a transforming power that made them cease to be mere material objects.

To sum up what has been said—Creation itself stood forth to unfallen man the primary *revelation* of that Creator in whose Image he was made. The radiant scroll needed no interpreter so long as man looked upon it with eyes invigorated by the unblunted light of supernatural grace. When he became a rebel against that high grace, the lower part of his nature rebelled against the higher. Intelligence, disowning faith, was dethroned by the passions. A cloud rose up between man's eyes and the universe. That universe hung before him as an orb in eclipse, clad in darkness, with disastrous and minatory aspect. Nature, no longer an open volume, needed an interpreter. Literature became its interpreter. Her mission was comparatively an humble one, for it was with nature chiefly that she

dealt; yet to her too was accorded, so far as she was faithful to her trust, a gracious aid, calling past things to her recollection, and also leading her on into truth. In science and in song her assiduous labour was to interpret aright the dubious aspects of nature, and make clear that mirror which had once reflected the Divine Countenance. That she did not labour wholly in vain is the testimony both of profane and of sacred letters.

However the empiric or mere man of the world may smile at a philosophy which, in endeavouring to trace literature back to its source, is not content till it has mounted to those high and luminous table-lands on which heaven and earth seem to meet, nothing is more certain than that we have no choice except between such an estimate of it and one that is, in essence, materialism. We may follow whichever we prefer of two distinct lines of thought; but we must also reach its close. An Epicurean or a Cynical philosophy (the latter being but the former turned sour) must needs form an Epicurean or a Cynical theory of literature. The path which they prescribe will lead us down a swift descent, and trace literature to a stagnant source amid the flats of our sensual nature. Such a theory would be plausible were all literature like that which has been corrupted by the two chief diseases already referred to, which prey upon it,—sensuality and pride. But were that theory a true one, assuredly literature would have won for herself no permanent place among the Humanities. Humanity is not mere mortality. It is that common ground of being in which an immortal spirit stands united to mortal clay. Whatever, therefore, belongs to the Humanities must deduce its origin from a region in which the immortal part of our nature is adequately represented. So considered, its defections and aberrations will constitute but a single instance of that battle which, with alternate successes and defeats, has ever been waged between the higher and the lower portions of man's nature. If literature be, in its archetypal form and its nobler aspirations, a lesser temple, in which all that belongs to the larger temple of the creation stands epitomised and claims reverence, then indeed we may well grant that the contrast is painful when we look in upon the defilements with which the inner chambers of that temple have been so often debased. This may be granted; but what does it amount to, except what would have been anticipated not only by Christianity, but by a philosophy which recognised a conflict between the better mind in man and the corruption which clogs its every movement? The marvel admitted, it is surely not more marvellous than that the fanes of religion herself should in old times have sunk into a house of idols, or that, where an authentic religion was maintained, and hard by the pre-

cinct of the sacrifice, the money-changers should have possessed themselves of the Temple.

The most exalted estimate of literature is the only one which leaves it any rational place to occupy in the system of things. For what is literature but the speech of man reduced to method and recorded? and what is speech but the utterance of man's soul? It is the soul that speaks; the body but supplies the mechanical instrumentality. Genuine literature, then, must be yet more inwardly the work of the soul, since there is more of forethought about it than accompanies ordinary speech. Once more: if speech be the utterance of man's soul, upon what subjects does that soul utter itself? It can find but three: the world around us, that is nature; the world within us; and the world above us. In discoursing of outward objects, as Divine Providence makes them pass successively before the eyes of the individual, or of the whole race, we too, as has already been remarked, like our first parent when the animal creation passed before him, have to assign to them "names." These names, or descriptions, what are they but the account rendered by the human intelligence of the visible objects around it,—of their meaning, their functions, and their end? The chief of these objects is Man. We see the radiant apparition emerge out of darkness and pass once more into darkness. We see the child with his playthings, and, ambushed near him, the task he cannot elude, the destiny that never averts its eye from him. We see the youth with a world for his plaything; and, insurgent all around him, a storm of passions, any one of which is competent to create or obliterate a world. We see the man with his many labours, yet not deserted by the heavenly guardian of his youth;—and lastly the wrinkled being, feeble as childhood, and evanescent like a dying melody. Through the mirror of our intelligence the vision passes in mournful transit. We give it a name; and that name is, *philosophy*. We gaze again. This time it is not an individual that passes before us, but a race. In long procession its successive changes follow each other beneath our ken. It is a family; it has become a tribe; it grows into a clan; it swells into a people; it is matured into a nation; it expands itself into an empire. All its chances pass before us: the internal strife and the external; the sufferings that were but growing pains, and the wound that nothing could heal; the prosperity that rewarded industry; the feebleness that followed prosperity; vice, and the suicide that vice ends in; the decay, and the dissolution. The vision has passed; we give it a name; that name is *history*. Or the vision is of Nature, with her numberless angel-like ministrations—her awakening fountains, her shades, her mountains, her inspiring billows and

overawing caves. Every one of these, as it passes, has its special gift to man—a cheering influence for the weary, a benign calm for the tumultuous, a shield for the timid, a summons to the brave, an oracle to the vigilant intelligence. As these ministrations pass before us we give them names; and those names are *poetry*. The largest description, the most varied illustration, are still but names expanded; and in them lurks a power which reminds us how nearly allied are *nomen* and *numen*,—that gods have been Names, and that Names have wielded godlike might.

The necessity for so naming them is deduced from the essentials of human nature. Without so naming and knowing them, we should be cut off from all practical intercourse with outward objects, or rather the intercourse of man with nature would be reduced to that between the slave and his lord. The less we knew of nature, the less we should be able to master nature through her laws; and the more, consequently, we should, through our physical necessities, be mastered by her. If, then, man's speech as regards the external and visible world be an interpreting power, without which the due relations between man and nature would be reversed, need we ask whether it be necessary that that speech be a true speech, and that the "names" which he assigns to surrounding objects be in harmony with their real nature? The need of a true and worthy speech is yet greater when the office of language is to reveal the world within us than when it has but to interpret the outer sphere; and is greater in the same proportion as the world of thought excels in dignity the world of the senses. Still higher becomes the necessity for an adequate speech, when it relates neither to nature nor to finite spirit, but to the infinite, the eternal, and the absolute. Human speech, then, whether it deals with the world around, within, or above us, or with the mutual relations in which the objects of these three worlds stand to each other, is a function and a franchise belonging primarily to man's spiritual being; and to exercise it with reverence is an essential condition of really exercising it at all. Man's speech belongs to the animal part of man's being only when it has been perverted from its true office, and when its marvellous and transcendent origin, functions, and destinies have been surrendered "in sad metempsychosis to the brute." It is not wonderful that he should deal with the divine gift of speech as he has too often dealt with the other attributes of his nature; or that a low philosophy, founded on a low practice, should in the one case, as in the other, exercise its ingenuity in deducing what belongs to man's spiritual being from an origin merely material.

We all know the theory, equally remarkable for the scepticism

and the credulity it displays, by which a certain class of materialistic philosophers account for the origin of human language. They find it more easy to believe that mankind invented language and grammar, or that the pile built itself up by gradual accretions, than to believe that speech constituted a part of man's original being—a divine gift ministering to a divine end. How, previously to the use of language, there existed among men that concert necessary in order to carry out this great conspiracy in favour of civilisation; or how, upon the theory of progressive accretion, it was found possible to build, when there existed no first stone on which to lay the second, they omit to state. These do not exceed, however, the difficulties we have to encounter in the defence of the analogous theory respecting literature—such a theory, namely, as would make it but an ingenious contrivance, proceeding chiefly from the lower part of man's nature, not the utterance of his total being, the spontaneous voice of his intellect, imagination, and soul, the higher being the predominating influence. Indeed, all that has been said respecting the origin and office of speech itself applies with undiminished force to literature. If speech finds its origin in body, we need not suppose literature to be properly the voice of the soul. If the one was intended but to amuse us, or enable us to transact our external affairs, so doubtless was the other. If Truth be not essentially connected with the origin and function of speech, or if Truth itself can exist as a mere material veracity without a support from what is spiritual in man, then literature must share the degradation of speech: it too must be free to give to all objects spurious names; it may reason rightly or wrongly, as it pleases; it may lift up the heart of man to his native region and heavenly home, or labour like a drudge in the palace-prison of the baser appetites. But if we reject this theory, which without the aid of philosophic pretensions approves itself at corrupt periods of literature to the logic of man's instincts, then we must be consistent in our turn. We are by no means called on to believe that literature should concern itself with its more exalted themes alone. We may even hold that to confound the provinces of literature and religion is the gravest injury to both; but notwithstanding we must attribute to literature a spiritual origin, and a scope consistent with that origin. If neither directly nor indirectly it contributes to the moral elevation of man,—if it maintains no harmony, however remote, with his spiritual being,—literature must be accounted but the incontinent babble of nations.

But to vindicate the exalted origin of literature we are not thrown exclusively upon speculation. We have distinct evidence on the subject from three other sources beside,—from revelation, from history, and from practical influences daily at work around us. We

know upon a divine testimony that every good and perfect gift comes from above. Among such gifts that which trains the intelligence of man, and so largely affects his social relations, must surely have a place: nor can it more efficaciously come to us from above than by descending upon our daily life through the more elevated part of our being. Next to religion, literature is a nation's light: if that light becomes darkness, the darkness is deep indeed; but if it remains a light defying the storm, and not stifled even when in part deflected by the gross vapours around it, why may we not say of it that it comes from the "Father of lights"? Its original dignity is attested by the fact that God Himself, in giving a revelation to man, selected Letters as one of the two great instrumentalities through which that revelation was perpetuated. As among institutions He created one institution, the Church, and secured it by His indwelling Spirit from the frailties which subvert all institutes beside, so likewise in the midst of the various literatures of the nations He built up one literature, the inspired Scriptures of His elect people, and secured it, through the same Spirit, from the errors that affect all literatures beside. But in both cases alike what He has done has been effected, not by visibly miraculous agencies, strange as angelic interventions, but by the consecration of elements that already existed, and by a gift sealing them against contamination. As the Church is human Society itself, divinely recast in the mould of the second Adam,—the antetype and sanction of all societies, from the earliest bond of clanship to the noblest development of national existence,—so is it likewise with the inspired volume; and sacred literature, while it supplies the defects, corrects the errors, and directs the forces of all literature beside, attests at the same time its dignity by sharing, while it redeems, its nature. The word "Bible" means the *Book*. In it alone the genuine office of books is expounded to us. Nations, and secular literatures, belong alike but to the natural order; but in that inferior order they are images respectively of the Church and of the Bible. Their true significance and lofty origin are disclosed to us by the unblemished creations which they represent; and with that significance, of course, their shortcomings are disclosed no less.

On this subject—the elevated origin of literature—history speaks plainly, whether we consider Hebrew literature or that of the Gentile world. Every department of letters mixes itself up historically either with inspired documents, or at least with sacred traditions. Among the Hebrews, literature not only stood connected with revelation, but was identified with it, the uninspired portion of it being little more than an expansion of the inspired. Where a revealed literature challenged the chosen nation, there a merely human literature fell into

a subordinate place; and though it existed, it existed but as a satellite, less illuminating than irradiated by the central orb. Among the Hebrews poetry flowed from an inspired source. Shaken in musical triumph from the cymbal of Mary the sister of Aaron, an earlier *Magnificat*, it sounded the pean of a nation's deliverance:—passing over the harp of the royal minstrel, it carried with it every emotion that could stir the religious soul, from the princely spirit of confirmed faith and love to the humblest sigh of love made known in penitence. If we seek for philosophy and ethics, we have but to turn to the Prophets, in whom we find a truth in its nakedness stronger than it could be in armour, and of a dignity which exceeds what it could derive from the court-robcs of a stately rhetoric; a truth so pure that every isolated text sparkles like a gem; so piercing that every verse has a message for each of us; so manifold that as often as we study it from a new point of view we find in it a new meaning; so unostentatious that in the dry statement of a fact there lurks more of suggested wisdom than in piles of laboured argument. If we seek for history, we find here the only complete one which the human race possesses. In it we follow a nation, in many respects the great type of nationality, from its earliest origin in the family to its more enlarged existence, through all the successive stages of the tribe, the commonwealth, and the monarchy. In this history alone the breast of a nation lies transparent before us: we trace action and suffering to their secret springs; we weigh contingencies in a balance not human but divine; we measure the deeds and fortunes of men by a measuring-rod taken from the sanctuary; our attention is not stayed upon secondary instrumentalities, but is directed at once to primary causes; and we learn that a nation's strength is from above, and that adversity is at once the consequence of unrighteousness, its punishment, and, when rightly used, its indulgence and expiation.

Hebrew history is not only the sole complete, but the sole true history possessed by man. To what does it owe this distinction? Not solely to the fact of its being an inspired, but also to that of its being a religious history. Looking forth on the vast and various field of human action, it selects the true *point of view*. In all history alike the facts narrated must ever bear but a small proportion to those omitted. The truth of history must therefore depend largely upon two conditions: (1) the adoption of a right principle in the selection of facts recorded, and (2) the use of a right method in the grouping of these facts. These two conditions necessarily presuppose that the historian has occupied an eminence sufficiently lofty to command the whole field of human relations. It is in religion that history finds that eminence; for religion alone "looks before and after," seeing

causes and consequences in one, and clasping the total destinies of man. Were it possible to write a universal history, it would by necessity prove a religious history; for while each separate nation has its special character and proper interest, religion is that universal element which belongs to them all. That which would prove the sole common interest in the history of the world must needs be likewise the supreme interest in the history of each nation. Hebrew history, in making religion its vantage-ground, selects a point of view the opposite of that which the world selects, but selects also the only true one, elevation and truth being in such matters substantially one; and while the worldly historians present us with a lively and dramatic picture of that which *seems*, religion alone exhibits the steadfast image of that which *is*. It vindicates the true idea of history—an idea to which the monastic chroniclers, though without the advantages of inspiration, have at least had the merit of being faithful. The connection, then, between Hebrew history and religion is not to be regarded merely as an incidental fact of past times; but as one of those instances in which the true function of an art stands revealed by its highest exemplar. The religious character of Jewish history indicates to us what *literature* requires as well as faith.

The books of Moses illustrate the essential connection between literature and religion with yet more significance than the rest of the Hebrew canon, because they include the earliest traditions of the human race, and thus disclose to us the earliest movements of the human mind. The circumstance that these books are inspired detracts nothing from the significance (relatively to the subject of our inquiry) of the fact that in them we find the noblest specimens of poetry, of philosophy, and of history. The various departments of literature do not lose their proper nature, because in those books they are "clothed upon" with a more celestial nature, and named by new and nobler names. In them poetry soars into hymn and thanksgiving psalm; and philosophy is divinely informed by theology. In them history mounts to the highest ground of sacred record, and seems often to touch upon the border-land of parable, because those earliest records became *inclusively* parables of God's dealings with man, from the circumstance of their being the most typical memorials of man, and, as such, preserved when the rest were lost. There is perhaps no book which so memorably illustrates the religious origin of literature as the book of Job, by some accounted the oldest of all books. In it poetry, philosophy, and history, not only exist in their highest forms and most unfallen purity, but they coexist and interpenetrate each other; thus representing that original unity of literature which existed when literature and religion were blended like light and heat in the sun's

ray—long before the white beam had been passed through a prism, and in its division had given rise to the various departments of letters.

But we have yet another witness to summon. The evidence of history respecting the religious origin of literature is hardly less plain when we turn to the Pagan literature of the ancient world. In Egypt, and in various countries of Asia, the earliest if not the only literature seems to have been religious. It was what was needed as an accompaniment of religious rites, or it transmitted in a legendary form at once the chief ideas of religion and the chief records of the nation. Such was the case likewise in the earliest Sanscrit literature. In it the basis of all learning is laid in theology; the drama itself, as in the instances of *Sacountala* and the mystic *Christna*, being a nursling of the temple. In China, as in India, the earliest literature, like the earliest legislation, rests on a religious foundation. In Greece, above all, where the human intellect reached its utmost development, literature found its origin on the heights of religion. The earliest Greek poets, whose works have for the most part perished, were mystics who in hymn and legend celebrated the marvels of the unseen world, or interpreted the dark ways of nature to man. Such, from what is recorded of *Orpheus*, of *Musæus*, and of *Linus*, we may believe to have been the original Grecian conception of poetry and its office. No poet is more human-hearted than *Homer*; yet, though the higher ideas of the Pagan religion are said to have been sensualised in his familiar song, and the transmitted truths to have lost much of their spirituality, it is not the less true that he could not sing of men without singing of a divine power too; that human life, as set forth by him, is a struggle between visible and invisible forces; that however he may incite to vain-glory or flatter unworthy passions, yet valour, patriotism, hospitality, and many a virtue beside, are also enforced with a religious sanction; and that, according to his teaching, an earthly life, cheerful, generous, and devout, was but the prelude to immortal existence. In *Hesiod* the supernatural holds a yet larger place. We know him chiefly as a writer on the nature of the gods; nor is it possible to read such narratives as belong to his theogony without perceiving that beneath the veil of allegory the Grecian mythology preserved and embodied numberless momentous truths. So deeply was this felt by *Lord Bacon*—no extravagant admirer of the ancients, and the great pioneer of a philosophy very different from theirs—that he devoted one of his most remarkable works, less known than it deserves to be, entitled “*The Wisdom of the Ancients*,” to the elucidation of the mythological legends, in which he discovered innumerable illustrations of religious, of social, and even of political problems.

To appreciate, however, the mythological department of Grecian literature, the origin and root of the whole, it is by no means sufficient to regard the ancient fables merely as symbols of recondite truths arrived at by the contemplative faculty of man. The truths thus emblemized were a portion of that primal Revelation bestowed by God on the human race. The original patriarchal religion, we must ever remember, was in essence the Christian religion, though the great Mediation and Sacrifice which connects the two was regarded by the one in anticipation, and is contemplated by the other in retrospect. Thus religion was ever founded on a faith in the promised Messiah; and in it the doctrine of the Trinity was adumbrated, if not revealed. How many other Christian ideas it contained we may infer, not only from Judaism, but in part even from Paganism. In proportion as the Fall continued to bring forth its fruits, the primeval religion corrupted itself. It became encrusted with the superstitions of an idolatrous fancy, and it loosened its grasp of that authentic teaching originally confided to it. The same Babylonian confusion took place by degrees in religion as had taken place in language, and the various Pagan religions remained but the broken dialects of what had once been a single and authentic speech. The various nations preserved best the great truths which were most in harmony with the character of each, losing sight of the rest; and among them that chosen people upon which God had set His seal, that it might be a witness against the growing corruption, stood sole and apart, holding in their unity, and exempt from error, the truths which the Gentiles held in separation, and withstanding the Gentile tendency to idolatry.

Our theme at present is only with this, the nobler side of Pagan mythology. We must never, however, forget that there was a darker side to it, on which it was the especial duty of the early martyrs and fathers, who contended with a paganism but half dead, to insist. Evil spirits had taken possession of the Gentile shrines. They had turned to their own account both the deepest instincts and the most sacred traditions of man, and thus rendered themselves the objects of an idolatrous worship. It has always been through good perverted, not through pure evil, that the spirits of delusion have worked. It is thus also that, in the modern Gentile world, where the national principle has burst loose from the sheltering restraint of the religious, heresies are founded, not upon pure error, but on great truths, *usurped*, as it were, distorted, and separated from the parent stem. It is not, however, with this momentous part of the subject that we have now to deal.

The reason the religious origin of Greek literature has been so

imperfectly appreciated is doubtless to be found in a kindred error respecting Greek mythology. Those who in that mythology perceive nothing but the absurdities or superstitions which lie on its surface could not be expected to recognise the religious side of a literature derived from such a source. The error, however, has produced other and more dangerous consequences. It is a fact that the Pagan religions contained many high ideas, if not principles, which are to be found also in the Christian; and this fact is of course one which required to be accounted for. An infidel philosophy accounted for it by supposing that Christianity stood on the same level with the Pagan religions, and was, like them, to be referred to superstition and imposture. Into this error fell such writers as Middleton, who, by way of assailing the Church, had insisted on the obvious analogy between some of her ceremonies and various Pagan rites, and who did not perceive that the argument must go further than they intended, since the resemblance in question does not affect the ceremonial only of the Church, but many of the chief ideas authoritatively put forth in her teaching, and especially the great ideas of Sacrifice, of an Incarnation, of an ascetic life, of immortality, and of retribution. The difficulty which an infidel philosophy thus accounted for is of course to Christian philosophy no difficulty at all. The Christian Scriptures expressly tell us that Man was originally one family, and possessed one religion, which was his by revelation. They tell us, moreover, that that religion, and the sacrifices which constituted its worship, were based upon the primal promise respecting the "Seed of the Woman;" and that the full development of that religion was reserved for a time far later than that of its first revelation. Lastly, they tell us that all the races of mankind corrupted their ways; and that owing to that circumstance, and with a view to their restoration, it was necessary to separate a single family from the rest of mankind, and make it the depositary of pure religion. These three statements being admitted as the Christian hypothesis, it is plain that such a resemblance as exists between the Pagan religions and the Christian is the strongest attestation to its truth, and one the more valuable since it is derived, not only from an independent, but from an adverse witness. But it is plain no less that, in proportion as an exalted origin is thus attributed to the great main ideas of the Pagan religions, however distorted, the religious character of Classical literature is likewise vindicated. In all countries alike, from Greece, with its classic imagination, to the wildest dreams of Scandinavian Scald, early literature clustered itself around those ideas which supported the national worship. If, then, the primary ideas connected with each national worship were largely deduced, in spite of manifold

corruptions, from the stem of the original revelation vouchsafed to man, it follows that in every nation, literature, as well as worship, was a broken dialect deflected from the patriarchal religion.

To its origin in religious traditions we are to attribute the fact that Greek literature began with its poetry. The same fact is noticeable in other literatures also, and is to be referred to the same cause, viz. that poetry lends itself most easily to religious purposes, though in its perversions it becomes the most insidious enemy of religion, because its most plausible rival. It is thus too that we are to account in no small part for the permanent and universal interest that attaches to Greek poetry. The charm of a fairy tale soon passes away; nor do the wildest marvels of romance attract the imagination long, for we soon discover the soundness of the saying, "Truth is more marvellous than fiction." That which imparts a permanent value to the legends of Greek poetry is not the wonderfulness of the fiction, but the universality of the truth veiled under fiction. The mysteries of which it sings are the deep things of the human heart, and the sphinx-like problems of nature, which man feels that he must solve or die. If Saturn, who devours his own children, means Time, as Lord Bacon affirms, and if Jupiter, his son, who dethrones him, means Knowledge, is not the warfare between time and knowledge a warfare that concerns us as well as those who lived in the olden days? If that bright-haired divinity who harmonised heaven with his lyre, and was the lord at once of prophecy and of the healing art,—if he be indeed the witness to the universal desire of mankind, and to their belief in a greater Power, whose dwelling is light unapproachable, whose voice is the harmony of all worlds, but whose utterance condescends likewise to be the voice of prophecy and helpful counsel, and whose light "carries healing on its wings," is not this mythus more near to the heart of man than the facts that start up around us each day? Let us glance at the fable of Hercules. If that heroic deliverer, whose human birth belied his high descent; who in his cradle strangled the serpents sent to torment him by his mother's foe; whose matchless yet solitary labours built cities, slew monsters, reclaimed wastes; who crossed the sea in the frailest of barques, and died amid flames on the mountain-top, a dread and mystic sacrifice,—if he indeed records the belief of mankind in a Deliverer greater than Alcmena's son, who was to bruise the serpent's head, to conquer the world's monsters by labours and by sufferings, to pass over the troubled sea of time in the fragile barque of a mortal nature, and to ascend to a higher heaven from the altar of a higher sacrifice,—is not this fable then a matter "which comes home to the business and bosoms of men"?

Looking thus on Greek poetry as the literary expansion of trans-

mitted religious truths—high, though far deflected from their original rectitude—its permanent power over us is accounted for, not by the weakness of the human mind, but by the strength of the human aspirations. But, it will be asked, how does this estimate apply to Greek literature in its onward progress—the drama, for instance? When the Muse entered the theatres, did she not leave the temples far behind? Was not the stage the arena of the passions, not the precinct of any sacred power? The answer is triumphant. On the contrary, the tragic theatre was the temple of a mystic divinity. The chorus that moved around in stately and sometimes threatening dance was the choir that celebrated his praise. During the whole performance the incense-wreathes ascended from his altar which stood in the midst. It is but a vulgar conception of Bacchus to look on him as merely the god of wine. He was the divinity of all sombre and tragic passion; he was supposed to awaken in man's breast those affections which, once rolled forth from their caverns, ran in the channels shaped for them by the Destinies; his wine-floods represented the dark blood of the earth, as it moved sluggishly forth from its icy cells, and then bounded to the bosom of the great maternal goddess and warmed itself in the sun. The Greek, whose mercurial temperament enjoyed pleasure itself only when it was not a bond, looked with awe upon "the seriousness of *Passion*," and made it the harbinger of calamity and the minister of fate. While the dreadful tale of an *Œdipus* or of an *Antigonè* was represented, the spectators bore witness in their fears to the power of a warning Muse; and the divinity who presided over *Passion* received thus at once a celebration and a sacrifice. But if the tragic stage was the triumph of the passions, it was yet more signally the triumph *over* passion. There was exhibited nothing to allure, but much to rebuke and to dismay. To purify the soul by pity and by terror was, as the great Greek critic tells us, the function of tragedy; and the end of that art, as of sculpture, was to impress upon the soul thus warned and purified a majestic calm. The Greek tragic theatre had nothing in common with ours except the name; and if we would understand it, we must seek a parallel to it less in histrionic performances than in religious celebrations. It stood half-way between a devout solemnity and a popular celebration. The labours of a whole people raised up the mighty building on the slopes of the Acropolis. High above it hung the temples of the gods and the fortress of the mother city, decorated with all the trophies of war and peace. Below, and visible to view, spread the purple sea and the *Ægean* isles; thirty thousand spectators occupied the marble seats; and as they fixed their eyes in silence upon the scene, they seemed to witness at

once some mystery of the world unseen and some fateful crisis at which the destiny of their country had been decided.

Nor did the Greek tragedy admit at all times the admixture of a mortal with a spiritual interest. The tragedy of "Prometheus" is as exclusively a religious mystery as though it had been cast in the mould of mythic legend or hymn. The struggle between the great Titan and the father of the gods is perhaps the profoundest of the Greek religious allegories. Coleridge has selected it as the great poetic illustration of ancient philosophy, and explained, in a disquisition of singular interest, the meaning of the mythus. In it he finds an anticipation of our latest philosophic attempts, and, in his estimation, discoveries; insisting upon it that the fire from heaven, stolen by the Titan for man's behoof, denoted that "pure reason," which he so constantly contrasted with the "faculty that judges by sense." This is a question which could not be pursued here without leading us too far from our present discussion; but the "Prometheus" is in itself a sufficient vindication of the lofty origin of Greek tragedy, setting forth, as it does, the heroic suffering of a being more than mortal. Nor did the supernatural theme of that work indicate in its author aught that incapacitated him for those poetic labours more directly connected with the political destinies of his country. The poet of the "Prometheus" is the poet of the "Persæ" too. The tragic poet who more than any other meditated on religious mysteries was the same who fought in the Persian war.

The connection between religion and true patriotism is very close, often as a corrupt patriotism has rebelled against religion. In Greek religion the Divine Power was ever worshipped as the "protector of the city;" and in the parent state, with its temple-crowned Acropolis, the Greek beheld that to which he clung with a religious as well as a patriotic love. To him it was not given to behold that universal Kingdom which is the antetype and consecration of all true nationality, and the "patria" of all who are still "in via;" but he revered at least what to him was a dim type of it; and, looking up to his country as a sacred thing, he counted it among his first duties to vindicate her freedom, while he venerated her laws. It was this religious struggle for the freedom of their country which elicited among the Greeks the highest development of the poetic faculties. That struggle finally consummated in the complete rout of the Persians, the energies enkindled by it had to seek another language than that of action. A new literature burst forth; and the memory of heroic deeds became the soul of heroic books. The last trumpet-thrill of war mingled with the first breath of new but manly melodies. Tragedy walked the stage with a warrior's step; and the Muse of

Æschylus dipped her foot in the blood of the invader before she ascended to the throne reserved for her. Such is the connection which ever exists between high poetry and noble deeds; and so close is the bond between noble deeds and that religious sentiment which inspires them.

To estimate aright either such deeds or the poetry that sang them, we must ever bear in mind the difference between Pagan and Christian times. The Greek had sometimes his face turned to the light when acting in a manner in which a Christian could not act without turning his face to eternal night. What to a Christian means "the world," to a Greek was often that mother city, to die for which was to him what he counted martyrdom. To gain her praise and that of his fellow-citizens did not in him always mean vain-glory. It was the sacrifice of self, of ease, and of pleasure, for that commendation which seemed to him the outward authentication of the interior voice of conscience. The relative position of Christian and Pagan requires a process of transposition to be rendered intelligible.

The philosophic literature of Greece, not less than the poetic, attests the same great truth respecting the origin of letters in religion. The subject is too large a one to be illustrated except by a single conspicuous example. Plato, the greatest of ancient philosophers, was also the most religious. Even in Christian times he has retained the title of "the Divine;" nor is there any other writer of antiquity in whom so close an approximation to Christianity is to be found. Its religious character is the great "note" of Plato's philosophy. He could find no reality for the outward universe except by referring the visible objects that surround us to their archetypes in the Divine Mind. He could accept no other test and measure for right and wrong, for good and for evil, except the witness of an inner law, immutable and eternal, testifying to a Divine Lawgiver. A shadow even of the doctrine of the Trinity has been found in his works, so far as philosophic conjecture may run parallel with religious faith; yet so little did he mistake the one for the other, that he asserted the necessity of a revealed religion, affirming that if God was to be certainly made known to man, it could only be through a divine revelation of Himself; and that such a revelation was rather to be expected than despaired of.

In the days of modern Transcendentalists, as in those of the Alexandrian schools, attempts have been made to found an argument against Revelation upon the Platonic "anticipations" of Christianity; for the enemies of Religion are always assailing her with weapons snatched from her own armoury; yet it is not the less probable that

the Platonic philosophy contributed more than aught beside of human origin to attest the claims of the inspired Scriptures, and extend the reign of her who has "the heathen for her inheritance."

How are we to account for the religious character of Plato's philosophy? There are three considerations which will assist in explaining it. First, it was not in itself unlikely that the loftiest philosophic intelligence, if uncorrupted by pride, would be that one most in harmony with religious truths. The divine image in man, grievously as it was dimmed, was not wholly obliterated by the Fall: thus it was natural that in proportion as the moral aspirations were high, and the philosophic insight keen, the nearer approach should be made to that truth for which man was originally created. Secondly, it is probable that in Plato we possess the sifted and purest tradition from the more spiritual schools of Greek philosophy, and from that yet earlier age when philosophy was most religious. The teaching of Plato was the teaching of Socrates; and Socrates was doubtless but a link in that golden chain of which Pythagoras himself was a higher link. Thirdly, Plato had travelled into the East, and thus seeking knowledge wherever he went, had baptised his philosophy in the streams that flow from the father-land of religion. By many it has been believed that he had had access even to the sacred books of the Hebrews. Be this as it may, he had examined into all the most ancient forms of Pagan religion, and had thus doubtless received large aids in that which to a philosophic Pagan must have been the most interesting of tasks,—the task of discriminating between those traditional truths held in common by the various ancient religions and those corruptions with which, from local custom and insensible abuse, the universal tradition of Pagan religion had become encrusted. Plato had sat in the shade of those Egyptian temples which had shadowed the Nile centuries before the Trojan war; he had analysed with the keenest dialectics of Greece the lore of the most ancient of Pagan hierarchies; and doubtless it was not in the spirit of a scoffer that he endeavoured to sift truth from error, and to separate the kernel from the husk.

In ancient times, as in modern, philosophy owed to religion a debt which it had not always the honesty to acknowledge. The work of Pagan philosophy, in comparison with that of the Pagan religions, sensualised and corrupted as they had become, was ever negative rather than positive. Philosophy ridiculed the popular corruptions; but the religions preserved at least the primeval truths. It was from the stock of religion that philosophy derived those lofty ideas with which it sometimes assailed the sensual credulities of a degenerate worship. This is a subject which has been admirably illustrated by

Father Ventura in his lectures delivered a few years ago in Paris. He points out the real dependence of the schools on the temples, and the fact that, no matter how much of error might be mixed up with the Pagan religions, whatever of primitive truth remained among the ancients belonged to the Altar, not to the Academy; that it was no prize of philosophic discovery, but had descended through tradition, and was derived from Revelation.

The sparrow that mounted on the eagle's back when the birds had their trial of strength, found no difficulty in flying a yard or two higher when the eagle had reached its utmost elevation. Such has been the ambition of philosophy as often as it has exalted itself above religion. Except when it deduces its origin from religion, philosophy can attain to little beyond criticism. It may reach to elevated ideas, but it has no means of ascertaining whether there be any thing to correspond with them in the world of reality. Its highest systems remain but subjective fancies; they have no objective sanction, and no authority to authenticate them. In Christian times philosophy is not put to a fair trial. She receives so much from Christianity, unconsciously or unwillingly, that her merely native forces are not really tested. It was otherwise with ancient philosophy, as reviewed by the great mind of Cicero. It could take all sides in turn, and be eloquent on all; but it tripped in its very first step and fell. Whether there was a God or no God, a soul or no soul, an immortality or no immortality, was with it but a conjecture. The Platonic philosophy retained a purified truth, because its fountain-head was in religion.

It would not be difficult to show that the other departments of Greek literature were not less closely connected with religion as to their origin than were its poetry and philosophy. Herodotus, for example, who has been happily styled "the Homer of historians," does not the less nobly head the rôle of uninspired history because in his page, as in Homer's, the religious tradition is to be found side by side with the secular; while in both those great men alike, despite the aberrations of a Pagan fancy, kindness, cordiality, human-heartedness, and strong-heartedness are elevated at once and harmonised by a temper of devotion, which contrasts sadly with that vulgar affectation of incredulous shrewdness exhibited both by the later Pagan times and by the infidels of the modern world. Our present limits do not permit of such an inquiry. Still less could we on the present occasion enlarge on that gradual degradation of letters which took place in proportion as Pagan religion diverged farther and farther from the primitive tradition, and as (the necessary consequence of this first defection) literature fell off from religion. If poetry declined insensibly into an effeminate vein, till an Anacreon

was as feeble as a Corinna had been strong ; if the Epicurean and Pyrrhonist made themselves loud, till the music of the Platonic philosophy became as unheard as that music of the spheres, lost, according to the Platonic allegory, in the clamour of earthly life ; if the Sophists of each department of literature trod down the true philosophers, poets, historians, and orators—the cause was ever the same. Those religions which were the broken dialects of the primitive revelation corrupted their speech more and more ; and the literatures to which they had given birth partook of the prevarication, and declined into mere naturalism.

A. DE V.

The Musée Retrospectif in Paris.

It is probable that there has never been an Exhibition so singular in its contrasted contents, so rich in market value, prepared so abruptly for submission to public inspection, as that which, during the latter half of the past year, was to be seen in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, under the name of the "*Musée Retrospectif*." In a general way, its character may be comprehended in England by a reference to the Kensington Museum Exhibition of 1862, from which its conception was drawn, and which it outstripped. Like that Exhibition, it came into existence in especial connection with an institute the primary object of which is to promote the cultivation of art in connection with manufactures. This was formed in Paris three years ago, under the title of "*L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie*," and under circumstances not a little curious, and not a little gratifying to those who have led on the great movement of improvement in art for the last quarter of a century in England. They will find that it has come to pass that the best leading spirits amongst our great rivals have felt and admitted, with no little alarm, the success of that movement, and the formidable competition with which it has threatened their previous preëminence. The simplest and most sincere evidence of this appears in the published Report of M. Prosper Mérimée in reference to the London Exhibition of 1862, and the adoption of its sentiments by the conductors of that admirable periodical, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*. In that Report M. Mérimée, who was official reporter for the French section of the International Jury, thus expresses himself:

"Since the Universal Exhibition in 1851, and even since that of 1855, immense progress has taken place in Europe; and although we in France have not remained stationary, we cannot conceal from ourselves that our lead has become less sensible, and is ever tending to its termination. It is our duty to remind our manufacturers that, however successful they may have been on this occasion, they may possibly sustain a defeat, and that at no very distant date, if from the present moment they fail to address all their energies to the maintenance of a preëminence which can only be secured by an incessant aim at perfection. English industrial produce more espe-

cially, so markedly behindhand in point of art previous to the Exhibition of 1851, has made in the course of ten years *prodigious advancement*; and if it should so continue its onward movement, we might find ourselves unexpectedly surpassed."

This startling avowal from an authority not to be contravened led, amongst other consequences, to such reflections as the following: "The contact of England and France, rendered so frequent by the Universal Exhibitions of Paris and London," observes the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, "will not be without its use in reference to a regenerative movement now in contemplation, to which we wish to draw the attention of our readers. In our visits to that country—so contiguous to us in locality, so severed in habits—we have learned how much can be done by a few men of resolute purpose—citizens generously devoted to the public good, and unrestricted in their freedom of action. This lesson was well condensed in the words, often quoted, of a sovereign who has passed a portion of his life in England, and has brought from thence certain English conclusions; to wit, 'Individual initiative, urging on its plans with indefatigable ardour, saves Government from monopolising the management of the vital energy of the nation. . . . Stimulate, then, among individuals an energetic spontaneity for promoting all purposes having in view the beautiful and the useful.'"

The result of the very pregnant views thus unreservedly avowed has been an effort in emulation of that much-commended individual vigour of operation; and accordingly a small band of artistic and literary Frenchmen, led on by a distinguished and very zealous architect, M. Guichard, constituted themselves the nucleus of a society the great aim and object of which is an incessant application of the most effective means for fertilising the wide domain of native art and manufacture, so as to sustain it in its present rich power of productiveness. They have assumed the name of *L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie*. They have instituted a museum for the collection and exhibition of all manner of objects akin to their undertaking, where lectures are to be systematically delivered to the same end.

In fine, they have developed so rapidly in their proceedings, that they have designed, and we may say founded, a college wherein special education and special distribution of honours are to be dispensed to students of industrial art. Until a suitable structure for this has been erected, within which the Society will establish its centre of action, its headquarters are in that quaint and spacious square in the Marais de St. Antoine Quartier of Paris, the Place Royale; noted for its clever white marble equestrian statue of Louis

XIII., and recently deriving a melancholy interest from being the death-scene of Rachel.

In addition to these great projects for permanent organisation, of which the germs will be found at the Adelphi and South Kensington, that special Exhibition of 1862 in the latter quarter, the success of which was so extraordinary, and we may add the influence of that noble display of mediæval ecclesiastical art which was to be seen at Malines in 1864, were the occasions of suggestions which fell most productively upon the zealous minds of our projectors. It was deemed expedient in the councils of the Place Royale, that Paris too should have its "Retrospective" Exhibition. The French Government, eschewing all jealousy of this independent association, lent its help as soon as application was made: and Marshal Vaillant placed at its disposal abundant space for the proposed undertaking in the large saloons of the Palais de l'Industrie.

It was not, however, without some apprehensions of success in their experiment—without some nervous misgivings as to the realising of ways and means, and winning the loan of the treasures of antique vertu from their possessors, that they entered upon their work. However, *en avant* was the word, and full success ensued. The undertaking had the good fortune to win favour in four quarters of immense influence,—the Emperor, Prince Czartoriski, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Messrs. Rothschild. When this became known, it acted as an "open sesame" to the masters of lesser stores; and from that time streams of undreamt-of and unhopèd-for valuables came pouring in upon the Society, until at length an inconvenient overflow seemed imminent, and it became necessary to select and decline. The ultimate result, however, was, that the accommodation of twelve large saloons was absolutely exhausted by the contributions; and it has been estimated that the whole might realise on sale something like a million and a half of pounds sterling.

It was a patent defect of this Exhibition, that works of the same kind were not classed together. This was in consequence, doubtless, of the exactions of contributors. Each proprietor of a collection of treasures, however various and unconnected their contents, required, both for safety's sake and with a pardonable vanity, that his own galaxy should shine apart. The spectator, therefore, was for a while bewildered in discerning the various elements of this vast and most miscellaneous collection.

A small, neatly-arranged selection of stone-weapons stood as a foundation for the whole. From this we had to pass by a prodigious bound—for the next element was excellence itself, the master-pieces of Greece. The collection of these, if brought into one range and

receptacle, would have been sufficient to constitute a most valuable museum of statuettes, vases, and other objects—some of perfect beauty. We cannot in a brief sketch like this attempt any detailed description, which could but be tantalisingly imperfect. We may mark a statuette of Minerva, thus noted as No. 98 of the Catalogue: "*Athène Toromachos; reproduction du Xoanon, conservé dans le Temple d'Erechthée. Bronze fondu en plein, du travail le plus archaïque. Un des plus vieux bronzes grecs connus.*" With what pardonable veneration might not the lover of the Greek marvels of art bend over this, "one of the oldest Greek bronzes known"!

Another violent leap of transition brought us from the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period. Here, again, the contributions were profuse. In the former the ivories were of much interest—diptych, polyptych, and single subject—in which the deep sincerity of sentiment of their era struggled through and gave sterling value to imperfect art. All these, as well as the larger portion of other works of the same time, were connected with sacred subjects. Although not equal, upon the whole, to the Malines collection, there was here abundant food for deep meditation and admiration. Here, as there also, was a commemoration of the murder of St. Thomas—a reliquary in the form of a rectangular box of silver, gilt and embellished with niello, its cover pyramidal, topped with a large garnet stone, surrounded by a setting of pearls. On either larger side was pictured the slaying or the entombment of the martyr, with inscriptions. Figures of angels completed the ornaments of this choice work, which has been attributed, with some doubt, to a German hand, of the twelfth century.

Numerous works in iron, of the twelfth century, many of great beauty—others in brass, silver, and gold, together with specimens of enamel and jewelry, of Middle-Age handling, were exhibited on this occasion. Few, however, of the curiosities of this period drew more attention than the manuscripts in simple scroll or illuminated. The greater portion of these came from the collections of M. Ambroise Firmin Didot or M. Le Carpentier. The Marquis de Ganay sent one article worth a hundred others, viz. the Books of the Gospels which had belonged to Charlemagne, and which, as tradition tells us, were wrung from the abbey of St. Maurice d'Argaune in the civil wars of the fourteenth century. On one side of its binding was a gold plate, impressed with the figure of Christ Blessing—a work of the ninth century. It was also adorned with a set of uncut precious stones, added in the twelfth century. Near to this were the Gospels, written in the eleventh century at the monastery of Ottenbeuren in Swabia, in

characters of gold and silver. A copy of Josephus, from Saint-Tron in the province of Lemberg, Belgium, of the twelfth century, was also extremely fine. An Italian manuscript of the fourteenth century was also there, written on vellum, with ornamental capitals and miniatures—the Revelations of St. Bridget. Amongst these precious works not the least singular was a *Livre d'heures* on vellum, having 380 pages, illustrated and ornamented with as many different subjects. Of these, fifty-six were taken from the Dance of Death. This was a work of the fifteenth century, and, strange to say—whether in melancholy jest or otherwise—had been presented by Louis XV. to his physician Dr. Mead. The works of the Renaissance and subsequent period, in this collection, were most numerous in what may be termed miniature objects—light branches and lovely blossoms springing from the great main trunks of painting and sculpture. For them chiefly, so full of winning instructiveness, this *Musée Retrospectif* would seem to have been especially got up. They appeared in forms of gold, silver, and much more cherished bronze, in ivory, and again the happier vehicle wood, in crystal and in glass, in steel, in gems and miniatures, in enamelled terra cotta, in furniture, in time-pieces, in tapestry, and numberless other ways.

The bronzes, scattered among the collections on every side, were admirable. The miniature model of an equestrian statue—a condottiere leader by Donatello—was universally felt to be a model in that most difficult branch of art. It excited an absolute *furore* amongst the critics. In contrast to its graceful swing of boldness, there was a *basso relievo* from an unknown hand, representing the figure of Charity—a draped female figure—clasping a child to her bosom caressingly, while other fondlings of the like age cling round her neck and her knees. Exquisite sweetness of expression is here found united to perfection of form and masterly arrangement of elaborate drapery. Yet the author is wholly unknown. Numerous statuettes sustained the honour of this class. We pass them to note three busts—full size—which could not fail to arrest the attention and command the deep admiration of every amateur or artist who passed through these saloons. The first was that of Beneviani, an Italian noble of the fifteenth century; the second, of Jerome Beneviani, a poet and philosopher of the sixteenth century; the third, of the great Buonarrotti. The rigid adherence to nature, full of sincere force of expression, impressed on all three, compelled one to pause and ponder and commune with character so deeply significant. Such busts leave impressions not easily to be effaced, and are most instructive to the sculptor.

The great strength of this Exhibition lay, however, not so much

in the subjects to which we have alluded as in its singular profusion of examples in the vast field of pottery and Limoge enamelling. It is probable that never have so many and such various specimens of both these branches of art been hitherto brought together. It is but just to say, that by far the greater part of the voluminous array had attached to it the names of Baron G. Rothschild and M. Alphonso Rothschild. Every variety of pottery or porcelain having any claim to reputation (with the exception of our own English works) seemed to have here, in one quarter or another, its representative.

Here were Moorish and Hispano-moresque vessels, comparatively rude in design and tinting, from which the great susceptibility of Italian art drew its first inspirations. Then came the majolica, in all its progressive modifications; the varnished sculpture of Luca della Robbia; the relievo of Palissy, of which we had here every contrasted variety of subject, and all the different schools of Italy fully and most interestingly illustrated. The value attached to some of the rarer specimens might be thought fabulous, were we not familiar with the extravagancies into which the long-pursed amateurs are led, in their devotion to the singular, if not the unique. Thus there appeared in the treasury of the Rothschilds a morsel—a small candlestick—of the almost extinct *faïence* of Henry II., to which, it was affirmed, the value of forty thousands francs was attached. If the whole thirty or so subsisting specimens of this rarity were swept away, what, in point of general grace of form, elegance of linear detail, or delicacy of colour, would be lost to the world? Something infinitesimally inconsiderable. Around this precious relique there was a wondrous profusion of Limoges enamels, belonging to various persons, and exhibiting in every degree the beauties of that exquisite speciality of art applied either to portraiture, or high historic or sacred subject. These, indeed, deserve to be cherished with watchfulness and affection.

Amongst other contributions to this Exhibition were a large collection of fine Chinese and Japanese curiosities, to which with great truth the title *Retrospectif* could be affixed. They combined admirably great strength of construction with charming delicacy of embellishment.

In contrast to all these gentler productions of human genius came the special contribution of the Emperor, presenting art and ingenuity as handmaidens to war—not as ministering to the amenities or luxuries of peace. In other words, it gave, in review, a complete array of the heaviest heavy armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—some thirty suits, standing *cap-à-pie*—illustrating the period

when almost the entire frame of the man militant was encased in metal plates; when, consequently, to fall in battle was but too much after the fashion of Lucifer—never to rise again, unless as a prisoner, or unless assisted from mid *mêlée* by the smart hands of some sturdy squire, and thus once more restored to the perpendicular on the back of that singular hippogriff, a horse in armour. * In this collection of panoplies, the variety of helmets was most striking—some singularly extravagant in their steel contour, and all with as little accommodation as possible for the functions of breathing or seeing. A few offered most ludicrous mockeries of the human face divine, a nose alone projecting in Roman ruggedness: truly an iron joke. Amongst the rest, a German tournament-casque was conspicuous. It belonged to the second half of the seventeenth century, was wholly of silver, and richly ornamented both in carving and indenture. This gem of the collection was, it appears, a present from the Empress to the Emperor.

The armour of the central and most conspicuous group in the saloon had the like honour. It presented a knight on horseback—man and horse in full panoply, and an attendant man-at-arms. It seemed intended to unite the aspect of lightness with genuine metallic strength. A tradition is connected with it: that at a period when the progressive development of the fatal use of fire-arms, of cannon, arquebuss, petronel, and pistol, had gradually weakened faith in the utility of the chivalric steel coat, Louis XIII. and his potent minister Cardinal de Richelieu were both staunchly true to the olden creed of the olden time, where

“None of your ancient heroes
Ere heard of cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder,
To slay their foes withal;”

and it was thought expedient by both that his majesty should have this splendid model-suit made, in order to use influence of the most potent kind against the new martial heterodoxy. The progress of time has proved how vainly the recalcitrant effort was made. The great explosive agent has prevailed—until at length, in our own time, the management of the *bouches à feu* is the beginning and end of all scientific strategy; and even the cuirassier—the last of the steel-clads—is surmised to be on his last legs.

While thus on one side of this saloon these numerous examples of armour were ranged—a terrible show—and the helmets occupied, in close muster, an encircling shelf, the *arme blanche* had its honours sustained by a series of radiating groups attached to the

walls, in which blades of Italy, Germany, and France, with matchless Toledo rapiers, showed their quality unsheathed. The thrilling simplicity of the cold gleaming steel in these deadly implements was, in many instances, strangely contrasted with the exquisite artistic elaboration of ornament upon their hilts. This anomaly was completed by the adoption, for this purpose, of subjects taken from Holy Writ and the most tender illustrations of religious charity, sculptured in gold, or silver, or tinted in the most delicate enamel. Thus we found upon one the four phases of the Prodigal Son's career admirably composed in miniature *basso relievo*. One sword of this kind could not fail to hold attention. It had been sent to Henry IV. by the Pope on his abjuration. On its pommel two medals were inserted—the one having for its subject the Crucifixion, the other the Resurrection. On other medals, combined with the hilt, were represented the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Circumcision. Finally, the portrait of Henry himself was introduced, supported by angels.

Here also was the blade of a different man, and of a different import, once grasped by the strong hand of Charles XII. of Sweden, vigorous for cut, or subtly tempered for thrust. No mincing ornament of delicate tracery embellished its hilt; but it was appropriately wreathed with oak foliage in iron, and it bore an interlaced cipher of C's, surmounted by the words, *Soli Deo gloria*.

This weapon,

"A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh,"

was worn by Charles at Bender, and given by him to General Meyenfelt. It was presented to the Emperor Louis Napoleon by the present King of Sweden.

Associated with these specimens of the *arme blanche* were well-preserved examples of the cross-bow and earlier-invented fire-arms, with their attendant accoutrements; the whole forming an extremely rich set of illustrations of the centuries to which it more especially referred.

Take it for all in all, this room was pregnant with suggestion. No extraordinary susceptibility of imagination was required for one lingering over its relics to shadow forth fearful episodes without number of tale or history connected with those crowded weapons of slaughter.

Independent of this splendid collection of arms, there were many others amongst the miscellanea of the Exhibition. By far the finest belonged to the Marquis of Hertford, figuring conspicuously in the

chamber specially devoted to *chefs-d'œuvre* contributed from that nobleman's collection; and evidencing that it was not alone on masterpieces of painting that it could depend for its well-merited celebrity. The most prominent arms here were Circassian helmets and sabres, all fresh in brilliant preservation, as if they had just come from the anvil or workshop; the former more particularly remarkable for their exquisite inlaid golden tracery, the latter for their gorgeous richness of minute carving. These, with many other specimens of Oriental ornament—creeses, poniards, or scimitars, here enclosed in glass cases—almost compelled one to the conclusion that in the East there is a more delicately-inventive genius for ornamentation than can be found in Europe. This we may again see exemplified in the carpets of Persia, the shawls of Cashmere, and in the muslins of Hindostan, gleaming with fire-fly splendour of metallic foliage.

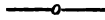
Having dwelt on these specialities of warlike equipment, the footsteps of the visitor were led to the last of the saloons, and found it dedicated, in almost monumental melancholy, to reminiscences of Polish Royalty. Members of the Czartoriski family, Prince Ladislaus, and the Princess Iza, had furnished forth almost all the contents of the cases, which lined three sides of the apartment. A very copious miscellany of jewelry and ornaments in gold and silver—some singular for their artistic beauty, and others for their quaint antiquity—was here to be seen. Of special note amongst the former was a charming morceau of jewelry, wherein the letter A, standing for Auguste, was set in diamonds, and supported by two exquisite enamel infant figures, attributed to the hand of Benvenuto Cellini. Also a chain which had belonged to Maria Louisa Gonzaga, enamelled and enriched with pearls and precious stones. For purity of taste this could compete with the best French works of its class of the sixteenth century. It was not, however, with a critic's eye, but with painful historic musing, that one contemplated these objects. Here was the ivory sceptre of King Frederick Augustus; and here also a flageolet, in the like ivory, that had been fingered and blown by the same sovereign. Here a great silver goblet, with portraits inserted in its indentures of two kings, Sobieski and Korybut. Here a fair cross of sapphire and a chain of Anne de Jagellon; and here, not the glass slipper, but the crimson-velvet shoe—thick, as if of Chinese model—of good Queen Hedwige. Here was the most splendid of field-marshal's batons—as long again as those of modern times—of ebony enriched with diamonds, and bearing a kingly cipher. Here were a brace of pistols that once had been clasped by the

vigorous hand of Saxe; and here a watch and chain recall to mind the poet's tribute—

“And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.”

These gems and all this orient pearl and gold once gave brilliancy to scenes such as are long since passed away from the festivities of Poland. These veteran sword-blades vainly remind us of the noble race of warriors by whom the reckless Turk was swept back from the walls of Vienna, and the possible conquest of Europe arrested. They all, however, tell the old and ever-to-be-repeated tale. Like other valuables of royal association, with which this *Musée Retrospectif* was in every quarter redundant—not forgetting that pretty ivory-piped *cornemuse* or bagpipe, knotted with its still unfaded green ribbons, which once made music to the touch of Marie Antoinette—they express with mute melancholy eloquence the stern old apothegm, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

Grote's Plato.



ONE of the mental phenomena of the age is the removal of the old landmarks of thought. The received ideas of mankind are put aside with a startling composure and audacity that seems like truth. Thus the strangest paradoxes are gravely maintained. Characters of history familiar to our childhood are completely metamorphosed by a magician's wand. Good are bad, and bad are good. Crook-backed Richard is no more, and the eighth Henry is restored to innocence.

The men who have accomplished this literary feat of washing negroes white have carried their point with many by a kind of legerdemain. Powerful and imposing language has covered much bad logic and contradiction. The great pioneer in this march of intellect, Lord Macaulay, is a wonderful example of close approximation to truth, and aversion to it.

This, again, is another remarkable feature of the times in which we live, that great minds are attracted to the truth—they come close to it, and are repelled. Like the course of a comet, they seem to approximate to it, to borrow light and to return—not to instruct, but to astonish mankind.

The immutability of truth is the chief cause of this recoil. Fixed and absolute truth presents a firm base, from which the unsettled mind retires, as the tide flows and ebbs about a headland bluff. It chafes and fumes around it because it is immutable. This is the exasperating thought to intellectual pride, which ever maintains its right to inquire, but never can submit. Only the well-regulated mind can endure the yoke of training and the reins of authority. For it is far easier to ask haughtily, with Pilate, "What is truth?" than patiently and humbly to listen to the reply. The soul that loves truth must have it; and have it living, whole, and undivided. The questioner, like the false mother at Solomon's tribunal, is content to see it cut piecemeal.

Mr. Grote's three volumes upon Plato are remarkable for their beauty and perspicuity. They take the reader by the hand, and lead him through the dialogues of Plato. Much of their charm is transferred to his pages. The difficulties of the most sublime of philosophers are smoothed, and his most abstruse reasonings made accessible.

We are furnished, at the first, with a lucid abstract of the early Grecian philosophy on physics and cosmology; so valuable in the eyes of Lord Bacon, that he reckons them, in the preface to the *Organon*, for the truest treasures sunk in the stream of time; while the lighter matter of philosophy, ethics, and metaphysics have floated down to us. These are the key to many questions raised throughout the dialogues, and must be understood as preliminaries to the philosophy of Plato. After this, we have the canon of the writings of the philosopher asserted, and proved against the German critics, who, from internal evidence, have argued that many of the dialogues are spurious. This portion of the work is a piece of masterly refutation, built upon facts, and upon the testimony of the librarians of Alexandria, and the catalogue of Thrasyllus. The critical power and erudition reminds one of Bentley, while the author far surpasses him in temper and moderation. The reader is supplied with solid opinions for the right order and probable dates of the dialogues; is presented with an abstract of their contents, and a noble translation of many of the most beautiful passages, especially of the rich dramatic introductions so characteristic of the philosopher. For all this he deserves every student's thanks.

But now we come to the gist of the work; the more remarkable as proceeding from a mind so apprehensive, and so correct in judgment. It is to bring out his conception of Socrates, whom he designates as the type of an "Isolated Freethinking Dissenter:"* we are told that it is a mistake to suppose Plato to be the champion of the "Absolute;" that he is the champion of free discussion and dispute, and has no fixed ideas of truth. "The life of a true philosopher, as *Plato conceives*, is a perpetual search."† His Socrates, therefore, combats only for the sake of combating; discusses for discussion's sake. He is the best of disputants, and nothing more; the first and chief of Sophists; a subtle questioner, whom none can answer but himself; a Know-nothing, having no truth to defend, no knowledge to impart. "Plato accuses the Sophists of talking upon a great many subjects which they did not know: this is exactly what Socrates passed his life in doing."‡

The author makes no secret that these are his own opinions. He does not believe in any fixed dogmatic truths. "If any man calls upon me to give absolute truth, I cannot comply with the request any further than to deliver my own judgment."§ "What is truth to one man is not truth to another."|| He proclaims his principles, as he

* vol. iii. p. 254.

† vol. ii. p. 391.

‡ vol. ii. p. 410, note g.

§ vol. ii. p. 350.

|| vol. ii. p. 360.

says, "once for all, by the title-page of his book."* By which he seems to avow that "honesty is but a name for policy," and philosophy is "questioning without an answer;" in a word, that there is no virtue and no truth as such; but that every man must be his own standard and measure, and that there is no other.

Before we proceed further, we must observe that it is too common with modern historians and essayists to warp facts and twist characters to their own preconceived opinions. They are so taken up with their own views, that in the philosophy of the past they see their own face reflected. Thus history becomes no longer history, but the account of the man's mind as looking at history. We ought, therefore, to be on our guard when an essayist or historian continually thrusts upon us his own avowed opinions. He is not likely to be fair or impartial. Thus, one who does not hold any absolute truth, and detests all dogma, is more likely to see in the Socrates of Plato, the master and the chief of ancient philosophy, a subtle disputant and freethinker, and nothing more.

In reply to this supposition of the author, first, it certainly runs counter to the generally-received opinions of men concerning Plato. He is usually regarded as holding a very distinct and absolute philosophy. The thing is so patent that it is hard to imagine any one seriously holding the contrary except to maintain a position, for which Aristotle says a man will defend any thing. Such, moreover, has been the estimate not only of the generality, but of the critical and learned world. But what is most difficult is to reconcile with it Plato's own statements. His declarations concerning himself ought to be received. The author quotes him as above,† "accusing the Sophists of talking upon a great many subjects which they did not know." Could he, then, have seriously intended to exhibit Socrates in a series of tableaux as really knowing nothing of what he was talking upon? Could he designedly make him an example of what he reprehends in them? This would be absurd in the extreme. Moreover in some dialogues Plato is so explicit in his declarations, as in the *Republic* and *De Legibus*, that the author owns him to be there an "Absolutist," but that he is inconsistent with himself and has forgotten his past objections. He allows that Plato represents his ideal philosopher "to be in possession of knowledge;"‡ and that in the seventh book of the *Republic*, "in the memorable simile of the cave and its shadows,"§ the daylight of philosophy is contrasted with the firelight and dim shadows of the unphilosophic mind; that the true

* vol. ii. p. 350.

† vol. ii. p. 259.

‡ vol. ii. p. 410, note g.

§ vol. iii. pp. 93, 95, 96.

and real forms of the just, the beautiful, and the good are unchangeable realities, steadily contemplated and known by the philosophic mind, while their transitory shadows are darkly seen by other men. In the *Republic* the four cardinal virtues—prudence, courage, temperance, and justice—are examined and described as constituting the happiness of the individual and the state. They are seen in larger type or character in the latter than in the individual man; more visible and discernible, but still the same.

All this sounds like a real and definite philosophy, especially when we remember that Socrates held these truths in such sober seriousness that for their sake he died. No Sophist died for his disputations. If a man lays down his life, it is generally considered that he held in sad and sober earnest the things for which he died.

But the objection is continually urged throughout the author's work that the just, the good, and beautiful are nowhere defined—at least with a definition that will stand the test of questioning. Most of the dialogues it is said are dialogues of search, leaving the question at issue still pending; Socrates professing himself as much at a loss as the rest as to the answer. The dialogues of exposition give no satisfactory reply, such as would stand severe cross-examination; and Socrates himself in his apology declares that his mission is not to teach, but to examine and detect the current falsehoods of the age.

Now this declaration seems to us to contain in itself an answer to the objection. Socrates is a man of sound understanding—a kind of touchstone; right reason personified; what Aristotle calls “the right rule” or measure, *ὁρθὸς λόγος*; a just intellect, a well-regulated mind, and the dictates of such an intelligence are sound and true.

Hence his combats with the false maxims and shams of the day, those pretended sciolists who cheat mankind. He puts them to the question by merely applying the keen edge of his understanding. Hence the wit of the dialogues. It is laughable to see him put upon cheats the salt of a right intellect. They writhe under it, and the falsehood dies in torture, dissolving under it. Thus in the *Republic*, the brutal Thrasymachus, who maintains that “might is right,” becomes absolutely furious under the infliction, but is silenced. In the *Euthyphro* the wretched man is exposed, who under plea of holiness would murder his own father; and the ridicule is enhanced by the just man Socrates about to die upon the charge of being unholy. In every “dialogue of search” the test is put to some virtue, intellectual or moral. The answer is not directly given, but the first step to truth is the destruction of error; and the solution is often intended to be found in the conduct and character of Socrates. Thus in the *Charmides* the nature of temperance is discussed and the question left unsettled; but

the youth ends by determining to become a disciple of Socrates. In the *Alcibiades*, first and second, the result is the same. Practically he is their master; although he proclaims it to be his mission "never to let falsehood pass without a challenge."

We repeat, it is this serious antagonism to the false, and proclamation of war with it, that proves him to be a champion of the true. It is the appreciation of the true which makes evident the absurdity of the false. This is the reason why strong, sober, and grave minds seem to be so full of ridicule. The friends of Sir Thomas More complained that they could not tell whether he was in jest or earnest when he gave his witty answers with so sad and sober a face. The dialogues of Plato are full of such grave wit. Socrates is often accused of being ironical, of laughing at people in his sleeve. He exposes falsehoods, and the exposure is laughable when the crooked is put beside the straight, the false beside the true. This is said by the great pupil of Plato to be the nature and essence of wit.

Surely, again, it is the consciousness that he is contending for a reality that gives the solemnity and beauty to the *Phædo*, when Socrates begs his friends to press him hard with objections to the immortality of the soul, "lest like a dying bee he should leave his sting behind him to torment their minds with unreal hopes and fears." He begs them to examine him well as to his belief, and his reasons for it; and to ascertain that he lives and dies for a reality.

But to return to the main objection. Is it true that Plato has no distinct meaning for the terms, "*the Just*," "*the Holy*," "*the Beautiful*," "*the Good*"? If he were asked to apologise for the use of them and to explain the nature of them, has he no distinct account to give? The answer to this will necessitate some succinct account of what appears to be from Plato's own testimony the explanation of his ideas or forms, which constitute the main doctrine of his philosophy.

In the *Phædo* he speaks of "the beautiful and good,—that *which is*;"* of which, says he, I am always talking. This he identifies with the "divine, the immortal, the intelligible, the uniform, and indivisible;"† and "the good and wise God;"‡ "the pure, the invisible, and the true."§

In the *Philebus*|| he identifies the good with the beautiful, the symmetrical, and the true; and in the *Politeia*¶ he says, "that truth and symmetry are akin, and that to see the form of that *which is*, the soul must be gracious and in the mould of symmetry."

* ch. xxii. ed. Orellius.
§ *ibid*.

† ch. xxviii.
|| p. 83.

‡ ch. xxix.
¶ b. vi. p. 173.

Thus the good and the true, and the beautiful as well, agree in this, that they all are in "measure,"—"Symmetry" in the component parts makes the beautiful. The just is the "measurement" of what is due. Intelligence is the perception of true "measurement" and proportion. Science the knowledge of these laws of order in nature. Art the imitation of them. Aristotle—Plato's great pupil—has worked out the system in detail; all virtue consists in "the mean," or in "*perfect measure*," which is apprehended by right reason. Upon this theory he draws out his wonderful draught of all the moral virtues, accepted by St. Thomas as the text-book of moral philosophy. It is a reduction into form of the pages of Plato.

All this holds together as a definite system of philosophy. It is based upon the absolute, and is sufficiently clear as to the nature of the good and true. In the *Republic* the four cardinal virtues—the developments of the beautiful—appear stamped in large characters upon the social man or state as the constituents of well-being. Their nature is exemplified in the consequent "order" made visible in man considered politically or individually.

We now come to another point, the use of cross-questioning, or dialectic, for which Socrates is famous. He is constantly using it, and using it as a master. He is the knight-errant of chivalry in behalf of truth, and his weapon is dialectics. But it is not used recklessly, as by a "dissenter," a "freethinker," who would overthrow the established laws and opinions of men, and the dictates of "King Nomos." When falsehood reigns, the defender of truth is necessarily singular. A wise man, who has kept his head among a nation of fools, is very different from a leader of new opinions. He holds nothing in itself singular, or contrary to the just and accepted laws of reason. On the contrary, it is for these that he flings down the gage. His sharp dialectic is for the purpose of separating truth from error. It is to teach men to distinguish well. The truth will stand cross-questioning and argument. The atmosphere in which it lives is severe logic. Where there is no reasoning, it does not long survive. Hence, in past times, the cultivation of logical disputation in the great universities, the practice of the scholastic forms of argument, and the propounding of theses against all comers. The truth will bear any amount of discussion. The stronger and the clearer the reasoning, and the stricter the dialectics, the more it is elucidated. The author, in speaking of the masterly dialectic of Socrates, and while recommending its use, cannot refrain from alluding to the advantage of the logic of the schools in Catholic times.

To this test of cross-examination the doctrine of Protagoras is put in the *Theætetus*, that all knowledge is merely relative and subjec-

tive, "*and that man is the measure of all things.*" As this is very like the author's own philosophy, he seems very sore with Socrates for his arguments against it, and thinks that he is not fair. However, it is very plain that Socrates does not hold it as he would fain have him do. It is, in one shape or another, the substantial doctrine of what are called Freethinkers; and it is the very antipodes of the doctrine of Plato, namely, "*that right reason is the measure.*" Again, in the *Parmenides*, the most abstruse questions on the nature and attributes of "being," as such, are discussed. Unity and plurality, mind and matter, are profoundly canvassed in their relations to one another. The doctrines of the materialist are negatived.

This last dialogue is proposed to Socrates as an example of the mental toil necessary for the prosecution and elucidation of truth. To eliminate falsehood, the mind must be exercised in clear and accurate discrimination. It must go through pains and labour till truth be born.

Enough has been said to show that Plato himself, at least, did not design so many great questions as these to be thought mere idle discussion and beating in the air. His Socrates is not an "isolated freethinker," nor is he himself a patron of perpetual search without an end.

Yet such is the opinion of a grave and learned man. It is an idea prevalent with the age, that all dogmatic truth is idle questioning. He goes with the tide. The world at large has a hatred of dogma, and is shaking off the hereditary shackles of all creeds. The old philosophy is obnoxious; it favours dogmatism about virtue and conscience; until these are shaken off, man will not be quite free. When virtue is dead and buried, and the triumph over it proclaimed, an era of happiness will begin; there will be no conscience of evil to restrain the freedom of the sceptic and the libertine. The view which he has propounded will no doubt be largely accepted among young students in philosophy, and tend to increase the misconceptions with regard to the ancient logic and philosophy which were set on foot at the Reformation.

The attack of the Reformers was an attack upon reason, as well as religion. The errors of the leaders among them were sins against common-sense as well as religion. A good sound study of ethics and logic is fatal to their doctrines. Aristotle and Plato were both severe reasoners. They were the great masters of the human mind, and the questions they raised and solved remain for ever. They often looked at things from a different point of view; but the one is the counterpart of the other; and whether they argue from the subjective to the objective, or from the objective to the subjective, they

are still great masters of reasoning and questions that regard the human mind.

It is of no small importance to be sound in philosophy. A man's school of logic will tell the bearing of his mind. The errors will probably reappear, and taint his belief in higher things. But what is certain is this, that when right reason is overthrown, darkness and error ensue. The bulwarks of true philosophy are the bulwarks of religion; and the battles of truth are fought in questions that some men regard as the mere metaphysical subtleties of little moment.

The impatience of the age with severe and accurate thought, of data from authority, received principles, and dogmas concerning right and wrong, disposes it to welcome every step in the direction of loosening the bands of thought, obliterating the lines of demarcation, and removing the old landmarks. It is regarded as progress and emancipation of the human mind; but the laws of thought cannot be broken with impunity. It is hailed as freedom; but it is the freedom of the barbarian, not of the civilised man. It is the sapping of the dykes to let the flood come.

μ.

A Highland Pastoral.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the celebrated saying of Horace about mediocrity in poets, it cannot be denied that we are constantly deriving pleasure and instruction from writers of poetry who can hardly be called first-class. There is a certain level under the highest which is occupied in each generation by poets whose names hardly survive them, and yet their works are to a great degree successful in that generation. The thoughtful love of nature, the refined literary education, the acquaintance with and love of the best models, and the cultivated habit of composition, which are so common in our own time, are enough to insure the production of a certain amount of good poetry. The taste for poetry among readers has seldom been more widely diffused; and the minds are numbered by thousands which may be said to find food, relief, and repose, which few other things can give them, in its indulgence. The mind of the age has its own peculiar wants and tendencies; and it gives birth to, and requires, a poetry of its own, which must be carefully studied by those who wish thoroughly to understand the men among whom they live. The gift of catching the dominant idea, or of soothing the prevalent cravings of a generation, makes those who possess it the characteristic poets of their time; and when this gift is combined with the genius which soars above temporal and local peculiarities, and sings its notes in that universal language whose sounds make the deepest feelings of the human heart to vibrate, the poetry of a single country and epoch becomes the common treasure of mankind. The great poets of the race are few in the life of the world; the master-poets of particular countries and particular times are few in the space of each generation; but these last are usually surrounded by a crowd of companions and imitators, many of whom are not unworthy of being named along with them. Wherever there is intelligence, reflection, thought, and feeling, the face of nature in its myriad aspects, and the constantly-changing scenes of human life, must awaken the poetic faculty; for nature is too beautiful and wonderful, too grand in its greatness, too tender in its infinite minuteness of detail, not to provoke a hymn of praise and admiration; and life, with its marvellous growth, its mys-

* *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral; with other Poems.* By John Campbell Shairp. London: Macmillan.

terious issues, and its sudden changes and disappointments, is too solemn not to call forth thoughts and feelings that can only vent themselves under the mantle of song. It would seem stranger that we have so few good poets than that we have so many who might be good, and who are welcome to us as they are. The truth seems to be, that many more are born with the poetic faculty than ever cultivate it; and that of those who do cultivate it but a few arrive at perfection from want of industry or from other causes.

The volume which has suggested these remarks is the work of a writer who, we think, has but to exercise his powers on a larger field, and on subjects of more universal interest, to rise considerably above the level of the successful versifiers of the day. Mr. Shairp has strung together a set of very beautiful pieces, descriptive of the country and family life in the lower Highlands more than half a century ago. It is sad to hear that the simple primitive habits which he has written about are passing away. Every one knew that the upper Highlands and many of the western islands of Scotland had been depopulated to make room for deer-forests and sheep-walks; but the changes lamented by Mr. Shairp in the lower Highlands must have been produced in other ways. They have at least found a bard to sing of them before they are entirely forgotten; and we will even hope that the change is not yet completed. Mr. Shairp writes with much feeling and vigour; perhaps he has contented himself with too humble an effort, and confined himself too exclusively to simple quiet description. He has a deep and loving acquaintance with the scenery and habits of the part of the country of which he writes; and the characters in *Kilmahoe*, as far as he has been at the pains to sketch them, are as clearly drawn as they are beautiful in their conception. But though the successive poems of which this *Pastoral* is composed are linked together by means of these characters, there is but little attempt at incident; and the story is of the simplest and homeliest sort,—little more than the departure of one member of the family at Kilmahoe after another from their old home. It is exactly what has happened, and is happening continually, in thousands of cases every where. This gives a quiet, truthful, plaintive air to the poem as a whole; it is the old story, of which so many readers will find an echo in their own memories, set in graceful verse, and transplanted into the Highlands. The common incidents of the passing-off of the old people, the marriage of the young, the lands passing into the hands of strangers, the reunion of sisters, after long years of separation, at the end of life,—have been enough for Mr. Shairp. He has simply taken them and woven them round with his poetry. He seems to have had it more

at heart to produce a series of pictures of manners than to work out the vein of interest at his command in such characters as he has introduced. His work is charming and touching as it is; and yet it seems as if Mr. Shairp possessed the capacities for a far greater and more lasting success than it is likely to achieve.

The first sketch in the poem gives us an account of Kilmahoe itself and its old laird,—one of the Campbells,—who, faithful to “great Argyle,” had fought against the Stuarts in the Forty-five, not without much personal sympathy for their unfortunate cause. Then he has done with war, and spends the rest of his days at home.

“Meek man, remov’d alike from strife
 And riot, flow’d his stream of life;
 Each morning, these forty years and more,
 He hath been stirring by crow of cock;
 When dark, at business within the door;
 In summer, with workers on fallow or lea,
 Down on the homefields by the sea,
 Or up to the hill among the flock;
 At noon he walked to his farmer-folk,
 O’erlook’d their crofts, of their matters spoke;
 And with a kindly or warning word
 The lagging and the downhearted stirr’d;
 Cottars and fishermen, far and near,
 Dwellers on either side Kintyre,
 Flock’d hither for justice or help in need;
 He heard, and gave their heart’s desire;
 And few were they from that home would go
 But blessing the Laird of Kilmahoe.
 Afternoon in the garden found him,
 With the bairnies playing round him,
 Or guiding them to some hidden nook,
 Where the fairy well distils
 Amid the many-folded hills,
 Or up high summits that forth look
 On gleaming seas, beyond long defiles,
 Where the sun goeth down to the utmost isles,
 That flame with his glory and lap him away
 To western worlds and the new-born day.
 Then homeward down the hillside pacing,
 Would they meet the moon their pathway facing,
 Just as, from Arran’s peaks set free,
 She rose full-orbed o’er the land-locked sea,
 Through blue sky and marled cloud to go
 Onward to quiet Kilmahoe,
 And rain down, through her pearly fleece,
 On the window-panes meek lights of peace.”

The picture of the old man unable any longer to go to kirk, and staying at home on Sunday with his little daughter to read to him, and their last walk down the field to the seashore, is very happily drawn. Then we have a really striking description of his widow,

now become the manager of the property; her activity, kindliness, and charity to her neighbours; and of the household life of the family:

“ So all day long, from shore to hill,
From hill through dairy, barn, and byre,
She journeys on with eident will,
Nor once doth stop nor tire;

Heat summer sun, blow winter drift,
The frugal lady, gently born,
Plying her old-world Highland thrift
Late e'en and early morn.

To ease her toil, two daughters take
Some household o'ersight, hour by hour;
And learn white-barley scones to bake,
And knead the fine wheat-flour.

The eldest, in her latest teen,
Gives learning to that younger pair,
Moir and Marion; morn and e'en
These are her constant care.

For them, too, summer-time will yield
Such work as suits their little skill:
To ted the hay in new-mown field,
Or drive the ewes a-hill.

While one, the youngest, little lass,
Is playing round her nurse's knee:
Fair day or dark, no cloud may pass
Over that bairnie's glee.

But winter-nights, not less than days,
Have mingled tastes and mirth in store,
When daylight done, to the ingle-blaze
All flock within the door.

In parlour ben the lady sits,
A-birlin' at her spinnin'-wheel,
And one sews, one the stocking knits,
And learns to turn the heel;

While, but the house, as outside beats
The rainy night's loud-roaring din,
And the hearthstone, happ'd with glowing peats,
Makes ruddy all within,

Comes on the blithesome spinning hour,
When, all the heavy day's darg done,
The maidens on the sanded floor
Their wheels range one by one;

And this with big wheel, that with sma',
The other with the twirling rock,
To the wool-task assigned them fa',
Wool shorn from last year's flock.

Then lilting, blent with rock and reel,
 Goes ben the house a heartsome hum ;
 Till Moira first, then Marion, steal
 Away, full fain to come

And listen where the old-world tale,
 By Murlie told, the night beguiles ;
 Or some dim Ossianic wail
 From the outer isles."

We have then some of the incidents that become historic in family annals gracefully versified : two children caught by the tide on a small island left dry at low water, and only rescued with difficulty by a fisherman ; the appearance of the pirate Paul Jones off the little sea-town, and the consternation and confusion of all at Kilmahoe in consequence. Then, among other pieces, follows a long historical poem about "Old Kintyre;" for which we confess that our Southron minds have less relish than for the parts of the volume where the interest is less entirely local. There is a very sweet family-scene in the garden, the sisters gathering round a young brother just come home from school for a while, before sailing to a distant land. The next poem describes "The Sacramental Sabbath," the two girls making their first "Communion." Then comes the marriage of Moira, the eldest, and her departure to India with her husband. One or two pretty letters pass between the separated sisters, and then we have Moira's return. The pastoral ends with a long piece called "Ingathering," in which we have the closing days of the two sisters, at a distance from their old home, very feelingly drawn. The metre of this is evidently a favourite with Mr. Shairp, as he is often falling into it in his other poems. In this he has polished his verse, which is often somewhat rugged, with more than usual success. This is the best poem in the volume ; and is precisely that which has the most of human and universal feeling in it. We shall indulge ourselves with another long quotation—a description of the eldest of the sisters, now growing old :

"And when forenoons were over, home-tasks done,
 Still young in love of nature, she would fare
 Forth to the fields to see the setting sun,
 Drink in sweet evening air.

Yet turning oft aside to cottage nook,
 Some frail or drooping one to help or cheer ;
 That was the gentlest voice, the kindest look
 That came there all the year.

To her none worthier seemed for being great,
 Nor any less because their place was low ;
 True to that simple pure heart-estimate
 Which doth not earth's rank know.

Yea, weak things of the world to her were dear,
 And the world's gain was emptiness and loss,
 As to a heart attuned to overhear
 Low music from the Cross.

And yet to all so loving ; when, keen-eyed
 To others' faults, some hastened to condemn,
 Her kind heart still some hidden good espied,
 And gently pled for them.

To homely Sabbath worships, week by week,
 Her way she took, 'neath bright or darkened skies,
 And listening there with patient ear and meek,
 She grew more humbly wise.

In her there had not needed dark heart-throes
 Of agony : simplest Bible-words sufficed,
 And griefs that come to all, to bring her close
 And closer still to Christ.

The earthly vessel was by nature fine,
 And early, light of God found entrance there,
 And all life's woes not dimmed, but made it shine
 More clear and heavenly fair,—

Till even worldly hearts, least like to her,
 Albeit the while they little seemed to heed,
 When they no more beheld her, would aver
 She Christian was indeed.

And country people, whensoe'er they spoke
 Her name, by farmer's hearth or cotter's shed,
 Would call her 'the gude leddy,' and invoke
 A blessing on her head.

At length, as on a garden one night's frost
 Comes down, and blights the flowers in the fall,
 A sudden ailment fell on her ; almost
 She heard the angel's call.

But God, to her life's book one little page
 In mercy added, that her own might see,
 Who early seek Him, in declining age
 How beautiful they be ;

That all her family, with fond patient heed,
 Each gathering round, might know and inly feel,
 To whate'er issues other paths may lead,
 This way lies endless weal."

We think that there are indications in this and other pieces in the volume that Mr. Shairp would do well not always to "daunder" on "the Highland braes," which he has clothed with so much pleasing poetry. If he were to come out on to the open field of human life with some theme of universal interest, he would, we think, produce a work of more lasting worth than *Kilmahoe*. In this he has made his general poetic powers subservient to a description of local

manners and scenery, which is certainly very charming in its freshness and simplicity. He has been very successful in his attempt; and he has caught with great happiness the characteristics of his subject. But he might with profit invert the proportions in which he has kept the two elements in his poem, in which what there is of character and story might have been made predominant, rather than comparatively insignificant.

We have alluded to the great change in the Highlands which has taken place within our own memory—a change almost equal to the transplantation of a people, yet which has awakened wonderfully few complaints. Mr. Shairp's song on the subject, with which we conclude, almost rises to the dignity of a national ballad :

“ From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the grey mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing ;
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming ;
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

To the green mountain-shealings went up in old summers,
From farm-toun and clachan, how many blithe comers !
Though green the hill-pastures lie, cloudless the heaven,
No milker is singing there, morning or even.

Where high Mam-clach-ard by the ballard is breasted
Ye may see the grey cairns where old funerals rested ;
They who built them have long in their green graves been sleeping,
And their sons gone to exile, or willing or weeping.

The Chiefs, whom for ages our claymores defended,
Whom landless and exiled our fathers befriended,
From their homes drive their clansmen when famine is sorest,
Cast out to make room for the deer of the forest.

Yet on far fields of fame, when the red ranks were reeling,
Who prest to the van like the men from the shealing ?
Ye were fain in your need Highland broadswords to borrow ;
Where, where are they now, should the foe come to-morrow ?

Alas for the day of the mournful Culloden !
The clans from that hour down to dust have been trodden ;
They were leal to their Prince when red wrath was pursuing,
And have reaped in return but oppression and ruin.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining ;
Ah, sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands.”

Dr. M'Carthy on the Epistles throughout the Year.*

THE College of Maynooth seems to promise to the Church in Ireland not only a succession of able and learned professors, by whose means the clergy in general may be amply furnished with the sound theology so essential to a right discharge of their sacred functions among the people, but also a number of practised and scholarlike writers, who may add substantially to the stores of Christian literature, and do no small service to the Church at large. We need not make a catalogue of the eminent names already connected with this college; but we cannot help welcoming the volume just published by Dr. M'Carthy, on the score not only of its intrinsic merits, but also of what it seems to intimate as to the state of scriptural study in the seminary from which it proceeds; and we cannot forget that other works, such as those of Dr. Dixon and Dr. M'Evilly, have already prepared us for the agreeable phenomenon which is now presented to us.

Dr. M'Carthy is evidently a scriptural student of the soundest school. He grounds himself on the Fathers, and especially on the Catholic theologians, as the surest interpreters of the doctrine, without which it is impossible to understand Scripture rightly. We insist particularly on the importance of the theologians, because many of the commentaries of the Fathers which are most commonly current—such, for instance, as the grand homilies of St. Chrysostom—are, in many places, not so much commentaries on the book to which they are attached as moral discourses founded upon the text, and framed, both as to what they make prominent and as to what they leave in the background, upon the exigencies of the time, and the particular needs of the people whom the preacher was addressing. There is often a very careless way of quoting the Fathers on certain texts, when they were simply preaching from them and applying them. No doubt their exposition is compatible with the sacred text; but it does not follow that it is the interpretation of the passage or context which they would have given if they had been lecturing upon it as pro-

* *The Epistles and Gospels of the Sundays throughout the Year*: with Notes, critical and explanatory. By the Rev. Daniel M'Carthy, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. Dublin, 1866.

fessors. Any one who reads, for example, the commentary of St. Chrysostom on the fifth chapter to the Romans will understand what we mean. The Catholic theologians have gathered the pure and complete doctrine of the Church from the whole ground, as it were, of Sacred Scripture; they have received it by the living tradition of the Church, and, always under her guidance and control, have cast it into its philosophical and logical form. They therefore present us with the whole system which underlies Scripture—without a knowledge of which many an isolated text might be misunderstood, and with which it is as impossible and as illogical to dispense in the interpretation of Holy Writ as it would be to lay aside the rules of grammar or of logic in dealing with language or argument. Moreover, it is by their possession of the theology of the Church that Catholic professors stand on an unapproachable vantage-ground, as compared with their fellow-labourers outside the Church. These can often compete with and surpass them in their critical attainments; though as to this we are glad to find that Dr. M'Carthy is strenuous in arguing for the essential importance of not leaving them in the possession of any real superiority. They can even read and quote the Fathers as illustrators of Scripture; but neither Scripture nor the Fathers are to them what they are to Catholics, on account of that entire absence of theology which distinguishes all un-Catholic writers of the present time from their predecessors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This deficiency is common to all of them, from the higher schools of the Anglicans, down to the wildest classes of Rationalists: it is not less conspicuous in Dr. Pusey than in Dr. Stanley or Mr. Jowett. We are glad to find that Dr. M'Carthy practically insists on and exemplifies the immense importance of the Catholic theology of the Church for the right understanding and exposition of Sacred Scripture.

It is also a gratification to find that he has abundantly qualified himself for the work of a commentator by an extensive acquaintance with Protestant writers. In all that relates to the antiquarianism of the subject, in the largest sense of the word, these authors have done immense service to Biblical literature. They have left but little more to be done as to illustrations from classical authors, historical questions incidentally connected with scriptural statements, geography, chronology, and the like; and if their labours have been in many cases based upon the previous works of Catholic writers, it must also be frankly acknowledged that they have made us their debtors as well as their creditors. Lastly, Dr. M'Carthy, as we have already said, argues manfully and earnestly as to the great importance of the study of philology, in which our own days have

witnessed so marked an amount of progress. "I am convinced," he says, "that the unwearied study of the Greek language, and of those critical canons which are falsely said to owe their existence to modern scholarship, and the strictest application of them, serve in nearly every case to bring out more forcibly and clearly the true meaning of God's word in all its beauty and consistency. I cannot see why the same rigorous rules of case, tense, construction, derivation, usage—in short, the same lexical and grammatical aids that avail the classical student in a right understanding of Plato and Thucydides, may not, making due allowance for difference of Attic and Hellenic idioms, be of use also in interpreting St. John and St. Paul" (p. viii.). We fear that this protest—which reads like a simple truism—is not altogether unneeded. There can be no doubt that the Greek language is more thoroughly understood in our own century than in the three that preceded it, in which all scholars, whether Catholic or Protestant, allowed themselves certain liberties in the evasion of grammatical or lexical difficulties—such as that common subterfuge, that one preposition or particle was put for another—which are now most justly considered as intolerable. Yet the great authority on other matters of some of the commentators in whose works these blots are to be found has sometimes made their admirers slow to admit their real character, or to think it worth while to acquire any more deep acquaintance with the delicacies of Greek philology than was possessed by them.

The work of which Dr. M'Carthy has now published the first instalment is meant to furnish a critical and explanatory commentary on the Epistles and Gospels throughout the year. The present part begins with the Epistles, and ranges from Advent Sunday to the Sunday before Pentecost. The Greek text used is that of the Vatican Codex, as edited by Cardinal Mai. The Latin is the Vulgate, from Vercellone's edition of 1861. The Rheims translation furnishes the English version. In the present state of criticism, no one can find fault with an editor who prefers following simply one of the great uncial manuscripts to giving either the well-abused *textus receptus* or a selected text, according to his own judgment. And if one single manuscript is to be followed, no one can be placed higher, by any fair critic, than the Codex Vaticanus. In fact, the German scholar Buttmann has done exactly what Dr. M'Carthy has done. The commentary furnished by our author is very ample, and is usually very sound and intelligent.

We are almost inclined to regret the form into which Dr. M'Carthy has thrown the fruit of his evidently deep studies. Perhaps modesty has deterred him from attempting a commentary

on the Epistles generally, or on some single Epistle as a whole; or perhaps he may have thought that the ground was already fully occupied. If this last was the case, we think he is mistaken. It must be obvious that the short portions selected by the Church for her services on the successive Sundays of the year can hardly be treated with advantage in the thoroughly learned and critical manner in which they are here handled by Dr. M'Carthy. They are so chosen, it would seem, as insulated passages, for their own sake; and they are in beautiful harmony with the other parts of which the sacred service is made up. But a critic must deal with them in connection with their context, and must often consider carefully the place which they occupy in the general argument. Dr. M'Carthy has to supply this thread of connection at the beginning of his commentary; but his readers can hardly be expected to have the rest of the Epistle sufficiently present to their minds to follow him completely. Critically speaking, the Epistles of St. Paul and the other Apostles suffer very much when they are studied piecemeal.

Practical Geology.*

GEOLOGY is one of those branches of knowledge which are gradually forcing themselves into a recognised place among the essential parts of a liberal education; and certainly there cannot be the slightest doubt as to its practical importance. Some of its own votaries must take a fair share of any blame that may have to be distributed in consequence of the opposition with which the science has sometimes been met. They have not only thrown an air of difficulty over their subject by the adoption of a thoroughly barbarous system of nomenclature, and made even its certain conclusions appear questionable by the rapidity with which theory after theory has succeeded one another in their favour, to live a short time, and then to be overturned; but they have gained for themselves an evil name among reflective men by the shallowness of their arguments and the want of logical precision in their conclusions, as well as for a certain ill-disguised recklessness in assailing truths which seem to other men

* *The Applications of Geology to the Arts and Manufactures.* Being six Lectures on Practical Geology, delivered before the Society of Arts as a part of the "Cantor" Series of Lectures for 1865. By Professor D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1866.

to rest upon authority more than human. But these faults have not been universal among geologists, nor have they been confined to them among the followers of modern science. There have been many calm and eminently cautious reasoners among them; nor can it be doubted that even the recklessness of conjecture which has disfigured many of the professors of this science has sometimes resulted incidentally in good, by the rapid explosion of theories founded upon insufficient grounds, while the real progress of the science has hardly been impeded by them.

Professor Ansted's name is far too well known not to secure respect and confidence for any work that he may put forward on geological subjects. It appears that Dr. Cantor, of the Indian Medical Service, left, a few years ago, a part of his estate to the Society of Arts; which has been applied by them to the foundation of courses of lectures on the application of science to the arts. The little volume before us contains, in a somewhat expanded form, a set of these lectures, delivered in the course of the last year. It is perfectly crammed with information of great interest; and its style is as clear and simple as the subject allows. At the same time, it can hardly be called a "popular sketch;" it presupposes, in fact, a considerable amount of knowledge which is not yet quite popular. The attempt to embrace so wide a field in so small a compass—for there are but six lectures, though they are by no means short—has, perhaps, to some extent overtasked the author, who might have done better to expand his matter still more than he has done. This, however, is the only fault that can be found with the book, except the inexplicable omission of a good index. A book of this kind wants an index more than any other.

The first lecture—on "Agricultural Geology"—gives us an account of the formation of soils, their component parts, the conditions of their fertility, with very useful hints about mineral manure and drainage. The second—on "Springs and Water-supply"—is an admirable summary of the whole subject, as to which geologists may well claim that an acquaintance with their science is essential. Nothing is more important to the health and comfort of the population of our large towns than a constant and ample supply of pure water; and we need hardly say how much remains to be done in this respect even for London. Professor Ansted's lucid lecture will at all events supply any one who reads it with a clear idea where water is to be got, and how to get it. He seems to favour, for large cities, the plan of collecting the rainfall of a large acreage at a distance into reservoirs, and then bringing it in pipes to the places to be supplied. He mentions with evident favour the scheme proposed some time ago for

supplying London from Bala Lake, in North Wales, notwithstanding the great expense which would have to be incurred for the transport of the water. The remaining lectures deal with minerals, according to the various deposits from which they are obtained. First come the superficial deposits, giving us sands and stream-ores, as to which Professor Ansted gives us a very interesting account of the different auriferous streams in the world. Then come clays, cements, plastery, and artificial stones, of which last Mr. Ransome is the hero. But there is hardly one of these subjects which would not be better handled at greater length. The stratified deposits yield us stone used in construction, fuller's-earth, salt, and bituminous shales. We have here a very interesting account of the capacities of the various stones used in building in this country, as well as all that can be said as to the causes of decay in stone buildings, and the means of their preservation. The same deposits give us also the two great foundations of our material prosperity—ironstone and coal; and to them Professor Ansted devotes a long and interesting lecture. Lastly, he deals with mineral veins, ores, and mining.

We have said enough to indicate the great amount of practical information that is to be found in this little volume. It has, moreover, the accidental merit of being, as far as we are aware, the only popular book on the very important subject of which it treats. We trust to see it become a handbook with a very wide circulation; protesting again, as in duty bound, that every such book is altogether incomplete in itself without a copious index.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "SOVEREIGN PEOPLE."

THE revolutionary mine which exploded in Paris in the February of 1848 set on fire many others which were ready filled with combustible materials. Florentin was wild with excitement; the era of liberty had begun; democracy would soon break the fetters of Europe, and liberate humanity from all unnatural restraints. He knew, through the secret societies of which he was a member, that the revolution was organised throughout Europe; he must therefore devote himself to the liberation of the fatherland, however strongly he might be drawn to Paris, the great Babylon of the movement, or to Rome, to attack that citadel of priestly tyranny. He abandoned Wurzburg and his studies; not a thought of Windeck weighed on his heart; why should it?

These startling political events had hastened the return of the family; and poor Baroness Isabella, who passed her days in a state of chronic terror, trembled at the sight of the banner which, as usual when the Count was at Windeck, waved over its towers. And, to make matters worse, the Windeck colours were the black-and-gold of Austria. She entreated her brother-in-law, with tears in her eyes, to have the dreadful thing taken down; but the Count replied indignantly that no republican insolence should alter the custom of the house. Uriel and Orest had entered the Austrian service, as soon as it became clear what turn things were taking; the former took his resolution at once; and Orest actually bade adieu to the delights of the Berlin opera and ballet to go with his brother to Lombardy. He had written to ask Florentin to meet him at Windeck, and tell him his plans; but no answer came. Then Orest went to Wurzburg to make inquiries of Hyacinth, who was there studying theology. But Florentin had vanished, no one knew whither.

"So I have nurtured a revolutionary basilisk in my house," said the Count.

"Thank God," said Levin, "that it is only one out of four!"

"And that one not a Windeck," added Damian.

Ernest was a guest at the Castle at this time; the Count had invited him to finish the portrait there; and Ernest willingly agreed. He liked all the family; and for Regina he had a feeling of affectionate veneration; so he was regularly installed in a little studio which the Baroness had prepared for him. The Count, a thorough *grand seigneur* in his notions of hospitality, was always glad to

entertain guests; and, at this anxious time, Ernest's cheerful tone of mind was a real refreshment; while the Baroness saw an additional defender in every male inmate. Regina and Corona were brave with the fearlessness of youth and of childlike trust in God.

One evening Levin proposed a walk to meet the Count, who had driven to the estate where his brother Gratian used to live. The Baroness was not of the party. The girls made Ernest tell them about his travels: Regina wondered whether there was any spot of earth beautiful enough to make one forget to long for Heaven. Corona was sure that there was no more beautiful spot to be found than her dear Windeck.

"And yet, little Countess," answered Ernest, "I must say that the coasts of the south, clothed with cactus, aloë, and myrtle, and mirrored in the brilliant sea, or the granite rocks and glaciers of the Alps, are grander and more picturesque than the little Maine with the offshoots of the Odenwald and Spessart. But, after all, you are not far wrong; for the elements of beauty are the same every where, and the wisdom and power of the Creator are to be found in all His works."

"There, then, I am justified in my predilection for Windeck!"

She kept going backwards and forwards from one to another, after the manner of children; all of a sudden she screamed out, for she saw a stone whirling through the air, and the next moment Levin fell, murmuring, "Jesus—Mary." They thought he was dead, and knelt round him in unspeakable horror and grief. The blood streamed from the wound on his temple; Regina stanchèd it with her handkerchief, while Corona supported his head. Ernest longed to search for the assailant; but it was growing dusk, and how could he leave those girls alone?"

"What *shall* we do?" sobbed the little one.

"We must wait for my father," said Regina; "he cannot be long now."

Then Levin opened his eyes, saying, "It is nothing, dear children; you must bind it up the best way you can, and then we will go home." And he really did get up; but what relief it was when the sound of wheels was heard!

When they all reached Windeck startling news awaited them; though the sight of the wounded Levin made those at the Castle forget every thing else for the moment. A messenger from Stamburg had brought a few lines from the Baron, saying that the old Baroness had had a stroke; and Count Damian had to start immediately. Levin's wound was severe, but not dangerous if fever did not come on. So he said cheerfully, "Now you see there is no cause for anxiety; it is just a prick from our Lord's crown of thorns."

No sooner was the Count off, than the banner came down, and with it a stone was taken from the Baroness Isabella's heart. Late in the evening, Regina's maid, Bridget, came in, saying there was a report that a mob was on its way to demand arms from the Count. Ernest went to the antechamber of Levin's room, and beckoned to Regina. She said to her maid, "Do not be afraid; we are in God's hand. I

will speak to the men who brought the news." It was more easily said than done. The servants were all talking together in the hall, advising measures of defence—the doors should be barricaded, the shutters put up, all the plate and valuables sent to Engelberg, and all the arms put out in the court, so that there might be no pretence for breaking into the castle.

"What cowardice!" cried Regina; "let every thing remain just as usual; and if they come to make any demands, call me."

"Regina," said her aunt, "God knows to what insults you would expose yourself; I will never allow it."

"Dear aunt, I am the eldest daughter of the house, and I must take my father's place. I am doing my duty; and no one will think of insulting me."

"Child, child, kings and rulers have given way before these representatives of the sovereign people, and will you venture to refuse them a few arms?"

"If the kings and rulers let the sovereign people force their arsenals, that is their affair: but it has nothing to do with us. Besides, I consider we belong to the sovereign people as much as any blouse-wearer among them."

Then she turned to the servants:

"Get some torches ready to light when we give audience to these gentlemen of the blouse, if they should come."

"O, they will come," wailed the Baroness; "they will take advantage of your father's absence."

"Do they know that, then?"

"Of course: I had the flag taken down."

Regina could not help smiling; then she said:

"Mind you call me in good time; for I don't want the sovereign people in the hall: I will speak to them outside."

She went next to her father's apartments, through the study and the bedroom, to a very tastefully arranged little arsenal, panelled in oak, and decorated with all manner of arms arranged as trophies. Many of them were very ancient and curious, collected with great trouble and expense. It was the Count's hobby, and still more so that of the young men. Regina locked the door, took out the key, and going back into the drawing-room said:

"Now the gold-fish in the fountain will have an iron companion."

The Baroness looked at her in mute astonishment, and as she stepped out on the terrace, Ernest asked, "What is she going to do?"

"To throw the key of the gun-room into the fountain," she answered. "Did you ever hear of such courage in a young girl?"

"Countess Regina hears every day in the Holy Mass, *Adju-torium nostrum in nomine Domini*," said Ernest: "she is courageous, because she believes what she hears: take courage yourself, Baroness."

"Now," said Regina, as she came in, "I am going to uncle Levin: "if I am called away, take my place, please, Herr Ernest, and do not let him suspect any thing. What a blessing his rooms look towards the garden!"

"No," said the Baroness; "I will go to him: Herr Ernest must be with you."

"Then be very careful, dear aunt, not to alarm him."

She went to the chapel then; and when she left it, it was nearly dark, and a heavy storm threatened in the west. As she came into the hall, a servant met her, saying the men were in the court asking for the Count or some one in the castle.

"Very well; I will go on the steps and speak to them. Now, dear aunt, go to uncle Levin." But both the Baroness and Corona clung to her, and would not let her stir. "Let us go into the chapel, then," she said.

But directly her aunt and sister had entered, she turned quickly round, and fastened the door on the outside. In the hall Bridget threw a mantle round her, and she went out and remained standing on the top step, while a party of about fifteen men advanced towards her.

She said, "You asked to speak to my father: he is not at home. What is it you want with him?"

"We are going to Holstein," said one; "And to Baden," cried another: "No, to Holstein."

"Pray do not make any noise," she said, "and tell me as quickly as possible what you want with my father. We have a sick person in the house, who must not be disturbed."

"We are going to fight for the liberty of Germany, and we require arms; we know there is a regular depôt of them here, and they can be used in no better cause."

"You are mistaken; my father has only fowling-pieces, and some curious old arms, quite unfit for purposes of war."

"Ah! the chase will soon be free for all to follow; so he will not want his guns any more; we will use them better."

"I am sorry I must refuse you: I have no right to dispose of my father's property: you must see that I have not. I cannot give what is not mine."

"You need not; you can lend them."

"I have no right to do that either."

"Then we will take them!"

"But you have no right to do that," said Regina, in the same quiet tone. "So, as you see, I cannot grant your request, and as it is late, and a storm is coming on, and our invalid wants me——"

"O, the old priest!"

"How do you know that I spoke of my uncle?"

"We shall return in a day or so," said the spokesman, hurriedly; "and we shall rely on the defenders of liberty being provided with what is needful."

"God be with you!" said Regina. And they went away singing "*Sea-girt Schleswig-Holstein*."

If Ernest had been there, he would have seen a very striking *tableau vivant*. The light streamed from the windows and the open hall-door on the groups of men, falling on one figure here and another there, but leaving the whole a dark shapeless mass. Regina stood

opposite to them on the top step of the broad flight, and the torches which the servants held showed her clearly in her white dress and blue mantle. She waited till the hoarse voices had died away in the distance, and then hastening to the chapel, she knelt one moment before the Tabernacle, nodded to the poor terrified Baroness, and ran up the staircase, and through her room to uncle Levin, with whom she found Ernest and Corona. She knelt by the bed, and kissed his hand; very tenderly he laid it on her graceful head, saying, "See how God's dear Mother loves you."

"The sovereign people, Countess, do not tread quite so lightly as you," Ernest explained; "and as your uncle heard them and was uneasy, I thought it best to say what was going on: so you must thank me for the 'Salve Regina' he has been saying for you."

"And where have you been, my pet?" And she caressed her little sister, who was clinging to her neck.

"Why, I ran out of the chapel into your room; and Bridget and I saw every thing."

"Yes," said Ernest drily, "but for the little Countess's curiosity she might have relieved me at my post: then I could have gone to Countess Regina."

"Well, Herr Ernest," said Corona, in an injured whisper, "aunt Isabella might have come."

"O, poor aunt Isabella!" cried Regina; "I must bring her here; she will not be easy till she sees us all together."

When she was gone, Ernest said to Corona, "Your sister is a pearl of price, little Countess."

"Yes, and just imagine! she wants to be a nun."

"Does she?" he cried, joyfully: "that is right; she looks like it."

"But papa won't let her, and we none of us want her to go," said the child; "so it will come to nothing."

"It will come to whatever is the will of God," answered Ernest; and Levin added, "Amen."

Next morning, when Bridget was brushing Regina's hair, she declared that she had recognised Florentin among the mob of the preceding evening. It was startling news, and Regina's heart sank, although she tried not to believe it, and told her maid she must be mistaken. But Bridget was right; Florentin *was* there.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

THREE years always bring some changes; but three years after a revolution bring them in crowds. A very crushing blow had fallen on the Miranes family. The rich banker was ruined, with hundreds more, in that year of catastrophes, political and financial. It was said that the family went to Brazil; but all that was certain was, that when Ernest had gone as usual to give Judith her lesson, the day after the *tableaux vivants*, she was quite composed, and spoke of the late events in Paris as coolly as of the weather. Two days later she sent back a picture which he had lent her, with a note, enclosing what was

owing to him, and a few lines saying that she and her mother were going to travel for some months. When he called to take leave, they were gone: soon after, the banker's ruin had become universally known. As to the Windeck family, Regina's beauty had gained in interest from the touch of melancholy which is the result of hope deferred in a nature like hers, which never complains and is never irritable. Corona had grown a very lovely creature, with the most wonderful eyes imaginable, so deep and dark and wistful. The Count adored his beautiful child, and indeed she was the darling of the house. Uriel had left the army, at the close of the war in Lombardy, and had reëntered the diplomatic career. The times, with their confusion and perplexity, had deepened the gravity of his earnest nature, and he resolved no longer to dream away his life as he had done. He went to London, Vienna, Florence; returning from time to time to Windeck, and showing to all that his heart, his whole future were bound up in Regina; but he never distressed her by speaking of his love in all these three years; and she was deeply touched by this unselfish forbearance, in spite of which their position was full of embarrassment and pain. Just before he left Windeck he met her accidentally on the terrace; she joined him, and said gently, in her sweet serious way, "Uriel, you know you may trust me, and believe all that I say; dear Uriel, do not wait."

His voice was gentle and serious as her own, as he answered:

"Regina, you are not so patient as I am; we are not yet half through the ten years."

She closed her eyes for an instant, with an expression of intense suffering; then she said, "God's will be done!"

"Is it not yet clear to you?" he asked.

"To me it is, perfectly," she answered; "but not to you;" then she added with a sad smile, "what a pity that we are both so obstinate, and what a blessing that God will settle things His own way without consulting us!"

It will be remembered that Count Damian had been summoned to Stamberg by his mother's illness. After all, her husband died the first; the Baroness soon after falling ill of a slow and painful disease. Regina begged so hard to go and nurse her grandmother that the Count could not refuse her. He would have parted with her still more unwillingly had not Corona been now able to take her sister's place in riding or playing billiards, at the piano and at the tea-table. Little did he guess what it cost her to leave the chapel and all the unspeakable consolations which flow into the faithful soul from the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

He said to Levin: "It is quite curious, that girl's fancy for making sacrifices. I have my doubts about her poor grandmamma's appreciating this one."

"So have I; but it is all the better for Regina. There are still, you see, some souls in the world who choose, as St. Catherine of Siena did, when our Lord offered her a crown of flowers and one of thorns. By God's grace Regina is one of them."

"Ah, it must be that; and your example, dear uncle, I am sure,"

said the Count naïvely; "I have done nothing to set her imitating the saints."

"And," said Levin, "it proves how she holds to her vocation and her vow."

"Dear me," said the Count nervously, "she has never alluded to the subject; so I thought the idea was gradually dying out."

"My dear Damian, do you know her character so little? and so little of the working of God's grace? I know she says nothing; why should she? she has said, once for all, what there is to say. I believe Regina's first love will be her last, and her only one."

"What a thing it is!" groaned the Count; "and to say the truth, I believe you are right, though I try not to believe it. How her face lighted up when some one spoke of the Convent of Himmelsporten. When she looks like that, I know she feels glad at heart. No doubt she hopes to enter Heaven through 'Heaven's gates'* as a Carmelite."

"I am very glad," said Levin, "that you are getting accustomed to the thought."

"I would give in at once, if only Uriel would fall in love with Corona instead of Regina; but unfortunately he is not inconstant."

"You are certainly very unfortunate in your children," said Levin laughing.

The old Baroness made Regina more welcome than was anticipated—not for love's sake, but because she soon saw that her granddaughter was quite able to transact her business, keep her accounts, and write her letters. Regina did it all cheerfully—seeing the will of God in it—as she did in every duty that lay before her; and when the Count came from time to time to Stamberg, her grandmother was warm (for her) in her praise. But if Regina hoped through her love and submission to turn the Baroness's heart to the Source of all love, she was mistaken. She had always contented herself with a cold knowledge of what *she* thought Christianity; and her life had always been virtuous, as the world understands the word. Perhaps St. Gregory of Nyssa, who defines virtue as "the practical love of God," would have rated that of the Baroness less highly. But she knew nothing of the saints; her favourite authors were Herder and Jean Paul. She died, at last, in Regina's arms; and if she had not held the crucifix before her failing eyes, and said the prayers for the dying beside her, it might have been the deathbed of a heathen.

Great was the astonishment of the Count at his mother's will; it was made in favour of Uriel, not Orest; why, no one knew. The Baroness died in the spring of 1851, and in the summer the Count went with his daughters to England. All Europe made a pilgrimage that year to the Crystal Temple of the Goddess of Industry in Hyde Park. Orest was wonderfully startled by his grandmother's will at first, and wonderfully composed almost immediately afterwards. It was a great surprise, to be sure, and not an agreeable one, after

* Himmelsporten means "Heaven's gates."

having looked forward all his life to being the owner of Stamberg; but it was settled now, and there was an end of it. He was the same Orest as ever—easy-going, pleasure-seeking, superficial, and self-absorbed. He cared for nothing, considered nothing beyond the enjoyment of the moment; and he did not even know how every high and noble quality of head and heart must run to waste and go to ruin in such a life. He was a splendid soldier; in the campaigns in Lombardy and Hungary he had distinguished himself in every way; always alert, always punctual, brave in battle, fearless in danger, he was liked by his superior officers, idolised by his men. It was Orest's bright side. A soldier's life was his element; *there* he knew no ennui; *there* he could be self-denying, magnanimous even; but out of it he was incapable of the smallest self-sacrifice or the easiest self-conquest. When the campaign was over, his regiment was stationed at Milan; that suited him exactly; a splendid opera, first-rate *corps de ballet*, and the Tyrolese Alps quite near enough to get leave in summer to shoot chamois. What more could a fellow want? Money, of course; and hitherto Count Damian had supplied him liberally; no doubt Uriel would do the same now; and if so, what on earth did he want with a dreary place in the Odenwald? He came to meet Uriel at Windeck, before the latter settled at Stamberg. If only he had the prospect of seeing Regina its mistress, Uriel would have been very happy. A country life, with its quiet occupations and round of duties, suited him. He settled matters easily enough with Orest, only begging him not to exceed the very liberal sum agreed upon; and Orest, who found nothing easier than making a promise, gave it readily.

He accompanied his uncle and cousins to London: and one day, in the Crystal Palace, as they were approaching the part where laces were exhibited, he suddenly left them and joined two very elegantly-dressed women who were admiring these costly fabrics. The voice of one of them seemed familiar to Regina, as she said, in answer to some remark of Orest's, "We are too new in London to be able to like these tremendous crushes." And she was passing on; but Orest kept at her side; and Regina whispered to her father:

"It is that beautiful Judith Miranes, and her mother."

"Why, I thought they were in Brazil. And how did Orest get to know her? He must tell us all about it."

He only reappeared in time for a ride which had been settled; and then, in answer to the Count's question, where he had met the fair Jewess? he answered, "Where you may meet her any day—at the Italian Opera, where she is prima donna." And he took up the paper, and showed Regina the announcement of her appearance in the part of Desdemona.

"Well," said the Count, "I will go for once. What do you all say?"

Regina declined; Corona begged Orest to tell her the story of *Othello*; then she said it was too horrible—she should stay at home.

By and by Orest asked them to guess whom he had met since the morning? but they voted it too much trouble; so he had to tell.

"I had just taken La Giuditta and her mother to their carriage, when I saw a face I recognised instantly. He knew me too, and tried to lose himself in the crowd. However, I was too sharp for him, and caught him by the arm. It was Florentin."

"Well, is he sick of his republican mania, and has he found his senses again? How does he talk now?"

"Worse than ever. I made him give an account of himself. He said, when 'the cause' was lost in Germany, he made his way to Rome. That was splendid, of course! The Pope a fugitive, and Mazzini in full force! But, dreadful to relate, in spite of Mazzini and his assassinations, &c., even there things were not quite ripe for the Red Republic; so he tried America next."

"I wish he had stayed there," said Baroness Isabella. "I hope you will never receive him again."

"Did he actually confess all this—Mazzini and the rest of it?" asked the Count.

"Confess! Certainly not. He gloried in these acts of republican heroism, this devotion to liberty, this hatred to the Church."

"And how did he like America?"

"Not at all. I asked him if he could not get on there as a physician; but he said no, nothing prospered there but trade and speculation. And England pleases him very little better. However, here he is, waiting his time, which he vows will come."

"And didn't he ask after papa and uncle Levin?" said Corona.

"To be sure—after every body. I told him uncle Levin was as great a saint, papa as great an aristocrat, Hyacinth as great an Ultramontane, Uriel as thorough a gentleman, and you ladies as pious, as ever. 'Ah, yes,' he said, 'you are regular Windecks; you are not the sort of persons for the coming era; our roads lie apart.'"

"And those are all the thanks Florentin Hauptmann has for the house of Windeck," said the Count. "Well, how did you part?"

"He wrote his address in my pocket-book, and I gave him a hundred-pound note."

"I think you are crazy, Orest!"

"My dear uncle, he saved my life; that leaves me always in his debt. It is not the way of our house to be stingy over a couple of gulden."

"I beg to say," growled the Count, "that what you gave him comes to 1,200 gulden."

"Think of that!" cried Orest, with naïve astonishment; "that is a lot of money. But there, it's done now. I will call on him tomorrow; let us see where he puts up."

He looked through every leaf of his pocket-book: no address was to be found.

"Look at that now! Instead of writing the address, he has quietly torn out a leaf! Well, it can't be helped. Now, Queen and Crown!" he went on, playing on the names of his cousins, "come for a ride; it will be charming in Hyde Park."

CHAPTER X.

THE NIGHTINGALE OF CINTRA.

THAT evening crowds filled the opera-house, to see and hear "*La Giuditta*" as *Desdemona*. It was a regular triumph. The gentlemen applauded, the ladies were in tears. Since *Pasta* and *Malibran*, such a voice had never been heard. It was a golden voice; so full, and rich, and pure. *Sontag's* and *Jenny Lind's* were silver ones at best, in comparison. It was reported that she had said that the character of *Desdemona* made her think of the scent of orange-blossoms in an Italian night: so much warmth and so much tenderness. And to-night, when *Judith* appeared, the stage was covered with a shower of orange-blossoms; and her quiet dignified composure only heightened the general enthusiasm. Poor *Judith*! she was not easily excited or pleased; the reverse of fortune which had befallen her did not tend to make the world very bright to her. Her father had been quite crushed by it. At sixty years of age he could not begin over again to make a fortune. *Madame Miranes* was an exception to most of the daughters of her people: she knew nothing of business, retrenchment, or management. She had done nothing all her life but spend money; and now, instead of helping her husband, she made things worse. *Judith* stood between her parents, ready to help and to comfort. The loss of their fortune and social position did not touch her personally very deeply. They went to *Bordeaux*, where *Madame Miranes* had two brothers in prosperous circumstances, who, with a readiness to help not always found in Christian families, offered their brother-in-law the means of entering a house with whom they had relations in *Lisbon*. But fortune seemed to have deserted him. This house did not flourish; he grew more feeble and sickly; his wife more depressed and helpless. *Judith* suffered for them. For herself, she could have been happy there, in the little villa among the citron-groves of *Cintra*; but the melancholy of her parents gradually infected her. She was a loving and dutiful child, and she longed to be able to restore to them the comforts and luxuries of former days. But what could she do? A relation of her father's touched at *Lisbon*, on his way from *Cadiz* to *Mexico*. He saw *Judith*, and proposed for her at once. He was immensely rich, and *Judith's* refusal took her parents by surprise. They represented all the advantages of the marriage, the luxurious life she would lead in *Mexico*. They said it was her duty to consider her parents; but it was all in vain. The poor girl wept bitterly, but she persisted in her refusal. The suitor sailed, and her life was more painful than ever. But what could she do? She had never known what love was; and till she did, she would not marry. Indeed it was very unlikely altogether; for if she ever loved, it would be to gain happiness; and *Ernest* had once said that no human being could make another entirely happy: and love had made her sister unhappy: she never forgot that.

One day, her mother, who liked finding out that she had fellow-sufferers, told Judith how Sontag, after having left the stage so many years, and lived in the best society, had returned to her former career to make a fortune for her children. "I would do the same, if I had the talent," she said. It flashed like lightning through Judith's mind—"Perhaps I have!" But she said nothing. She might be mistaken; and it would not do to disappoint her mother. There was an excellent academy of music in Lisbon, and Judith applied to the director of it, at first merely for instruction. After that, all went on easily, and Judith Miranes became in due time "the nightingale of Cintra," la Giuditta, and prima donna. So she lived the life of a fêted actress. She was admired, envied, surrounded by professional cabals, by homage and flattery—a brilliant, worthless, empty life, all froth and glitter, perhaps the most perilous life that can be, because it awakens every evil inclination of the heart. The one aim of such a life is—to please men. And this was now Judith's *métier*. She had to study the look, the tone, the attitude, which must set in motion the electric chain of applause. Even the turn of her head, the folds of her dress, must be planned so as to produce an effect. But as she really had talent of a high order, all this was no trouble to her. It was very different with the admiration she excited off the stage—that was simply wearisome to her. Judith was too proud a woman to be a vain one, and she thought of her art, not of herself. Some called this indifference coquetry; others maintained that an unhappy *affaire de cœur* was the cause of it. She never altered her manner, never spoke of the circumstances which had induced her to go on the stage. She lived with her parents, and never appeared in public without her mother. She went from Lisbon to America, where her father died; and now, when half Europe flocked to London in this year of the great Exhibition, the nightingale of Cintra too flew across the Atlantic, and came with all the prestige of her American reputation to England. Once she was persuaded to sing at a concert on behalf of some charitable institution, and here Regina and Corona heard her sing "Ombra adorata." Corona could not keep back her tears, and told Orest she envied him for knowing her so well.

"Yes," he answered, "she is wonderfully interesting."

"And what a soul she must have to sing with that heavenly expression!"

"O, what a child you are! That is all a question of art."

He visited Judith frequently. Once, when by good fortune he found her alone with her mother, she greeted him with a liveliness very rare with her.

"Count Orest, I am glad. Congratulate me! I am going to leave this foggy atmosphere, and to visit the land of music. I am going to Milan, to sing at La Scala."

"Then I congratulate *myself*, first of all; for I live in Milan. But are you so seldom glad, that one must congratulate you on being so now?"

"I should not think gladness is a very common thing with any

one, except children," she answered. "I know it is not so with me; and when I begin to think what the word means, I see that my engagement at La Scala does not really observe the name."

"But why define it at all? It is enough to enjoy it."

"One must feel it first," said Judith.

"Now is not my daughter very unreasonable?" said Madame Miranes. "With every material for happiness, she is always melancholy."

"But what does it all come to?" Judith asked. "Ballast to keep the ship afloat!"

Orest was triumphant. He should see her in Milan, and have plenty of opportunities for winning her heart. Of his success he had no doubt. "It will take some time, and it will not be easy, I can see that," he reflected; "but she is well worth waiting and striving for. All easy conquests lose their charm so quickly, and come to an end; but that Judith, with all her coldness and reserve, knows how to fix one's heart!" He had seen and admired her exactly four weeks: that was Orest's idea of fixing the heart!

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH OF A HOPE.

It was a splendid day; the sun shone from the deep-blue sky, with that peculiar golden glow of autumn, on the woods, which were dressed in every varied tint, from pale lemon-colour to deep blood-red. Here and there a few fir-trees rose, tall and dark, out of this golden sea of foliage, whose waves heaved and sank from the slopes of the Odenwald to the meadows at its foot. Far away, the ridge of the mountains was sharply defined by a black line of pine-woods cutting between the blue sky and the changing bronze-colour of the forest; and the meadows were completely covered with the amethyst urns of the meadow-saffron. In the midst of this billowy sea of wood stood Schloss Stamberg in its stately mediæval grandeur, like a light-house on a rock in the sea. Juliana had kept it in admirable condition; perhaps she was nearer loving Stamberg than any thing on earth; for it was *hers* altogether and absolutely, and could not oppose her will! The whole place had a peculiar and romantic charm. It was retired, almost solitary, without being gloomy or dull.

Hyacinth was spending a part of his vacation here; and both the brothers enjoyed a companionship they had not known for years, Uriel's leave never having been at the same time as Hyacinth's vacation. Uriel delighted in his brother, as in a new edition of uncle Levin. Hyacinth loved and admired Uriel with all his heart; but he was very anxious about him. He saw with what tenacity he held to the programme of happiness he had sketched; and if it was God's will that this programme should never be carried out, how would Uriel take it? The brothers were sitting in a room overlooking the park and the waving woods. They were examining designs for a chapel which Uriel was going to build, and Hyacinth

said, "But you will get confused with so many plans! The chapel would be nearly ready, if you had followed the first one."

There was a pause before Uriel replied, "I want Regina to choose. They cannot stay away much longer; it is nearly four months now. She has such good taste, and she has seen so many fine buildings, that I should like her advice; besides, it is for her that I shall build."

Hyacinth put down the drawing, and laid his hand affectionately on his brother's while he said, "Build *castles* for Regina, if you will; but the place where God's Altar will be must be built for God."

Uriel passed his hand over his forehead, and replied, "You are right, of course; and yet it seems to me that what I do for her is done for God, the two ideas are so bound together in my heart."

"That is, your heart forgets God, and makes an idol of her; and then tries to cheat itself into the belief that this worship of a creature is the same as the worship of God."

"O Hyacinth! reasoning coldly, you will always be right in these matters; but I can quote St. Augustine on my side, and say, 'Give me one who loves, and he will understand me.'"

Hyacinth smiled.

"That is very artfully said; but he was no more speaking of earthly love than when he said, 'Love, and do what you will.'"

"Well, Hyacinth, when I am once sure of my happiness, you shall be satisfied. Joy and gratitude will teach me how to love God; but now, in this state of suspense, uncertainty, and longing, I am blind and deaf to every thing but the *one* thing: like a hunter on the watch."

"And if you fail of your happiness—what then, Uriel?"

"I do not know. All my future is built on Regina; and through her I must know unutterable joy or unutterable pain. She is not one to be loved and forgotten. Can a man let his dearest treasure be taken from him with indifference? The more precious it is, the more earnestly he will strive to keep it."

"But it is not a question of a treasure being stolen, but of a reasonable being, who claims, as you do, to secure her happiness. What that happiness is you know; you have known it for four years. *Her* resolution is taken; is it not cowardly not to take *yours*?"

"It is no cowardice," cried Uriel passionately. "But I love her; and every one who loves would tell you that he can face any danger, any pain bravely, and yet fear *this* pain worse than death. One does not court suffering like that, my brother; one waits till it comes."

"And do you really mean to wait six years here alone at Stamburg, and then see Regina go to the convent? O Uriel, do not waste your life, your strength, your youth, in such a hopeless dream. Be generous! Give up all claim on Regina; then her father will consent to her wish, and she will find peace."

"Hyacinth, I have only one answer—I love her. For her and with her I will make Stamburg a paradise of all that is good and beautiful; without her —"

"Well, without her?" asked Hyacinth.

"Without her—the curtain falls," answered Uriel.

"Just now," Hyacinth said, "you quoted St. Augustine. These are some of his words: 'No earthly beauty or joy could ever make me happy; they made me tired, but did not give me rest. A happy life is one that finds its joy in truth and in Thee, my God; for Thou art Eternal Truth.'"

Uriel answered: "Augustine had no Regina to love."

"He loved a creature," said Hyacinth, "as you do; and the mother of Adeodatus had that in her which makes great saints out of great sinners: she understood self-sacrifice; she left him, and spent the rest of her life in penance. He loved her very dearly; and yet you see what he says, that his heart knew no rest till it rested in God."

A long silence followed, which was broken by a servant who announced that Count Windeck's carriage was in sight; and Hyacinth saw his brother's face become perfectly radiant with joy, as he flew down stairs. Soon Count Damian's hearty voice was heard:

"Here we are, my lad; come to see how Count Stamberg is getting on! Now, are we welcome guests or not?"

Uriel's face was answer enough.

"Poor Prince Uriel! he has lost his speech in his enchanted palace," said Corona slyly.

"The little fairy Corona will soon give it back to me," he said, in the light tone which is so often assumed in moments of deep emotion to keep the heart from overflowing.

Regina greeted him with her own affectionate earnestness. How beautiful she looked in her slight mourning! The gray-silk dress, with the little white bonnet and black lace veil, suited her exactly. Her aunt and sister wore the very same dress, but I do not suppose Uriel would have believed it. He felt as if she were taking possession of Stamberg; as if he could never let her leave it; as if all uncertainty were over, and the glad fulfilment of his wishes at hand. The Count had no notion of all this; but he had an idea that it was a good stroke to bring Regina here; that it would be a sort of rehearsal of the day when she would come to Stamberg as a bride. *She* understood both Uriel and her father; and resolved that, before this visit was over, she would speak so decidedly that they too should understand *her*.

Hyacinth went every morning to hear Mass. It was a good hour's walk; and when Regina begged him to take her with him, saying that after Hyacinth was gone she should be limited to Sunday if her father prolonged his stay, he asked her if she could manage the long walk in the chilly morning?

"Do you suppose I can think the way long from Stamberg to the altar, when our Lord comes down from Heaven to it?"

"Well, I did not suppose it—I only asked," he said simply.

The next morning, on their return, Uriel met them at the door.

"O Regina," he said entreatingly, "why did you not tell me, and you could have been driven to Mass? Now your father is quite in a way about your walking all in the dark and fog, as he says."

"Never mind, dear Uriel. You know papa; it would have been just the same if I had driven in the dark and fog," she answered, smiling. "And to-day I did especially want to go: it is Saint Teresa's feast, and I wished to renew my vow before the Blessed Sacrament."

He turned deadly pale. Then she said, "Come into the park with me;" and signing to Hyacinth to go in, she walked silently beside Uriel till they reached a sunny open space on a gentle slope, where garden-seats were placed under a magnificent oak, for the sake of the view. There she sat down, and Uriel followed her example.

"Dear Uriel," and her voice trembled as she began, "I cannot say how grieved I am to be here; but you know my father will have his way."

He answered gloomily: "Yes, I know that you grudge me every joy."

"Not so, dear Uriel; if it lay in my power to give you joy, you should have it."

"Empty words," he answered; "you know well that it is in your power, and only in yours."

"You forget that I am not free."

"You can easily be made free."

"But you forget that my heart is bound, and no dispensation can set that free."

"Be it so," he said, with an impatient movement; "I must wait."

"And, Uriel, for what?"

"You shall not be happy without me," he exclaimed passionately, "so long as I can hinder it."

"Uriel, is that generous? O, do not slander your nature so. You do not mean that, but you mean to nourish a vain hope. You want me to be faithless, and then to give my faith to you—a poor security for your happiness. You would hardly choose for your wife one who had hesitated ten years between you and another man; and when it is between God and a man! No, Uriel; let us both be and do what we can. All your prospects are changed by this unexpected inheritance: here is your place, here will be your round of duties. It will be for you to adorn your home with your own virtues, and one day with those of a loving pious wife: follow your vocation, and let me follow mine. Ah, Uriel, your life might be so beautiful! it lies with you."

"My life might be all you say, I know; but only through you, only with you, Regina; and I do not understand how you can cling so firmly to your love, and bid me forget mine."

"Because in one case it is the love of a creature, in the other of the Creator. There are plenty of Reginas; but my Love is the Only One."

"You are slandering my nature now, Regina, by supposing that I can transfer my affection so lightly, and to some one else, no matter who, it seems. Christian benevolence and the love of our neighbour are not sufficient for a union which decides irrevocably the happiness

of two persons. There must be something more than this; there must be that mysterious, inexplicable attraction of the heart which we call love, which chooses *one* out of thousands, out of all the world. Tell me, if you will, that it may bring misery instead of happiness. I do not deny it; but I maintain that whether the heart learns this exclusive love in joy and consolation, or in pain and anguish, it makes an impassable gulf between the *one* and all the world beside. I know of course that people marry without any such feeling, and get on well enough. Human nature accommodates itself marvelously to circumstances; and a person may be very contented in Kamschatka, when he was not so in the warm sunny south, supposing that duty, or a thousand reasons besides, made him go to Kamschatka. But, Regina, that is only saying that people are satisfied with many things besides love, and that what makes one person happy would never make another so; and as to transferring its affections to another, every loving heart rejects the idea: mine, at any rate, is wedded to you for time and eternity."

She was very pale.

"No, Uriel, no; that would be folly, perhaps sin."

"And have *you* alone the right to make a vow, which others call folly?"

She answered firmly: "*My* folly is the folly of the Cross, and *my* will is in accordance with the purposes of God for His creatures, while yours is in opposition to them."

"And why should it be impossible to love God *and* one of His creatures?" Uriel cried. "Believe me, you would have a wider field to work for God in, here than in the cloister. You should have a hospital, a school, whatever you desire: you should have it, Regina, under your own roof. And see, the castle is so large, it could be easily arranged; it is only to remove the stables, and throw out a wing by the chapel. You have only to say the word, and it shall be done."

"I believe it, Uriel. I am sure of it." And she looked at him affectionately. "But if you say that the love in your heart prevents you marrying another whom you do not love, how can I give a promise to you, with the love that is in mine? Certainly it would go ill with the world if one could not, as you say, love God *and* one of His creatures; only you see I am as exclusive in my way as you are in yours; and so I just keep to the old story, *Solo Dios basta*. We are come, it seems to me, to a turning-point in your life, and that God has led you there to see your way clearly; that is why I thought it right to say what I have done, and to tell you that I am not to blame for the pain which our being here may cause you."

She attempted to rise; but Uriel caught her hand, and said passionately, "Stay! if we *are* at a turning-point in my life, it cannot be reached yet; I cannot be already condemned to darkness. You must hear *me* now."

"And what more have you to say?" she asked.

He looked at her, and said slowly, "I love you."

She turned her eyes away gently and sorrowfully, and let them

rest on the lovely smiling landscape. He too was silent, looking at her delicate profile, and graceful noble figure with the morning-glory round her, like the nimbus of a saint.

"I love you," he went on, "and nothing has any value for me except in connection with you. I love you. And now, Regina, go your way, and I will go mine."

"To God, Uriel?"

"As you understand the words—scarcely."

She answered lightly, to hide her pain of heart:

"Remember Goethe's *Prometheus*: 'shall I hate life, and fly to the desert, because all my flowers have not turned to fruit?'"

"My Goethe mania is over, Regina."

"So much the better; you are a step nearer to God; every broken idol is an offering to Him. You will one day smile in the same way at your Regina mania."

"Perhaps so; but it will be a sad day for me; for in loving you I love a revelation of holiness; in Goethe it was one of intellect and genius; all that is now less than nothing to me. I love you, Regina!"

She rose quickly, and said:

"Uriel, it is enough; you know all my heart now; I must leave your future in God's hands; but one promise I will make solemnly now: I will never come again to Stamberg. Never! if I should have twenty years to wait before I reach Mount Carmel, Uriel, I will never come again to Stamberg."

Uriel too had risen; he looked at the fair sunny scene before them one moment, then he said:

"The curtain falls. Let us go."

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL!

COUNT DAMIAN sat on the balcony smoking a cigar and reading the papers. The tête-à-tête under the oak, which he saw in the distance, filled the poor man with an ungrounded satisfaction; so it was rather a blow when only Uriel joined him, looking so grave that the Count was startled, and asked hastily, "Have you bad news?"

"Hardly news, uncle, at all events. Regina's determination is quite fixed."

"Now who would believe it?" asked the Count; "never to say a word on the subject—to live in the world like the rest of us, or pretty nearly so—and to keep to those convent notions all the while!"

There was silence for a few minutes; Count Damian puffed on, and looked thoughtfully at the little blue clouds of smoke floating away; then he said:

"Now, my dear boy, listen to me; be reasonable and take my advice: do you just give up your fancy, leave off troubling your head about Regina, and marry Corona; that will make all straight. The little one shall be the heiress, and Regina—if she will have it

so—must go to her convent. She is wonderfully pretty, little Corona, every one says; and of late, you see, this idea has kept coming into my head; only I hoped Regina would come to her senses; but as it seems no use thinking about her, take my advice. After all, you may get on better with Corona. What do you say?"

"That I love the Queen, and not the Crown."

"Ah, my good fellow, don't be romantic. Why, dozens of men would think themselves lucky to get the offer."

"As I might, if I did not love Regina."

"Well, but forget Regina; leave off thinking about her; then you'll see in a little while you won't love her; a little while more and you will love Corona. Those winning little personages, like her, have a way of creeping into one's heart. God knows how I wished you to marry Regina; but don't let us be such fools as to let all our plans fall through because of her wilfulness. Why, I am turned fifty; no one would think it, would they now, to look at me?—but that's my age; and I begin to wish to have some grandchildren about me. It ought not all to be for nothing, your getting Stamberg, and such a splendid independent position at your age. It really looks like the will of God—to speak in poor Regina's style. Now Uriel, my boy, what do you say?"

Uriel had been so deep in thought that he had scarcely heard his uncle's long exhortation. The question at its close roused him, and he said:

"Ay, Corona!"

"You consent, then? Bravissimo! We shall not have so much trouble with the little one; besides, I do not mean to ask her, but just to let her know she is lucky enough to be chosen by you. Why she might be your wife in a month or so, eh?"

"My wife? Corona? My dear uncle, you must give me time to reflect on all this; it cannot be decided in such a hurry; but you must believe that I will do my utmost to meet your wishes. Now how do my cigars please you?"

"Better than the whole lot of you," said the Count, shaking his head.

The next few days passed pleasantly enough; for Regina was natural and self-possessed as usual, and Uriel had great self-control. Only, when the Count spoke of going, an anguish, like the bitterness of death, pierced his heart; for he knew that Regina would come no more. The last morning came; every one was preparing to start; and Regina, dressed for the journey, stood on the balcony looking at the waves of the morning mist which lay over all the landscape, covering earth and sky with a gray colourless veil, and every now and then letting fall one or two cold drops, like heavy tears. It was just one of those dull autumn mornings which are so often followed by a fine day. "Like life," she thought; "we walk in the clouds while we are here; then comes eternity, with its unclouded sunshine."

Uriel stood beside her. "Regina,"—and the beating of his heart lowered his full manly voice to a trembling whisper,—“will you come

back?" She shook her head without speaking or looking at him. "Remember," he went on, "that this moment decides the future of both of us; and God knows how. Remember that it is in your power to bring to this place the sweetest, highest happiness that ever was given by a woman's hand—a happiness blessed by God, which makes the soul nobler and the heart purer—a happiness bringing countless graces with it, and reaching on into the future. Look round you, look at me, look into your own heart—then speak; and consider well; for what you now say you will have to answer for in eternity."

Regina looked straight out before her, and her lips moved slightly; then she looked at Uriel, and there was an indescribable union of supernatural tenderness and intense pain on her sweet face, as she said, "*Solo Dios basta.*" But such a look of anguish convulsed Uriel's features, that she pressed her folded hands passionately against her heart, and cried: "O my God! change his suffering into grace, and these earthly thorns into heavenly roses!"

At that moment the Count, the Baroness, Hyacinth, and Corona came out on the balcony, and her father said to Regina:

"Are you bidding farewell to Stamberg?"

"No, dear father; to Uriel," she answered calmly.

Hyacinth went quickly to his brother, and laid his arm affectionately on his shoulder, saying, "*Au revoir*, Uriel, at my first Mass."

"*Au revoir*," answered Uriel, without knowing what he said.

The carriage drove up, and away. Uriel stood looking after it, then listening to it; and when nothing more could be seen or heard, he felt as if he had possessed the whole world, and lost it.

English Premiers.

I.—SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

THE life of Sir Robert Walpole ranges over a long and most important period of English history. He was born when "the merry monarch" held his dissolute court at Whitehall, and in his boyhood James II. forfeited the sceptre he had so injudiciously wielded. At Eton he was the comrade of Bolingbroke; and soon after attaining his majority he was returned to parliament, under William III., broke down in his maiden speech, and then steadily rose to fame as a debater. He filled many offices of trust under Godolphin, the prime minister of Queen Anne; was impeached for corruption, committed to the Tower, regarded as a Whig martyr, visited in prison by Marlborough, Somers, and Godolphin, in whose brilliant and effective administration he had shared, and was liberated in the following year with all the *éclat* of one who had suffered unjustly. He reëntered parliament with fresh energy, and proved a most dexterous debater. His calmness and self-command were astonishing; but when he rose to be premier, under George I., his policy of bribery was bitterly and ceaselessly denounced. He had great defects as a statesman and great merits. He was the butt of one party, the idol of another, and a century has hardly sufficed to cool the judgment of his partisans and his foes. He was a Whig, and, as Lord Dover calls him, "the glory of the Whigs" in his own time: he would be the scandal of the Tories in ours. He was supreme in the cabinet, would suffer no contradiction, and fought his battles single-handed. Macaulay said that a fair portrait of him still remained to be drawn, and that, when drawn, it would be equally unlike the one by Coxe and that by Smollett. Perhaps Lord Macaulay's own estimate of him is all that is needed, for it is formed with rare discrimination and strict impartiality. He obtained the condemnation of Bolingbroke and Oxford, retired from office in his forty-first year, became the leader of a formidable opposition, was recalled to power four years later, and then governed England during fifteen years of the reign of George II., fell at last by the coalition of parties agreed in nothing but hatred of his policy, was created Earl of Orford, and died in the year in which the Stuarts

were finally defeated, and all the clouds that lowered upon the house of Hanover were "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

It is evident at a glance that the life of such a man must be full of interest, and have no inconsiderable bearing on the present political and social condition of the country. He brings before us in a prominent light the figure of an English premier such as the Revolution of 1688 has made him; not the mere agent of his royal master's pleasure, but the impersonation of a parliamentary majority, advising and even controlling the sovereign, and responsible to the legislature for his ministerial acts. Robert Walpole was, in fact, what every succeeding prime minister has been—the great body of the people in the council-chamber of the king—the real ruler for the time being, though not wearing the insignia of royalty. It is for this reason that I have begun the present series with him, because he seems to inaugurate a new era in our parliamentary history, and also because, under his administration, the unity of cabinets became more decided, and the cabals which had disgraced preceding reigns happily disappeared. Robert's earlier days could have given no presage of his subsequent wealth. His father, though he possessed "2000*l.* a-year Norfolk sterling," would pass three months and ten days in town in the winter without spending more than 64*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and little thought that what maintained him a whole session would scarce serve one of his grandsons to buy fans and "japan" for princesses at Florence. At Eton, Robert was considered a scholar of quick parts, and he picked up at least enough bad Latin to converse afterwards with George I., who knew no more of English than his minister did of German. But even as a boy Robert's chief talent lay in speaking; and when he entered King's College, Cambridge, in his twentieth year, his political bias was well known.

"We must take care to save this young man," said Dr. Brady, his Tory physician, when he was seized with the smallpox, "or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him, because he is so violent a Whig."

His twenty-fourth year was marked by three events,—he married the daughter of Sir John Shorter, the lord mayor; inherited the paternal estate by his father's death; and was elected member of parliament for Castle Rising.

Launched on the sea of politics and fashion, Walpole soon displayed great activity. He sat on various committees, diligently mastered every question that presented itself, and supported the oath of abjuration by which the "Prince of Wales" was excluded from the throne. King William gave his assent to the bill con-

taining it with his dying breath, and the adherents of the Stuarts called it his "cursed legacy." But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. The curse has been turned into a blessing, and, by a slower but far surer process than the restoration of the fallen dynasty, the penal laws have been gradually suspended, the disabilities of British Catholics removed, and their Church has, with some drawbacks, been placed at last in a free and honourable position. If the crown had been set on the head of James III. or Charles III., there is much reason to fear that the event would have proved a calamity rather than a gain to the Catholic cause. Civil war might have desolated the land, and a violent Protestant reaction might have trodden into the dust all the after-growth of the ancient faith. The Stuart princes have many claims to our chivalrous attachment, but it must be confessed that they were not always acquainted with the political principles by which alone England can be governed.

Walpole's talents now drew on him the attention of Lord Godolphin and the hero of Blenheim. He was appointed successively councillor to the Lord High Admiral, Secretary at War, and Treasurer to the Navy. He managed the proceedings against Dr. Sacheverel for his anti-Whig sermons, but he did so officially to oblige Godolphin; and, like Queen Anne herself, entertained in private feelings favourable to the accused. His speech and pamphlet on the occasion show clearly that, though firmly opposed to the Stuart dynasty, he had no wish for religious persecution, and thought Sacheverel's suspension for three years was as much and more than the Tory parson deserved.

By the intrigues of Mrs. Masham, a lady of the bed-chamber, the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough at court was undermined; and the Whig administration of Godolphin and the great duke being supplanted by Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, Walpole retired into the Opposition, and spurned every offer of accommodation made to him by the new favourite. "Make a safe and honourable peace," he replied to his numerous overtures; "preserve the Protestant succession, and you will have no opposition." Harley and St. John did make peace, but their opponents thought it neither safe nor honourable. Lord Stanhope calls it "the shameful peace of Utrecht," the "consummation of wickedness and weakness," by which "subserviency to France became our leading principle of policy." But there are other historians no less sagacious than Lord Stanhope, who, without admiring either Harley or St. John, think the peace they concluded was a benefit to England and a blessing to Europe at large. Meanwhile Walpole fell into trouble. He was accused of venality and corruption in forage contracts made

by him in Scotland as Secretary at War, expelled the House of Commons, and lodged in the Tower. Such reverses often promote the rise of eminent men. Walpole defended himself in a manner satisfactory to his friends, and his prison apartment had the appearance of a crowded levee. A popular ballad was sung in his praise, and his future triumph was confidently predicted. Released from prison with a damaged fortune, Walpole visited Godolphin in his last illness at St. Alban's. "If you forsake that young man," said the dying statesman to the Duchess of Marlborough, "I will appear to you and reproach you for your conduct, if souls are permitted to return to earth from the grave." Walpole now used all his efforts to weaken the influence of Mrs. Masham, who encouraged the queen in her wish to bequeath the crown to James III.; of Harley, who had allowed a communication with the court of St. Germain's; and of Bolingbroke, who was believed to be still more favourable than Harley to the Jacobites. Harley, indeed, was dismissed from office for his lukewarmness by his royal mistress; and five days after she herself expired. The way was now fast opening for Walpole's rise; and when George I., immediately after his arrival, exchanged the Tory administration for one composed almost entirely of Whigs, Townshend and Walpole—now Paymaster of the Forces—were the chief agents in its formation. One of their first acts was to impeach the late ministers. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled, and were attainted. Harley, Earl of Oxford, defended himself bravely, and, though he was confined two years in the Tower, was ultimately pronounced innocent.

In the mean time the Earl of Mar set up the standard of James III. in Scotland, and was routed by Argyle at Dunblane. The Chevalier of St. George appeared in Scotland himself the year after the defeat at Sheriff-muir, but his arms were not destined to meet with success. A certain infatuation attended the counsels of the house of Stuart, and their own imprudence constantly strengthened their enemies' hands. Walpole's activity in forwarding supplies and answering all inquiries so increased his reputation that he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sixty thousand pounds were offered him, as he stated in the House of Commons, to save the life of Lord Derwentwater; but this he refused. His fortune was made, and power was dearer to him than wealth. A serious illness, brought on by over-exertion of mind and body, reminded him in his fortieth year of the uncertain tenure by which he grasped his honours; but he recovered, to the joy of his party; and many Whig poets, among whom was Rowe the dramatist, celebrated his return to health. The Septennial Act next marked

his administration. It substituted a new parliament every seven instead of every three years; and long experience has proved it to be the happy medium between too rare and too frequent changes. The repeal of the restraining clause in the Act of Settlement was to Walpole a matter of regret. He would have thought it better to tie the Hanoverian sovereign by the leg, and not allow him to run away from his kingdom when he pleased, and leave the Prince of Wales (of whom, by the way, he was very jealous) guardian of the realm. Many inconveniences resulted from the head of the state being so far removed from the members. The house of Hanover was not yet so firmly established, neither were its enemies so completely subdued, as to allow of its chief representative abandoning his court at Whitehall, and hiding himself in the summer-houses of German gardens. The people liked to see their king, though he was a foreigner; and court balls and levees were as precious to the tradespeople of London as to the votaries of fashion passing their seasons in town.

With all Walpole's success, he foresaw "storms in the air;" and they did not "blow over," as he predicted. The cabinet was divided. Sunderland, Halifax, Nottingham, and Marlborough were sour with discontent, and the German junto, with the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Darlington at its head, governed the King, and by their venality and avarice caused endless trouble to his most trustworthy ministers. Walpole remonstrated against these abuses, but George I. replied with a smile, "I suppose you are also paid for your recommendations." His fall, indeed, was at hand; but he had time to conclude a treaty with France, which was negotiated by his brother Horace. Its leading feature was an engagement on the part of England to support the succession of the Regent in case of Louis XV.'s dying without issue, on condition that France should cease to give encouragement to the Stuart claims. But what services could secure a minister in those days from the influence of cabals at court? The King was led to believe that Townshend and his allies were exalting the Prince of Wales to the detriment of the father's authority, and Townshend was displaced, to his own and Walpole's intense indignation. Once again the royal countenance beamed upon Townshend propitiously on the beach at Margate, and he was persuaded to accept the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland; but it was clear that others were in the royal favour, and Walpole, then First Lord of the Treasury, resigned. The King pressed him to remain in office; returned him the seals, it is said, no less than ten times; and at last saw his ablest minister retire firm in his resolution, but moved to tears. From that moment he became the leader of a vigorous opposition.

When he resigned his post Walpole was in the midst of a

favourite scheme for reducing the national debt. It amounted to fifty millions, and the average interest paid was seven per cent. He had proposed borrowing 600,000*l.*, bearing interest at only four per cent, and applying all savings to the reduction of the national debt by means of a general sinking-fund. But when thrown into the ranks of the Opposition he did not rise above personal considerations, but spoke and voted against almost every measure introduced by government. What he had formerly advocated was now his mortal aversion, and what he had denounced he now supported. Even thus he all but managed the House of Commons; and he accepted as praise what was said of him as a reproach, that "he seemed to be perfect master of some secret magic." The power of genius, especially in debate and finance, is always magical; and Walpole never exerted it with greater effect than in the speech he delivered against Sunderland's peerage-bill. He had right on his side. That measure would have subverted the British Constitution. By creating a large number of new peers it would have strengthened the hands of the existing ministry, as a fresh creation of peers always does; but this would have been its least important result. By limiting thenceforward the number of peers, it would have deprived the King of one of his most essential prerogatives, and have put it into the power of the House of Lords to offer a compact resistance to the wishes both of the monarch and the nation. The overthrow of this short-sighted and unconstitutional plan was mainly owing to Walpole's determined opposition, and to his masterly speech in the House of Commons, the substance of which has been collected from memoranda in his own handwriting.

"Among the Romans," he said, "the Temple of Fame was placed behind the Temple of Virtue, to denote that there was no coming to the Temple of Fame but through that of Virtue. But if this bill is passed into a law, one of the most powerful incentives to virtue would be taken away, since there would be no arriving at honour but through the winding-sheet of an old decrepit lord, or the grave of an extinct noble family: a policy very different from that glorious and enlightened nation, who made it their pride to hold out to the world illustrious examples of merited elevation—

‘*Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.*’"

There are two Latin quotations in the paragraph immediately following; and it is evident that Walpole, though not a literary man, thought it his bounden duty to interlard his speeches with scraps from the poets and philosophers of that "glorious and enlightened" people whom he extolled above the advocates of the peerage-bill.

The next era in Walpole's life—from 1720 to 1721—was marked by his restoring the public credit, which the famous South-Sea scheme had so seriously damaged. The South-Sea Company had already traded largely on the credulity of Englishmen. "Fleets of jewels," islands fertile with the fruit of endless summer, and the mines of Mexico and Potosi sparkling with inexhaustible wealth, were seen in vision through the haze of the wide waters of the Atlantic. The company offered to liquidate the national debt. A lower rate of interest than before was to be paid, and subscriptions to the scheme itself were invited under government patronage. In an evil hour the ministers consented to this proposal. Walpole resisted it, re-entered office as Paymaster of the Forces, reconciled the jealous King to the Prince of Wales, and was soon fixed upon as the only person capable of healing the wounds inflicted on the public credit by the South-Sea Company's frenzy and fraud. The whole nation was mad with stock-jobbing. Every day some new commercial bubble was blown. South-Sea shares were sold for ten times what they had cost, large fortunes were made by the more wily, and then the crash came. Thousands of families were "wrecked on a reef of visionary gold," and reduced to beggary in an hour. The King was very desponding, and but for Walpole's prudence and moderation, he and the Prince of Wales, who had allowed himself to be made Governor of the Copper Company, might have found their position any thing but easy. As a private individual, however, Sir Robert did not scruple to speculate in South-Sea stock, and sell out greatly to his advantage. A thousand per cent was the price at which he was fortunate enough to sell his shares. Guy, the bookseller, followed his lead, and to the fortune he gained we owe the hospital that bears his name.* Lord Pembroke also profited by his example to a large amount.

In 1721 Walpole was again placed at the head of affairs, and gave a generous impulse to the system of Free Trade. He found commerce and manufactures hampered in all their efforts. Importation of needful commodities had been shackled by all sorts of petty duties, and exportation had been made equally difficult. One hundred and six articles of British manufacture were therefore, by Walpole's recommendation, allowed to be exported, and thirty-six articles of raw material to be imported, duty-free. Bounties and premiums were granted to the importers of naval stores from our possessions in North America. A minister who conferred such substantial boons on his country was not the man to be lightly set aside; and when Sunderland, who envied his popularity, requested the King to make him Postmaster-general.

* *Shadows of the Old Booksellers*, by Charles Knight.

for life, and thus put an end to his parliamentary career, George replied: "I parted with him once against my inclination, and I will never part with him again as long as he is willing to serve me." The tax laid by one of Walpole's bills on the estates of Catholics, and subsequently extended to all non-jurors, lies open to severe censure. That they had, by favouring the revolt of 1715, subjected the nation to many expenses is perhaps true; but such measures did not prevent the outbreak of 1745. A policy of conciliation might have been more successful. Lord Stanhope, indeed, four years before, had set a good example in this respect. He had made offers of indulgence to Catholics, which Lord Mahon in his history calls "the earliest germ of Roman Catholic emancipation," on conditions, to be submitted to the Pope, requiring sworn allegiance to the reigning family. This overture proved abortive from a variety of causes. The time was not yet come in which ecclesiastical authority could recognise as indisputable the claim of the Hanoverian dynasty to the sceptre of these isles.

Walpole's honours grew thick upon him. His son was raised to the peerage, and he was himself created Knight of the Bath and Garter. It was a theme hardly worthy of him who in the *Night Thoughts* hymned the glory of the starry universe; yet Dr. Young sung of it in the poem called *The Instalment*. The shades of departed knights were invited to attend; Godolphin was to place the star on Sir Robert's breast, Burleigh to fasten the plume on his head, another to throw the crimson mantle over his shoulder, and others to gird the sword on his thigh, or circle his waist with the diamond girdle;

"And Edward own, since first he fixed the race,
None pressed fair glory with a swifter pace."

Like all public men in those days, Walpole had many thorns in his side. His love of power was such, that he could brook no rival. By not inviting the opulent Pulteney to take office, he turned him into a bitter opponent. Being jealous of Carteret's influence with the King, his great learning, and his fluent German, he caused him to be dismissed, and drove him into the ranks of the Opposition. He quarrelled with Townshend, his friend and kinsman; and though, through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, he complied with the wishes of George I., and supported the bill which cancelled Bolingbroke's attainder, he not only failed to make him a friend, but became the object of his sharpest invective. But he would not so easily expose himself to the hatred of a people. When Ireland was convulsed with rage at the introduction of Wood's copper coinage, he wisely yielded to the agitation, and would not attempt to enforce so innocuous a measure by the use of arms. In Scotland he

employed Lord H^{ay} to repress the tumults that arose out of resistance to the malt-tax; and though he acted with vigour, his moderation also was worthy of praise. The Treaty of Hanover, which was concluded in 1725, was not altogether approved by Walpole. It united England, France, and Prussia in a defensive alliance against Spain, Russia, and the Emperor of Germany; and though Walpole supported it, he objected to Portugal not being included among the contracting parties, and to the large sums required to gain over Sweden. It was supposed to be unfavourable to Stuart designs in England, and this redeemed its defects in Walpole's sight.

By his wise negotiations war with Austria and Spain was averted. He dreaded the interruption of our commerce with the Spaniards, and believed, with almost all English statesmen, that a pacific policy is best for our national interests. The time may come when nations will prefer peace from yet higher motives; but in the mean time it is well if, for worldly advantage, they beat their swords into ploughshares, and settle their differences by diplomacy rather than on battle-plain. The intrigues of Bolingbroke and the Duchess of Kendal to supplant Walpole were interrupted by the death of George I., which took place in June 1727. On the accession of George II., Pulteney and Bolingbroke used all their influence to disparage this able minister, and Walpole himself expected to be dismissed. But he had a friend at court, and no less a one than Queen Caroline herself. Her influence in the King's councils was considerable; and though she rose, as if to retire, when the ministers entered, she often remained there by the King's desire. She was fond of power, but had the tact never to give her opinion before it was asked, and to do so then with great modesty. She looked very complacently on Walpole's pacific measures; and the minister, as minister, became a decided favourite. By declining to pay court to Mrs. Howard, the Queen's rival, he secured her Majesty's esteem; and by readily consenting to the King's wish to put Sir Spencer Compton at the head of affairs, he retained office himself, and was soon reinstated in more than all his former dignity. Caroline of course expected a reward, and received it in the form of a jointure of 100,000*l.* in case of her surviving the King. His Majesty unfortunately could not be bought; so Walpole suffered many inconveniences for his inflexible disposition, and often appeared faithless to his promises in consequence of George II. refusing to bestow places and honours on persons to whom they had been pledged. But all unprejudiced men, all who were not his rivals nor had personal grievances to lay to his charge, were no less sensible than the nation at large of his political worth. I say political—for his private character does not seem to

have attained a higher moral tone than that of the court profligates around him. Lord Chesterfield accused him of ambition to be thought a gallant without meriting the honour. Vice had become so fashionable, that many who inclined to sober living were ashamed to be virtuous. Royal mistresses were universally flattered, and riches and titles were heaped upon them. The theatre was what Congreve and Dryden had made it—a school of immorality, where indecency clothed itself in the attractions of verse. The tide of corruption was met by no strong resistance in the Church; while the court, by its example, encouraged the progress of evil. The true standard of morals, as well as that of faith, was lost; and the statesman who should have adopted a high moral tone would, in all probability, have been insincere. Natural religion and natural virtues were all that could be expected; and it was a happy circumstance when even these were not obliterated. Savage used to say of Walpole, that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity. Perhaps the wit exaggerated a little for the sake of his antithesis. Walpole did not patronise men of letters; and for this the talented and unfortunate Savage owed him a grudge. Often as he quoted Horace, the premier had no extensive knowledge, nor any great fondness for books. When his letters were brought, he generally opened the gamekeeper's first. He could make better use, however, of the little he did know than other men could make of ponderous erudition. With easy and flowing wit he united taste for the fine arts; and the entertainments he provided for his friends were equally profuse and elegant. His mansion at Houghton, with his pictures and lodge at Richmond, cost him about 254,000*l.*; and when it is added that each "meeting" at Houghton caused an outlay of 3000*l.*, no one will feel surprised that he did not die rich. As a statesman Sir Robert Walpole certainly deserved well of his country. "He did every thing," says Lord Hervey, "with the same ease and tranquillity as if he were doing nothing." "The prudent steadiness and vigilance of that man," observes Burke, "joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family, and with it their laws and liberties to this country." He was kind-hearted, jovial, and placable; but, as we have seen already, "he loved power so much"—they are the words of his own son—"that he would not endure a rival." His clemency was great and noble; for he allowed himself to be overthrown at last by men of whom he knew many to have treasonable correspondence with the Stuarts, and whose lives were consequently in his hands.

Our reflections on Walpole's character have led us somewhat to

forestall events. Sixteen years of his life still remain to be noticed. It was for political reasons that he and Townshend, in 1726, afforded protection to a refugee whom they must have despised. This was the extraordinary Dutchman and adventurer Baron Ripperda. During the war of the Spanish succession he served as colonel, and carefully studied trade and manufactures. After having been employed by Cardinal Alberoni in several affairs of a delicate nature, he abjured the Protestant religion, and was commissioned by Philip V. of Spain to negotiate a treaty with the German Emperor. Such was his success, that on his return to Madrid he was appointed Secretary of State, and without the name of prime minister wielded all the powers that had belonged to Alberoni. His boasting made him the ridicule of thoughtful men; but for a time he defied all opposition by force of vanity and presumption. "I am shielded," he cried one day at a public levee, "by six friends, who will defend me against all intrigues—God, the Blessed Virgin, the Emperor and Empress, the King and Queen of Spain!" This was mere verbiage. He was an unprincipled braggart. A sudden fall followed his sudden rise, and fearing for his life, he took refuge with the English ambassador, and betrayed to him the secret articles of the Treaty of Vienna. During the disclosure his whole frame shook, and he wept like a child. His next lodging was in the fortress of Segovia, from which he escaped after fifteen months by the help of his valet, the servant-maid, and a rope-ladder, which sorely incommoded his gouty legs. In England, he lived for some time at Eton *incognito*, and afterwards in Soho Square in great style. When peace was concluded with Spain, and his perfidy could no longer serve our minister's turn, he felt his importance lessened, and resolved to vent on Spain the spite which had long been rankling in his breast. He therefore embarked for Morocco, entered the service of Muley Abdallah, embraced Mohammedanism, obtained the command of the army, and acted also as chief minister. He several times defeated the Spaniards, was himself beaten at Ceuta, resigned, deserted his master when dethroned by Muley Ali, retired to Tetuan, and died in old age despised and detested by all whom he had cajoled and betrayed.

In the year 1730, Thomas Pelham, duke of Newcastle, was made Secretary at War. He was in some respects a gifted man, and so fond of power and office that he contrived to fill high situations at court during a period of six-and-forty years. He constantly sided with Walpole, and was repaid by sharing the premier's confidence. In a subordinate office, in which his talents were turned to account by a superior understanding, he was found useful, and even necessary, in

consequence of his great family influence; but when he afterwards rose to the head of affairs, he presented a melancholy spectacle of ambition and incompetence. I hope some time hence to trace his life in a brief memoir; but in the mean while it may be sufficient to say that he was wholly devoid of method, peevish, and grotesque. Able men made sport of him; he appeared very busy when he was doing nothing; and George II., who disliked him extremely, said, "I am compelled to take the Duke of Newcastle as my minister, who is not fit to be chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany."

Townshend and Walpole had been friends in youth; nay more, they were brothers-in-law. They had long acted in concert as ministers; but as time went on, jealousies sprang up between them. Their tempers differed: Townshend was violent and overbearing; Walpole was good-humoured and conciliating. Private envy widened public differences. The Townshends, who had long taken the lead in Norfolk, saw themselves outrivalled by the Walpoles, of whom the eldest son was made a peer, and the father was surrounded by all that was brilliant at Houghton. When Lady Townshend died their good angel was gone, and their growing dissensions came to a crisis at Colonel Selwyn's in 1729. Townshend, incensed at some caustic reflections on his sincerity, seized Walpole by the collar, and both at the same moment laid their hands upon their swords. Blood might have been shed, even the guilt of fratricide incurred, if Mrs. Selwyn and Newcastle had not interfered. The breach, however, was not to be healed, though the duel was prevented. "They stood aloof, the scars remaining;" and Townshend, retiring from public life, gave himself up to rural pursuits, and refused ever after to attend the House of Lords, lest his temper should betray him into hasty words. The history of the rupture given by the premier himself was simply this: "So long as the firm of the house was Townshend and Walpole, the utmost harmony prevailed; but it no sooner became Walpole and Townshend than things went wrong, and a separation ensued." This is no doubt the true account of the matter. Walpole could brook no opposition in the cabinet of which he was the head; neither could Townshend endure to be second in a ministry in which he had been first.

The premier's course was now clearer, and he promoted friendly relations with Austria, to which his colleague had been averse; and at the same time sent Lord Waldegrave to Paris, in place of his brother Horace. His mission was to pacify France; and he was chosen as a person likely to please Cardinal Fleury. There can be no doubt of his diplomatic ability, his liveliness and address as a correspondent; but we cannot but regret that he threw off the yoke

of the Church in whose divine tenets he had been educated, and admitted to his uncle, the Duke of Berwick, that he "changed his religion to avoid confession."

It was about the year 1731 that Pulteney became one of Walpole's bitterest opponents. He had been the great man's friend; but the great man having more than once treated him as the little man, he rejected every overture of reconciliation, and, together with Bolingbroke, assailed the prime minister in the *Craftsman* with every species of sarcasm and invective. In the House his opposition was no less determined; yet it must be remembered, to the honour of each of the rivals, that amid all their political acrimony they were often seen in friendly conversation, and that Walpole even preferred Dr. Pearce to the deanery of Winchester at Pulteney's request. An election was coming on; and Pulteney, to his credit, took occasion to tell the dean, that if in it he favoured his interests rather than those of the premier, he should have the worse opinion of him. Nothing can be imagined more delicate and generous both towards his opponent and the dean.

Sir Robert's financial ingenuity ere long gave Pulteney and the Opposition a formidable handle against him. He conceived a plan for removing the duties on wine and tobacco, and applying to these articles the laws of excise. His views were developed in a pamphlet entitled *Some General Considerations concerning the Alteration and Improvement of the Revenues*; and from these it appeared that the projected bill would totally abolish the land-tax, augment the revenue, prevent frauds, decrease smuggling (then practised to a fearful extent), simplify taxation, and facilitate the collection of taxes. The customs were to be converted into duties of excise; and the laws of excise were at the same time to be amended. Walpole's speeches in the debate were very masterly; and in his climax he declared that the scheme he proposed was most innocent, and hurtful to none but smugglers and unfair traders; that he was certain it would be a great benefit to the revenue, and would "tend to make London a free port, and by consequence the market of the world." But the nation was not ripe for a measure so much in advance of the age. The very name of excise was odious, and recalled a long list of grievances and riots from the time of Charles the First downwards. The *Craftsman* and the Opposition took every advantage of this bugbear; and though the bill was read a second time by a majority of thirty-six, the storm raised in the country was such that Walpole thought it prudent to withdraw it of his own accord. The King supported his minister; and to the great disappointment of the Opposition, Carteret and a number of hangers-on who had defected

to its ranks were deprived of their offices, and replaced by Walpole's friends. Thus, as in nearly all the battles described by Thucydides, each party set up a trophy of victory.

It would be tiresome to the reader if at this distance of time I detailed the various tactics employed by the Opposition to bring Walpole into disrepute. Many of them were of so unconstitutional a tendency as to show plainly that they arose simply from a spirit of faction. Their advocates espoused the cause of the servants of the crown whom the King had dismissed, and proposed that his prerogatives in this respect should be limited for the future. They agitated for triennial parliaments, which the Whig portion of them had once vigorously opposed; but their zeal was directed apparently against a man rather than against a measure. Such puny hostilities have their advantage. They serve as a safety-valve to let off the ill-temper of parties, and by occupying them with subjects of minor importance, prevent explosion on serious questions. It is for the good of society that the House of Commons should often resemble a set of schoolboys.

In 1734 and 1735 Walpole was engaged in a struggle with the King himself. The Emperor of Germany, opposed to the united forces of France, Sardinia, and Spain, found himself sorely embarrassed, and ardently desired the armed assistance of England and Holland. Sir Robert was fully determined not to embroil his country in a hazardous and useless war; and in order to maintain this resolution, he had to resist the influence of his royal master, who inclined to Austria; of the Secretary of State, Lord Harrington; and of the Austrian envoy, Strickland, Bishop of Namur. This prelate had espoused the cause of James III.; and having quitted England (his native country), had been made Abbot of St. Pierre de Preaux in Normandy. But having been raised to the See of Namur through British influence with the German court, he thought he might serve two masters; and by residing at Rome he gained information about the Stuart exiles, and transmitted it regularly to the English Government. Lord Harrington had endeavoured to obtain for him a Cardinal's hat through the Emperor's influence; but this attempt, it would seem, had no result.* Arrived in London, he exerted himself to bring Walpole and his peaceful policy into disrepute; and was only dismissed through that minister's remonstrances with the Queen, who continued to be his faithful and judicious friend. The Cabinet was strangely divided, and wheel worked within wheel. Harrington gave orders which Walpole secretly countermanded. The Queen

* Walpole and Grantham Papers; Orford Papers; Coxe's Life of Walpole, i. 512.

was for peace, while the King made ready for war; and contrary instructions from ministers of the same cabinet often lay on the table of foreign ministers. The increasing difficulties of the Emperor of Austria afforded ample scope for conflicting counsels. He was driven to the verge of insanity by the straits into which he was brought by France, Sweden, Prussia, and Turkey. In the dead of night he gave vent to the bitterest lamentations, and the Empress only witnessed his despair. Every effort to obtain subsidies and armed assistance from England and Holland failed: they would promise nothing but mediation. At length a plan of pacification was devised. The King in his speech spoke of it with laudable pride. The address in the House of Commons was carried without any reflection unfavourable to the minister; and Bolingbroke himself, though Walpole's sworn enemy, allowed that "if the English ministers had any hand in it, they were wiser than he thought them; and if not, they were much luckier than they deserved to be." It cannot be denied that Great Britain has sometimes deviated from a pacific policy, and often pursues it with a selfish aim; but it is also certain that on other occasions her mighty influence from sea to sea has been exerted to calm the fury of warring populations, and to promote industry, prosperity, and peace.

Carmel and Bejrout.

BEAUTIFUL Carmel! No one who has spent three or four months in traversing the rugged and arid tracks which characterise Syrian travel can fail to be struck with the wonderful fertility and beauty of the park-like ground to which you ascend after leaving the marshy swamps of the Kishon, on the road from Nazareth to "Mohrakah," the undoubted site of the sacrifice of Elias. The so-called "Forest" of Carmel scarcely deserves its name in the English sense, but is more like a glade in our forest scenery, reminding one also of the Tyrol; with dwarf oak, bay, carouba, arbutus, and a multitude of flowering and aromatic shrubs; the sweet-scented olive, with its pale-yellow clusters; the mastic, with its pendent white bell-shaped blossoms, and the delicate purple acacia; while cistus, white and lilac, in full flower, colour the ground for miles. All the similes of the Book of Canticles find their natural explanation here: "My head is like Carmel;" "How beautiful art thou, and how comely!"

Scrambling through this thicket of shrubs, our travellers arrived at last at a magnificent amphitheatre, in the centre of which was a fountain, and by its side a beautiful Turkey oak, under the shade of which they agreed to rest during the burning heat of noonday. The hewn stones at their feet marked the site of the altar which Elias rebuilt: from this very fountain must the water have been drawn which filled the trench before the sacrifice was offered—that sacrifice which, in its accomplishment, was to vindicate the majesty of God in the sight of His chosen people. Here again, after the atonement had been made by the death of the idolatrous priests by the river Kishon, the welcome rain was obtained in answer to the prophet's prayer. The view on all sides is grand in the extreme, embracing the whole of Central Palestine, with the Plain of Esdraelon, and Tabor, and the "Cities of the Plain," Nain and Shunem, Megiddo and Jezreel. From the place of sacrifice the path leads through the native village of Espya to a high ridge covered with flowers and aromatic shrubs; and thence a ride of seven or eight hours through lovely scenery brings you to the Convent of Mount Carmel, built on a promontory overlooking the sea, with the little town of Caiffa nestling at its feet. Our travellers, although with a Carmelite Friar

for their guide, missed the right track, and found themselves, at ten o'clock at night, in a deep ravine, from whence apparently there was no exit except by the road through which they had come. But a Bedouin shepherd took pity on their exhausted condition, and showed them a path which led them at last to the convent gates, after more than twelve hours in the saddle. There the usual hospitable welcome awaited them, though no longer from their much-loved Franciscan Fathers. Carmel is the head-quarters of the Discalced Carmelites, who received the rules of their Order from Albert, the holy Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the year 1205. The convent is a very spacious building, with a fine domed chapel; and the whole was built from the alms collected by a single monk, who visited Europe for that purpose.

Early the following morning, the solemn Mass for the "Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin on Mount Carmel" was said for the pilgrims in the beautiful church built over the cavern which tradition points out as the residence of the prophet Elias. A subterranean chapel occupies this spot, above which a double flight of steps leads up to the high altar. After Mass one of the Carmelite fathers volunteered to conduct their guests to the "School of the Prophets," which is a cave below the convent garden, overlooking the sea, and to which the descent is steep and difficult. Following the zigzag path to the left is the chapel of St. Simon Stock, an Englishman, who, in the thirteenth century, spent six years on Mount Carmel, leading an austere life of penance and of prayer. His eminent piety caused him to be elected general of his Order; soon after which he instituted the Confraternity of the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, a devotion as to which he was instructed in a vision by the Mother of God herself. His chapel is now being beautifully restored by an English lady, whose little girl had a singular devotion to the spot. The intense heat prevented our travellers from continuing their explorations towards the wine-presses, which still remain on the slopes of Carmel, sole vestiges of its ancient fertility; for no vineyards now clothe those arid hills. Sadly and literally is the prophecy fulfilled: "He shall not tread out wine in the press that was wont to tread it out. Gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing or shouting in the vineyards."

Returning to the convent, they ascended to the roof of the dome, from whence a magnificent view was obtained on all sides; and then reëntering the church, where a beautiful image of the Mother of God was exposed, one of the party kneeling at the high altar received the scapular from the hands of the venerable Superior. "Ecce signum

salutis; salus in periculis, *foedus pacis et pacti sempiterni!*" With the words of the exhortation still sounding in her ears and the prayer in her heart, "*Constantiam bene perseverandi*," the English traveller bid adieu with the rest of her party to their kind entertainers, and descended the steep hill leading to Caiffa. It is a dirty straggling little town, with nothing to recommend it except the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth and the hospitable house of the English Consul, himself a man of great ability and talent, though for the moment buried in this quiet spot. From Caiffa our travellers galloped along the beautiful smooth sands towards Acre. The seashore is covered with shells, especially the murex, a beautiful violet-tinted donax, and above all the lovely purple haliotis, the "*ianthina fragilis*," supposed to have been used for the ancient Tyrian dye, which some of the party could not resist dismounting to pick up. Presently they came to "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which, swollen by a flood, compelled them to cross it in boats, while their horses swam alongside. A ride of two hours more, and the fording of the "*Belus*," now a shallow stream, brought them to the gates of Acre. Here, again, they found their old Franciscan friends; and leaving their horses at the convent gates, they started to inspect the fortifications, under the guidance of one of the Fathers, and afterwards visited the church and palace of the Knights of St. John, sole remains of the good old times of the Crusaders, now in the hands of the Greek Catholics. The once magnificent cathedral is in ruins; but a portion of it has been restored, and is used by the Franciscans as their church. Our travellers lingered so long in this interesting spot that the sun had set before they thought of remounting, and the guards at the gate demurred at letting them out of the city. But a "*bakshish*" from the dragoman opened the way, and the party galloped rapidly on, past a beautiful villa, with groups of palm-trees, interspersed with orange, lemon, and pomegranate gardens, towards their tenting ground, which they reached by moonlight at ten o'clock. The muleteers had, however, disobeyed their orders, in order to save themselves trouble—a common trick in the East—and had pitched the tents in a swampy ground, which seemed to breathe nothing but malaria and fever. But it was too late to change; so, hastily dining, our travellers threw themselves on their little camp-beds, resolving to start by peep of day the following morning; and thus, if possible, to avoid the evil consequences of the obstinacy of their Arab attendants. Daybreak accordingly found them in the saddle; and passing very sorrowfully the boundary between Palestine and Syria, they commenced the steep and perilous ascent over the magnificent cliffs which bear the name of the "*Ladder of Tyre*." No parapet protects the

path on the shelving rock ; and on several occasions the mules, with their loads, seemed on the point of slipping, three hundred feet down into the sea. The cliffs were covered with wild pinks, red and white, and with a beautiful bright lavender-coloured immortelle, of which the Bedouins gathered great bunches to decorate their horses. The travellers rested for luncheon amid the ruins of an old Phœnician city, called in the Syrian tongue "Iskanderyeh." It had the remains of a fine aqueduct and of a tessellated pavement still in perfect preservation. From this halting-place a gallop along a belt of smooth sand brought them to the base of a fresh cliff called the Ras el Abiad, or "White Head;" a still more dangerous and precipitous ascent than the last, but from whence the most beautiful panoramic view was obtained of Tyre and Sidon and the curved line of the sandy shores, on which rippled the blue sea ; while inland, above the fertile plain, rose the magnificent range of violet-coloured mountains, snowy Hermon towering, as usual, above the whole. Descending the "White Head," and passing by a beautiful ruined aqueduct covered with maiden-hair fern and other creepers, a couple of hours' ride brought them into the dirty and straggling streets of Tyre. The Jesuits have established a large school in the town, which has offshoots in the surrounding villages ; and one of the Fathers kindly volunteered to be the cicerone of the travellers to the cathedral, once the finest church in Syria, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. It is in the Byzantine style, but only the western wall and a few buttresses remain to show its size and ancient grandeur. Eusebius wrote the consecration sermon for the opening of this church. Paulinus and William of Tyre sat in its episcopal chair. Here Origen was buried, and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. But its glories are indeed departed. Filthy Moslem huts are crowded into its ruined aisles ; broken columns and fragments of porphyry and granite are strewed on all sides. This cathedral is but a type of every thing in this once magnificent seaport. All the ancient prophecies of her desolation are literally fulfilled : "What city is like Tyre, which is become silent in the midst of the sea ?" "They shall lay thy stones and thy timber in the midst of the water." "The waters have covered her. She is a place for fishermen to spread their nets."

Our party pitched their tents outside the town on the bright sandy shore, close to the fountain called Hiram's Well ; and the kind Father — sat drinking coffee with them at the open tent-door, talking of his mission and its success, when suddenly a wonderful storm burst on the beautiful mountains which stretched beyond the desolate Phœnician plain before them, lighting up snowy Hermon

with the most vivid and lurid brightness, and throwing purple and pink and violet tints on the mounds and villages in the middle distance, the brilliancy of which one of the travellers in vain endeavoured to render on her drawing-paper. The storm subsiding, they made an expedition to Hiram's tomb, a great sarcophagus erected on a pedestal of square stone about four or five miles from the city, with a deep well on one side and the ruins of a once enclosed garden on the other, full of wild-orange and pomegranate trees in full blossom.

The following morning by four o'clock the party left the beautiful but desolate city, and crossing the Leontes, struck upwards from the seashore to the old town of Sarepta, the scene of the miracle of the widow's cruse. Not a house remains on the original site, for the modern village has migrated up the hill. Only a few square stones are left, and the ruins of an early Christian chapel erected where our divine Lord is said to have rested when travelling through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Here the storm, which had long been gathering in the mountains, burst with full force upon our travellers; but shelter being out of the question, they were compelled to brave it; and after fording one or two small rivers, fringed with pink oleanders in full flower, arrived within sight of the beautiful orange and citron groves which surround Saida, the ancient Sidon. It is situated, like Tyre, on a projecting isthmus, with a ledge of rocks and broken columns running out into the sea, but is a great contrast in the wonderful fertility and culture of its environs. Our dripping travellers were most courteously received by the French Consul, who gave up the rooms of his wife and daughter to the ladies; while the gentlemen were equally hospitably lodged at the Franciscan convent, which forms the opposite side of the square court-yard. This shelter was the more welcome, as the baggage mules having floundered in the Nahr-ez-Zaherany, or "Flowery River," with the tents and luggage, their beds and every thing else were soaked through and through.

Here they first came upon the traces of that horrible massacre which three or four years ago filled the hearts of all Europe with horror. Upwards of eighteen hundred Christians perished in Saida in the month of June 1860, in that outburst of Mohammedan and Druse fury, among whom were above one hundred and twenty priests and religious of various orders, both men and women. The cruelties and insults wreaked on the victims rival the scenes of the Indian mutiny; and again, there was the same misplaced confidence in the native honour. The venerable Jesuit Fathers, P. Rousseau and P. Pounière, at the risk of their lives, determined to bury the

bodies of the victims assassinated outside the gates, especially that of the Vicar-General; of the Bishop, Monsignor Boutros, whose body, cut in half-a-dozen pieces and part of it already devoured by dogs, was discovered with those of twelve other priests and several laymen within ten minutes' walk of the town. The horrible stench and the dreadful state of mutilation of the bodies rendered this heroic service one of real martyrdom.*

The Sisters of St. Joseph have a large school and orphanage adjoining the Franciscan convent; but they "hold their lives in their hands," as all must do who labour in this land, and who have learned by bitter experience the treachery and fanaticism by which they are surrounded, and which it requires but a spark to kindle anew. After early Mass the following morning in the chapel of the convent, the French Consul took his guests to visit the port, which was originally a very spacious one, and is still strewn with fragments of porphyry columns and hewn granite stones, which must have formed portions of the quays. A fine ruined tower and a bridge of several arches connects the northern end of the city with the port. On these rocks must St. Paul have landed; and here too may our blessed Lord have trod, for the only way from Sidon to Tyre is along this shore.

The day was fine and bright when our travellers, taking leave of their kind hosts, and purchasing from the clamorous vendors some of the beautiful gold coins of Philip of Macedon, and of Alexander, recently discovered in one of the gardens of the consulate, rode through the lovely Saida orange and acacia groves loaded with fruit and flowers, on the path leading to Beyrout. The first river was crossed without difficulty, and a turn in the road brought them to a village where a Mohammedan wely or chapel is erected to mark the spot where the prophet Jonah is said to have been cast on the shore out of the belly of the whale. Sycamore, fig, date, palm, mulberry, and olive trees gave a pleasant shade for the noonday halt. But another river had to be forded, the Dafour, about which the guides had been whispering in evident anxiety, owing to the recent heavy rains. At Saida a report was current that some travellers had been drowned in it the day before; and on arriving at its swollen and flooded banks the traveller thought with dismay of the evident risk to which her children would be exposed. There was, however, no going back, and no boat could be obtained, as at the Kishon; so plunging boldly in, with the strongest and most expert swimmers among the escort leading the horses of the younger

* The Père R. P. Rousseau and the Sister Rosa, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, subsequently sunk from typhus caught in tending the wounds of the survivors among the Christians.

ones, the river was entered and safely crossed. Lighting a fire on the seashore to dry their dripping habits, the party watched with anxiety the passage of their baggage. But it was accomplished in safety with one exception; a mule loaded with saddle-bags was carried away by the violence of the current and drowned, while the contents of his pack, though recovered, were irretrievably ruined. Thankful, however, for no worse mischance, our travellers remounted and trotted on towards Beyrout, the approach to which is perfectly beautiful, through a succession of stone pine-woods, with the glorious Lebanon mountains on the right, the lower spurs of which were covered with villas and gardens and woods, a picturesque convent crowning each tiny eminence, and the whole combining every thing that is most lovely in nature and in art. It reminds one of the view of Fiesole from San Miniato, only that of Beyrout is far more rich and beautiful. The French, during their two years' occupation, constructed a fine carriage-road from Beyrout to Damascus—the *only* one in Syria—and two carriages, which look as if they had come out of the Ark, have been imported in consequence. One of these non-descript vehicles met our travellers near the entrance of the town, and here a ludicrous accident was the result. Their horses had never before seen a carriage of any description. Such a thing is unknown in Palestine. The consequence was, that no persuasion could induce their steeds to pass or go near this terrible machine; and one of the party, determined to conquer what he considered the obstinacy of his beast, was violently thrown from the saddle. It was fortunate that evening had closed in before arriving at the hotel to which (for the first time in Syria) they were bound; for, with their clothes deeply stained with the yellow mud of the Dafour and torn into shreds by the prickly-pear hedges, and their hats equally shapeless from the storms of Saida, our travellers presented the most sorry and ludicrous appearance possible.

The following morning found two of the party in the narrow street leading by a picturesque fountain to the Franciscan Convent; but though it was only half-past six the last Mass was over. There were but two Fathers belonging to this mission, to which no hospice for pilgrims is attached; but they courteously received the ladies in a large room hung with portraits of Franciscan martyrs, and offered them coffee and breakfast. The ladies, however, were anxious for a Mass, and so asked for a guide to show them the way to the Jesuit church, which was instantly accorded to them. It is in the upper part of the town, near the eastern gate; and the travellers found themselves in a building crowded to excess, with a large school of boys at one end, and a multitude of Syrian women, in their white

abbas, squatted behind a screen at the other. The seven-o'clock Mass was over, but another was beginning; and thankfully did one of the pair avail herself of the offer of one of the elder boys to leave the crowded Arab women's quarter for a place nearer the altar, and close to a beautiful picture of the "Pieta." After Mass they were shown the schools, which contain upwards of five hundred boys, most of them the sole survivors of their families from the Lebanon massacres. They were preparing for a holiday and an expedition into the mountains, with their kind Superior, the Père G——, a name once so well known in the Paris and London world, and now as eminent for his labours of love among the little flock intrusted to him by the Great Shepherd.

After breakfast our travellers visited the immense establishment of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, which is the glory and pride of Beyrout. Entering by a gateway, on which the simple word "*Caritas*" is inscribed, you come into a square court, round which are built eight schools for different classes of girls, including one for the training of mistresses, and a beautiful chapel, which, however, the increasing number of their *pensionnaires* is obliging them to enlarge. The education given by the Sisters is admirable in every respect. Leading out of the *parloir* is a garden full of beautiful flowers, and at one end is the hospital and dispensary, crowded at all hours by the native sick. Beyond this garden is another large square, forming, in fact, a separate establishment, and containing between eight and nine hundred orphans, made such by the late massacres. Nothing can be more beautifully managed than this vast establishment by these noble and devoted women. Well may the Sisters of Charity be called, by a noted ecclesiastic, "the salt of the earth." If in Europe their loving step is every where hailed with thankfulness and joy, in the East they are the pioneers of civilisation, the evangelisers of races, the regenerators of the whole country. Held in affectionate veneration alike by Arab and Moslem, Druse and Maronite, to whose physical wants and sufferings they are ever ministering without distinction of creed, they alone escaped in the hour of fanatical fury. But it is especially in the training of children that they are doing a work for God in those lands, which must be seen in order to be realised. One of the prettiest sights in the world might be seen in the large *parloir* at Beyrout on a Sunday. The Sisters have now been established there for fifteen or sixteen years, and can see the fruit of their work. On that day a crowd of young mothers, who have each and all been educated by the Sisters, come in from the mountains and villages round to bring their children to the Venerable Sœur Supérieure Gélas, and to take part

again in the beautiful service which their girlhood has been taught to love. Her loving motherly arms were clasped round many a bright and smiling face, while the little ones nestled at her feet, all anxious to win from her a kiss or a smile, or else playing gently with the black rosary by her side. She has established, in addition to all her other works, an infant nursery in the hills, where such of the orphans as are too young or too sickly to thrive in the confined atmosphere of the town are reared and nursed by peasant women, under the Sisters' direction. From time to time she visits these her babies, riding on her white donkey, loved and respected by every one she meets. In the hospital, one of our travellers spoke to a Scotch engineer who had been badly scalded in one of the Pasha's steamers. He said, almost with tears, "What should I have done without this place to come to? I have suffered a great deal, it is true; but I have only got to turn in my bed for one of those kind gentle faces to come up and ask me whether I do not want something."

But their Orphanage is now in great straits. When the news of the terrible massacre reached Europe, and the statistics mounted up to between sixteen and seventeen thousand victims, the heart of every one was opened to alleviate the misery, and large sums poured in to the Sisters for the support of the hundreds of helpless orphans whom they had rescued. But now the excitement has passed away, and with it the interest in this great work. People forget so soon sorrows in which they have no personal share. *Yet the children are still there*, needing, equally now as then, food and clothing and shelter. No other homes are open to receive them, for are they not fatherless and motherless? It will still be some years before they can leave the shelter of the Sisters' home, and be old enough to earn their own livelihood. And in the mean time what are the Sisters to do? How are these poor little ones to be clothed and fed? May the hearts of the Catholics of Europe, but especially of England, be moved to send fresh help to these suffering children, so that the noble work of these self-denying women may be fully and fairly accomplished!

The sun was scarcely risen the following morning when two of our travellers started on an expedition to visit the interesting village of Deir-el-Kahmar. Their road lay through the pine-forest outside the town, and through hedges of prickly-pear, pomegranates, and olives, till it began to wind up the steep mountain-path, or rather staircase, formed of smooth slabs, which leads to the picturesque convent of Ain-Braba. From thence they had the most glorious view of Beyrout, with its white houses and golden sands, and the bright

blue sea beyond glistening in the rising sun, while date-palms and magnificent stone-pines formed the foreground of the picture. Oleanders blossomed by every rushing stream, and the ground was carpeted with pink linum, cyclamen, and other spring flowers. Ascending still higher, they came on a wayside khan, looking down on a magnificent valley, with a rapid river at the bottom, over which a picturesque bridge was thrown, to which they cautiously descended by a path which was bad and perilous even for Syrian roads. Then reascending on the opposite side, through an underwood of ilex, arbutus, myrtle, and cypress, a sharp turn in the road brought them within sight of the mountain village they had come to visit, called Deir-el-Kahmar, or "Mountain of the Moon," from the large figure of the Blessed Virgin standing on the moon, carved on the outside of the convent-wall. At the head of the valley, projecting boldly against the spur of the mountain, is Beteddin, the beautiful palace of the Emirs of the Lebanon.

Their tents being pitched in an orchard at the entrance of the town, the travellers started to deliver their letters of introduction to the Superior of the Jesuit Mission, the Père B., whom they soon found, encouraging a troop of young Christian volunteers, who were drilling on the plain outside the town under the instruction of an old French sergeant. The Père B. took the English ladies to his ruined convent, part of which has been lately rebuilt, together with the little church and a rude school, where two Sisters of Charity were occupied in giving a working lesson to about fifty native children. Terrible was the account given by him of the horrors of the massacre in 1860, during which he escaped as by a miracle. Trusting in the promises of the Turks, and the still more specious assurances of the Druses, the Christians refused to listen to his earnest words of warning. When the massacre began, on the 20th of June, 1500 of the Christians, with their valuables, took refuge in the governor's house, believing in his solemn assurance of safety and protection. But an hour or two later the Druses were admitted by the Turkish soldiers themselves into the seraglio, and the work of massacre began.

The Père B. took our travellers to the courtyard where this horrible butchery was effected. Not content with murder, they tortured and mutilated their victims, especially the women and children, cutting off their fingers and toes one by one; and when some clasped their crucifixes in their agony, blasphemous taunts were added to the rest. "Call now on your God, and see if He will come and help you!" Among the victims was M. Bischarra Soussa, one of the richest inhabitants of the place, and an intimate friend of the gover-

nor's. He was one of the earliest to take refuge in his house at the first rumour of danger, and refused to follow the counsel of the priest to escape to Beyrout, saying "that with the friendship of the governor he was perfectly safe." He had just married a beautiful young wife of twenty-one, who had been educated at the pension of the Sisters of Charity, and spoke French and several other languages fluently. When the rest of the Christians had been butchered, Bischarra Soussa and his wife were summoned by the governor to descend into the court. In an instant the whole peril of their position burst upon them. The unhappy man threw himself at the feet of the governor, and implored him to spare his life and that of his wife. The governor coolly turned from him to a Druse standing by and said, "Despatch him." Bischarra then offered every thing he had in the world in exchange for his life. They pretended to accept the conditions, and made him sign a deed conveying to them his whole fortune. This done, the assassins formed a circle round him, and having garotted and thrown him naked on the floor, they strewed gunpowder over him, to which they set fire. They then endeavoured to skin him alive; but finding the operation too slow, dismembered him by degrees; and his wife was forced to be present during the whole of this horrible scene. From the governor's house the murderers proceeded to the convent and church, where a small number of Christians had taken refuge. In this case they were given the alternative of apostasy or death. They all chose the latter. Twenty priests, kneeling at the foot of the altar with their arms extended in the form of a cross, received the palm of martyrdom, the Druses in the mean while ringing the church-bells in derision, and calling out to the people to "come to the Mass of their priests." The Superior was reserved for more terrible torments. Stripped naked, he was first scalped, "to renew the tonsure," they said; then with long knives they carved the patterns of his sacerdotal vestments on his back and chest, and finally beheaded him.

More than two thousand victims perished on that awful day. When, a few weeks later, the French troops took possession of the town, they found the mutilated bodies still unburied, having been simply thrown over the wall of the court into the field below. Yet the principal instigators of these horrible deeds remain unpunished. It is true that the Druses and Mohammedans have for the moment been banished from the village, and the Christians are endeavouring in every way to fortify their position in case of a future outbreak. But every thing points to further dangers for the Christians of Syria; and the day when the fear of foreign intervention shall be removed from the mind of the Turk will be the signal for a fresh outburst

of fanatical fury, in accordance with the Friday's prayer in every mosque, "that the Cross may be uprooted from the soil of Islam."

The Père B., from whom our travellers received these terrible details, escaped through the fidelity of an Arab, whose life he had saved on some previous occasion, and who conveyed him secretly in the night to Beyrout, together with a young schoolmaster whom he had persuaded to accompany him.

On the following morning our travellers assisted at the Mass performed in the newly-rebuilt church of the convent, on the very site so recently watered by the blood of the martyrs; and to judge by the fervour and devotion of the large congregation, the terrible scenes of late years had not been without their fruit. After Mass the Père B. accompanied the travellers to the beautiful but now ruined palace of the Christian emirs, by a steep and perilous descent, where the horses could with difficulty keep their footing. The situation of the palace is quite magnificent; and its architecture and decorations equal the most gorgeous of the Italian palaces. But now all has been destroyed. The beautiful Venetian mosaic, with its elaborate patterns; the rare marbles and agates which panelled the walls,—all are battered into small pieces. The luxurious baths have shared the same fate; the fountains are choked with sand and filth. In the midst of the desolation beautiful roses and ferns were springing out of the ruins, as if nature would efface the mischief which the wanton hand of man had caused. Broken columns; fragments of statues and of exquisitely-coloured tiles; beautifully-painted door-cases, and other vestiges of art and luxury, lay scattered about in every direction; while in the midst of all dark-red patches here and there and crimson stains told of the fearful deeds of silent horror perpetrated on that fearful day which had made this earthly paradise a byword for desolation.

Our travellers sat on the terrace in the once lovely but now neglected garden, looking down on the glorious view in the gorge below, and wishing that some English millionaire would come and restore a place so unequalled in all the world for beauty of natural position. A pretty Christian child brought them coffee and sweet-meats, with bunches of roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle; and a native "sair" pointed out the magnificent stables, capable of containing five hundred horses, which were erected under the arches of the spacious square leading into the garden. The Père B. told them that a multitude of little children were found concealed in the courts and rooms of the palace after the massacre was over; and these were rescued by the Sisters of Charity, and brought to their Beyrout orphanage.

A few hours later, our traveller was among those very children in their happy convent-home—for to-morrow was to be a grand day at the orphanage. M. de S. was on his visitation-tour, and was coming to give the "First Communion" to all those whom the Lazarist fathers and the Sisters judged fit for the sacred rite. But the lady, leaving the children and Sisters, who were preparing the chapel for the morrow's ceremony, descended the stairs, and turned with the kind and gentle Superior into a corridor on the ground-floor, which led into the children's hospital. In one of the little beds is the figure of a beautiful child of fourteen, evidently in the last stage of consumption. She and her little sister were the sole survivors of a family of ten, murdered one by one on that fatal day in that beautiful palace of Beteddin. Her constitution had never recovered the frightful shock; but her gentleness and goodness had endeared her to every one around her. "How is Marie this evening?" asked the Superior of a nursing Sister, whom they met on entering the dormitory. "She is sinking, I fear, ma sceur," was the reply, "but good and patient as ever; and now only waiting and longing for *that*," she added with a smile, pointing to a little white veil which hung on a chair beside her.

A bright gleam lit up the young girl's dying face as her visitors approached; while the traveller, drawing from her basket two framed casts of Jesus and of Mary, proceeded to hang them on the wall opposite her bed, and to decorate them with the flowers she had brought. "These roses are from your old home, dear child. We must make your room bright, you know, for *to-morrow*," said the lady, in answer to the questioning look of the dying child; who gently murmured, as she kissed her, "O, thank you so much! How good every one is to me! *It will not be long to wait.*"

And now the morning is come, and two hundred and fifty young souls dressed in white, with wreaths of white roses and soft white veils, are kneeling in that beautiful chapel, to receive for the first time the Bread of Life. Marie, too, has been dressed in white in her little bed; but not more pure are the roses round her head or the lilies by her pictures, than is that spotless soul sighing but for one thing—to receive her Lord before she departs to see Him face to face. Round her neck she wears the blue ribbon and medal of the "Enfants de Marie," which she has likewise received on that day, in compliance with her earnest wish. And now the bell is heard and the light approaches, while the attendant Sisters devoutly kneel. A moment more, and she has received Him whom she has so loved and trusted in here. A few moments later, she was with Him in His kingdom.

Pamphlets on the *Eirenicon*.

THE appearance of a work such as the *Eirenicon*, from the pen of one in so conspicuous a position as Dr. Pusey, was sure to attract general attention, and to call forth a great number of comments and answers more or less favourable to it or severe upon it. It gives an occasion for, and indeed invites, the frankest discussion of a very wide range of most important questions; and in doing so it has rendered a great service to the cause of truth. Many of these questions are of that kind which those whom the *Eirenicon* itself may be supposed more particularly to represent have been in the habit of avoiding, at all events in public, although their own ecclesiastical position depended entirely upon them. It is a very great gain that these should now be opened for discussion, at the invitation of one who has long passed as a leader among Anglicans. Moreover, a book which handles so many subjects and contains so many assertions has naturally raised questions as to itself which require consideration. It is a comparatively easy matter to look on it as a simple overture for peace, or to speculate on the possibility of that "union by means of explanations," which Dr. Pusey tells us is his dearest wish. Even here we are directly met by the necessity of further investigations. Dr. Pusey puts a certain face on the Thirty-nine Articles, and on Catholic doctrines and statements with regard to the questions to which those Articles refer. Is he right in his representation either of the definitions of his own communion or of the support which those definitions may receive from authorities external to it? Is it true that the "Catholic" interpretation is *the* legitimate sense of the Articles? Is it true that that interpretation is supported by Roman and Greek authorities? Is there no statement, for instance, in the Council of Trent about justification to which any in the Anglican communion can object? It must be quite obvious that a great number of sanguine assertions such as these require examination in detail; and surely no one can complain if they are not admitted on Dr. Pusey's word. Then again, unfortunately, he was not content with painting his own communion in his own colours; he must needs give a description of the Catholic system also. He has told us—and we are both willing and bound to believe him—that he has not drawn this sketch in a hostile spirit: perhaps he will some day

acknowledge—which is much more to the point—that he has drawn it in great and lamentable ignorance, the consciousness of which ought to have deterred him from attempting it. Surely there are some enterprises which are usually undertaken by none but the dull-est or the most presumptuous of men. Such an enterprise is that of giving an account of a practical system which influences and forms the hearts and minds of thousands of our fellow-creatures, when we have ourselves lived all our days as entire strangers to it. If it be something simply in the natural order, such as the polity or the customs of a foreign nation, we do not feel so much surprise at the blunders made by the writer who undertakes to describe them, as at his temerity in making the attempt. This is, of course, enhanced greatly in proportion as we ascend into the higher spheres of the spiritual and supernatural life. It is strange enough to see any sensible man writing as if he could fairly characterise the devotional sentiments and religious thoughts of men of a different belief; but it becomes something more than strange when this venturesome critic proceeds not only to characterise, but to condemn and to denounce in the strongest language that which he might in all reason and modesty have supposed himself, at least, not quite able fully to comprehend; and this at the very time that he is proposing peace.

We are not, however, here concerned with this more painful view of the subject. We are only pointing out that the elaborate chapter of accusation against the Catholic Church which Dr. Pusey has drawn up could not fail to be received with great indignation on the part of Catholics, and that the overtures which accompany it cannot be fairly dealt with until it has been thoroughly sifted by criticism as well as by controversy. How can we explain a “system” which we deny to exist? Of course, no Catholic will acknowledge Dr. Pusey’s representation as any thing but a monstrous caricature. Of course, also, the chief heads of accusation can be easily dealt with one by one, and positive statements given as to what is really taught, thought, and felt by Catholics with regard to them. But this leaves the book untouched. How came these charges to be made? What grounds has Dr. Pusey for asserting that to be true which we all know to be so false? Does he quote rightly? has he understood the books he cites, where he has read them? and has he read them through? Are the authors whom he gives as fair specimens of Catholic teaching acknowledged as writers of credit, or are some of them even on the Index? Has he ever understood the Catholic doctrines on which he is severe, such as the Immaculate Conception and the Papal Infallibility, or the meaning of the Catholic authorities whom he seems to set in some sort of opposition to others, such as Bossuet and the

Bishops, whose answers he quotes from the *Pareri*? It is true that questions like this are to some extent personal; but Dr. Pusey makes it necessary to ask them, and he is the one person in the world who ought to wish that they should be thoroughly handled. We cannot believe that he approves of the tactics of some Anglican critics, who speak as if the ark of their sanctuary were rudely touched, when it is said that he can be mistaken or ignorant about any thing. He has never shown any lack of controversial courage. Up to the present time we are not aware of a single publication of any note from the Catholic side of the question which has not exposed some one or two distinct and important errors of fact, quotation, historical statement, or some grave misconception of doctrine on his part; and this, it is to be observed, has hitherto only been done incidentally by writers who have not addressed themselves to the systematic examination of the *Eirenicon* as a work of learning.

Lastly, this miscellaneous work has occasioned a call, which also, we are glad to feel sure, will be adequately answered; a call for calm and learned statements from Catholic theologians on some of the chief controversial questions touched on by Dr. Pusey. What is the real unity of the Church? What is the true doctrine of her infallibility and of that of the Roman Pontiff? and how are the commonly alleged (though so often refuted) objections—as, for instance, that about what Dr. Pusey calls *the formal heresy of Liberius*—to be met? What is really meant by the Immaculate Conception, and what was in truth the history of the late definition? These, and a few more important matters—such as the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the historical truth as to the cases of Meletius and the African churches—will be treated at length in the forthcoming volume of Essays announced under the title of *Peace through the Truth*. The case of the Anglican ordinations has been incidentally raised by Dr. Pusey; but it will be natural for Catholic critics to wait for a volume on the subject which has been announced by Mr. F. G. Lee. As far as the alleged sanction of those ordinations by Cardinal Pole is concerned, Dr. Pusey does not seem inclined to raise the question again.

We have thus a tolerably large promise of work for theological writers and readers; and it cannot but be looked on as a good sign that so strong an impulse to controversial activity should have been given by one who has not hitherto been fond of inviting attention to the difficulties of his own position. It is but natural that the more solid and erudite works called forth by the *Eirenicon* should be the last to appear; and any one who has read but a few pages of that work will understand the difficulty which its writer has imposed on

any conscientious critic by a frequently loose way of quoting, and an occasional habit of giving no authority at all for statements that certainly require more proof than a bare assertion. But we have already the beginning of a most valuable collection of publications by men of the highest position, dealing either with detached portions of Dr. Pusey's work or in a summary way with its general plan; and some service has been done by letters in the papers, such as those of Canon Estcourt and Mr. Rhodes. Father Gallwey's *Sermon* has been widely circulated: Canon Oakeley has given us an interesting pamphlet on the *Leading Topics of the Eirenicon*: Dr. Newman has written a letter to its author, and is understood to be preparing a second: and his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster has dealt with several of Dr. Pusey's assertions in his *Pastoral Letter on the Reunion of Christendom*. We propose now to deal shortly with some of these publications, which, though they belong to the earlier and more incidental stage of the controversy, are of the highest value in themselves and on account of the position of their authors.*

We must first, however, speak of a work put forth by Dr. Pusey as a sequel or a companion to the *Eirenicon*. This is a republication (with leave of the author) of the celebrated Tract 90, preceded by an historical preface from Dr. Pusey's own pen, and followed by a letter of Mr. Keble on "Catholic Subscription to the Articles," which was widely circulated, though not published, in 1861. Of the Tract itself we need not, of course, speak. Dr. Pusey's Preface, however, is open to one or two obvious remarks. It is remarkable for the manner in which he identifies himself with the Mr. Newman of the day, though it appears that the proof of the Tract in question was submitted to Mr. Keble, and its publication urged by him, while Dr. Pusey himself was only made aware of its existence by the clamour with which it was received. Then, again, the remarkable difference of view between Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman as to the "Catholic" interpretation of the Articles forces itself again upon our notice. From the Tract itself all through, and its explanations by its author at the time and since, it is perfectly clear that nothing more was meant by it than to claim such latitude of interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles as would admit the "Catholic" sense on equal terms, as it were, with the anti-Catholic; and the same view is urged by Mr. Keble in his letter. The writer of the Tract supposes that the Anglican formularies were drawn up with designed ambi-

* We have found it impossible to deal with so important and authoritative a document as his Grace's *Letter* in our present paper.

guity, in order to catch Catholic subscriptions. He compares the tactics adopted by the framers of the Articles to those which were followed by M. Thiers: "A French minister, desirous of war, nevertheless, as a matter of policy, draws up his state-papers in such moderate language that his successor, who is for peace, can act up to them without compromising his own principles. . . . The Protestant Confession was drawn up with the purpose of including Catholics; and Catholics now will not be excluded. What was an economy in the Reformers is a protection to us" (Tract 90, Conclusion). This is a plain common-sense view of the matter, and is abundantly supported by history. But it obviously leaves a stain on the Anglican Establishment, which will appear of vital or of trifling importance according to the different views under which that community is regarded. If it is looked upon as a political and national organisation, it was no doubt a stroke of prudence so to frame the formularies as to include both sides. If it is considered as a Church of Christ, it can hardly be any thing but discreditable that it should thus compromise divine truth. But Dr. Pusey's view of the "Catholic interpretation," as expressed both in his present Preface and in the *Eirenicon*, claims for it the exclusive title of the natural and legitimate sense. It may seem almost incredible that any one should maintain this; but so it is. Dr. Pusey thus speaks of the "Protestant" interpretations: "We had all been educated in a traditional system, which had practically imported into the Articles a good many principles *which were not contained in them nor suggested by them*; yet which were habitually identified with them. . . . We proposed no system to ourselves, but laid aside piece by piece the system of ultra-Protestant interpretation, which had incrustated round the Articles. This doubtless appeared in our writings from time to time; but the expositions to which we were accustomed, and which were to our minds the genuine expositions of the Articles, had never before been brought into one focus, as they were in Tract 90. . . Newman explained that it was written solely against this system of interpretation, which brought meanings into the Articles, not out of them, and also why he wrote it at all" (Pref. v.-vii.). Yet the words of Mr. Newman's explanation, which are quoted immediately after this last passage, distinctly contradict the interpretation of the Tract put forward by Dr. Pusey. Mr. Newman says that the Anglican Church, as well as the Roman, in his opinion, has a "traditional system beyond and beside the letter of its formularies. . . . And this traditional system not only inculcates what I cannot conceive (receive?), but would exclude any difference of belief from itself. *To this exclusive modern system I desire to oppose myself; and it is as doing this,*

doubtless, that I am incurring the censure of the Four Gentlemen who have come before the public. *I want certain points to be left open which they would close. . . .* In thus maintaining that we have open questions, or, as I have expressed it in the Tract, 'ambiguous formularies,' I observe, first, that I am introducing no novelty." He then gives an instance which shows that the principle is admitted. Again, he says: "The Tract is grounded on the belief that the Articles *need* not be so closed as the received methods of teaching closes them, and *ought* not to be for the sake of many persons" (Letter to Dr. Jelf, quoted by Dr. Pusey, p. vii.).

It is obvious that the interpretations contained in the Tract, however admissible on the hypothesis of their author, become little less than extravagant when they are considered in the light in which Dr. Pusey now puts them forward; and it is but fair to Dr. Newman and others to point out the change. Moreover, it is not impossible that this republication of the Tract, together with the avowals made in the *Eirenicon* as to the interpretation of the Articles, may be considered as a kind of challenge thrown out on the part of Dr. Pusey and his followers to the authorities of the Establishment and the parties within it that are most opposed to "Catholic" opinions. It may be considered fairly enough that if this "claim to hold all Roman doctrine"—as far as those well-used words apply to it—is allowed to pass unnoticed, the position of the "Anglo-Catholic" clergy in the Establishment will be made as secure as silent toleration on the part of authorities can make it.* Be it so by all means; but let it be understood that the claim now made is quite different from that made by Mr. Newman in 1841; and that if it enjoys immunity from censure, on account of the far greater latitude now allowed in the Establishment to extreme opinions of every colour except one, it has still to free itself from the charge of being one of the most grotesque

* Canon Oakeley, in the pamphlet of which we shall presently speak, says of Dr. Pusey's interpretation: "Dr. Pusey's avowal, moreover, not merely involves the acceptance of that interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles for which Mr. Newman was censured by nearly every bishop of the Establishment, but goes beyond that interpretation in a Catholic direction, inasmuch as it comprehends the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which Mr. Newman, I believe, never thought to be included within the terms of the Articles. It also goes beyond Mr. Newman's argument in his Tract, in that it supposes the Catholic sense of the Articles to be their obvious and only true sense, instead of being merely one of the senses which are compatible with honest subscription. And here I must say, in passing, that I think Dr. Pusey somewhat unfair on Mr. Ward in attributing to him the unpopularity of Tract 90, since, in extending the interpretation of the Tract to our doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, Dr. Pusey is in fact adopting Mr. Ward's construction of the Articles, and not Mr. Newman's" (p. 6).

contortions of language that has ever been seriously advocated as permissible by reasonable men. One of the Articles, for instance—to take the case adduced by Canon Oakeley—says that “Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of the bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions.” On the other hand, let us place the Tridentine Canon: “If any one saith that in the sacred and holy Sacrament of the Eucharist the substance of the bread and wine remains conjointly with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and denieth that wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood—the species only of the bread and wine remaining—which conversion the Catholic Church most aptly calls Transubstantiation, let him be anathema” (Sess. xiii.). Not only does Dr. Pusey assert that there *is* a sense in which the two statements are compatible, but he maintains that such an interpretation is the one single obvious grammatical and legitimate interpretation of the words of the Anglican Article. We can only imagine one process of reasoning by which this conclusion can be maintained; and we have little doubt that if Dr. Pusey’s argument were drawn out it would come to this. The Articles *must* mean “Catholic” doctrine, whether they seem to do so or not, because the Anglican Church is a true and orthodox portion of the Catholic Church. And a part of the proof that she is such a portion consists in the fact that her formularies signify Catholic doctrine!

The other noticeable feature in Dr. Pusey’s Preface is an attempt to throw the blame of the undoubted unpopularity of Tract 90 upon Mr. Ward rather than on the Tract itself. Mr. Ward was probably at one time the best-abused person of all the followers of the Tractarian movement; and if powerful reasoning, keen logic, unflinching openness, and courageous honesty are enough to make a person merit wholesale abuse, Mr. Ward certainly deserved it. But to attribute the unpopularity of No. 90 to him is simply to forget dates and distort facts. In 1841, when the clamour against No. 90 was at its height, Mr. Ward, though well known in Oxford for his decided opinions and thorough honesty in avowing them, and though highly influential (as he could not fail to be) over those who came within his reach, was hardly known in the country at large. Dr. Pusey’s mistake has been pointed out by Canon Oakeley in the appendix to his pamphlet, of which we shall speak presently. He observes that the word “non-natural”—of which he gives a very plain and simple explanation, which quite vindicates it from the

interpretation commonly put upon it — was not used till the appearance of *The Ideal of a Christian Church* in 1844.

Canon Oakeley's pamphlet, like every thing that he writes, is graceful and courteous, lucid and cogent; and it ought to have all the greater weight with Dr. Pusey from the evident disinclination of the author to think or speak with severity. In fact, Dr. Pusey has already* had occasion to correct an over-sanguine conclusion as to his own position which had been formed by Canon Oakeley in consequence of certain explanations which he addressed to a Catholic paper. We think that the fullest credit should be given to Dr. Pusey for these explanations; but they must not be allowed to counterbalance assertions which he has never withdrawn, and seems never to have meant to withdraw. He has only negatively declared something about the intention he had in making them. He says they were not meant to hurt Catholics: he does not say that they were not meant to frighten Anglicans. We refer, of course, to the large number of pages which he has devoted to attacks on what he chooses to consider as the practical system of Catholicism, chiefly with regard to the *cultus* of our Blessed Lady, and which no Catholic can read without intense indignation. He has heaped up a number of extracts from books of very little authority, and put forward as characteristics of the Catholic system the pious contemplations of individuals, as well as tenets which have been actually condemned. The charge is urged with all the recklessness of an advocate, with eager rhetoric rather than calm argument, with all the looseness of insinuation and inaccuracy of quotation which mark the productions of a heated partisan.† No part of his book shows more earnest-

* In his second letter to the *Weekly Register*.

† A writer in the current Number of *Macmillan's Magazine* (Feb. 1866), observes: "We could scarcely transcribe all that is here set forth without offending the religious taste of our readers, and appearing to gloat over the degradation of a Church which, amidst all its aberrations and after all its crimes, is a part of Christendom. We may reasonably hope also that there is something to be said upon the other side; for, without casting any suspicion upon Dr. Pusey's honesty, we must remember that he is personally under a strong temptation to scare the wavering members of his party from defection to the Church of Rome" (p. 277). This is the opinion of an intensely anti-Catholic writer; and it would be easy to quote scores of similar criticisms. A letter from Oxford, in the *London Review* of February 3d, says: "It seems a gentle irony, certainly, to call a book an *Eirenicon* which most mercilessly exposes the errors, perversions, and tendencies of those whom it proposes to conciliate. A great portion of the book might have been written by the most distinguished Papophobe—we will not say Dr. Cumming, for the style does not remind us of his publications." The writer in *Macmillan* adds an observation on another point which is well

ness than this. Such being the case, it seems to us very strange that any one should expect Catholics to be satisfied with a simple assurance from Dr. Pusey that "nothing was further from my wish than to write any thing which should be painful to those in your communion."* We suppose that if some one were to write a pamphlet of a hundred pages full of the hardest and most vulgar insinuations against something that Dr. Pusey holds dear and sacred; his opinion of it would hardly be changed by the assurance, unaccompanied by a single retraction, "I never meant to hurt your feelings." He would naturally ask in what sort of atmosphere such a person had lived, to be able to think that such things *could* be said without being "painful." He disclaims all desire to "prescribe to Italians and Spaniards what they shall hold, or how they shall express their pious opinions." But he is not speaking of Spaniards or Italians only in many of the most offensive passages of his work. He says, for instance, that it "is a practical question, affecting our whole eternity. What shall I do to be saved? The practical answer to the Roman Catholic seems to me to be, Go to Mary, and you will be saved: in our dear Lord's own words it is, Come unto Me: in our own belief it is, Go to Jesus, and you will be saved" (p. 182). Can any thing be more shocking than the contrast insinuated here? Or, again, when he says in another place, "One sees not where there shall be any pause or bound, short of that bold conception, 'that every prayer, both of individuals and of the Church, should be addressed to St. Mary.'" Dr. Pusey must be perfectly aware of the effect of words like these from him upon the mass of his readers. It is certainly no sufficient *withdrawal* of them to write a letter to a Catholic newspaper of limited circulation, saying, that he "never thought of imputing to any of the writers whom he quoted that they took from our Lord any of the love which they gave to His Mother." Whatever he may think about the writers themselves, he certainly asserts in the face of the world that they teach others to do this. He asserts that there is a "system" in the Catholic Church, of which this is the effect. If he "had no thought of criticising holy men who held it," he still will not take Catholic explanations of their words, which show that they did *not* hold it; and his own words imply, or at all events admit of, a reservation—that such is the tendency of the system, from which

worthy of Dr. Pusey's consideration: "Dr. Pusey's argument, both against Mariolatry and Papal Infallibility, *appeals to principles essentially rationalistic*, which are capable, as we conceive, of being turned with fatal effect against himself" (p. 280).

* Dr. Pusey to the *Weekly Register*, November 25th, 1865.

certain individuals escape in consequence of their holiness. Now, it is this assertion about the system of the Church which offends Catholics. They care little about their own "feelings:" they represent false charges against the Church all the more when they proceed from one who professes to be nearer to them than others, and to be a lover of peace, and who might easily have satisfied himself that his accusations were groundless. People have not complained of Dr. Pusey's intention in saying these things, but of his having said them. They willingly accept his statement as to his intention; but misrepresentations retain their mischievous character till they have been formally withdrawn, whatever may have been the temper in which they have been put forward.

It is, moreover, obvious that this, which to ordinary eyes is the prominent feature in Dr. Pusey's volume, must be taken into account in all conclusions concerning the present state of mind among Anglicans, that are founded upon the reception which the *Eirenicon* has met with among them. We think that there are but few among them, as there are certainly very few among Catholics, who attach much practical importance to the vague and dreamy ideas about corporate union by means of mutual explanations which are put forward in other parts of the work. It is perfectly clear that Dr. Pusey's account of the Articles would be repudiated at once by all the Anglican authorities; and equally clear that the points to which he still objects, such as the Papal Infallibility and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, are among those which can never be conceded on the side of the Church. The proposals for union are not, therefore, generally looked upon as matters for practical consideration; though, as Dr. Newman has remarked, they may hereafter lead to results of the highest importance. What has struck the Anglican public in the book is its attack on Catholicism, which has, no doubt, surprised Protestants as much as Catholics by its violence. We say, therefore, that to consider Dr. Pusey's unrebuked declaration about the possibility of union as a great sign of progress among Anglicans, without taking into consideration the other features of the work which he has put forth, is to ignore the most essential circumstances of the case. Canon Oakeley compares the outcry with which similar declarations were once received on Mr. Ward's part and his own with the indifference and absence of opposition now evinced towards Dr. Pusey. It is true that the cases are in some respects parallel; but there is this vital difference, that neither Mr. Ward nor Canon Oakeley accompanied their declarations as to Roman doctrine with virulent abuse of Roman practice; and we may feel pretty certain that the *Ideal of a Christian Church* would never have been made

the ground of an academical condemnation of its author if it had contained the hundred pages on the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin, on which Dr. Pusey has expended so much care, and which he has adorned with so much apparent erudition. Englishmen judge roughly, and in the main fairly; and they will look on the proposals for union as an amiable eccentricity in a writer who has pandered so lovingly to their favourite prejudices.

Canon Oakeley has drawn out very clearly another very important qualification, which must modify our feelings, of joy at the apparent progress of Anglicans in general towards greater tolerance of Catholic opinions among themselves. He has shown that this seemingly good sign is in reality only an indication of increasing indifference to doctrine of every kind. It is the reflection on the broad mirror of public opinion of the uniformly latitudinarian tendency of the authorities of the Establishment, as evinced in the succession of judicial decisions, of which we have all heard so much. It is not wonderful that Puseyism should share in this universal indulgence. We have also to thank Canon Oakeley for a calm and forcible vindication of the Catholic devotion to our Blessed Lady, which has been made the subject of so violent an attack by Dr. Pusey—perhaps more in the form of an apology than was necessary—and for some very sensible remarks on the dream of “corporate union.”

There is one writer in England whose words on this subject will be listened to with almost equal interest by Catholics and Protestants. The conflict passes into a new phase with the appearance of Dr. Newman upon the scene. It is “the great Achilles moving to the war.” The gleam of well-worn armour flashes on the eye, and the attention of both armies is riveted on him as he lifts his spear. He cannot mutter his favourite motto:

γνωίεν δ' ὡς δὴ θηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυμαι,

for it is but lately that he struck down and kicked off the field a swaggering bully from the opposite ranks hardly worthy of his steel. It is different now. He will begin in Homeric fashion, with a complimentary harangue to the champion on the other side; but then will come the time for blows; blows of immense force, dealt out with a gentle affectionateness which enhances their effect tenfold. Dr. Newman begins by a generous tribute to Dr. Pusey himself, and to those whom he may be supposed to influence. No one can speak more strongly on the paramount rights of conscience, which is not to be stifled for the sake of making a path easy or removing a wearisome difficulty. Dr. Pusey is allowed to have

every right to mention the conditions on which he proposes union, though Dr. Newman does not agree with them, and thinks that he would himself not hold to them: he has also the right to state what it is that he objects to, as requiring explanation, in the Catholic system. But then the tone changes, and business begins. Dr. Newman tells his old friend in the plainest way that "there is much both in the matter and manner of his volume calculated to wound those who love him well, but truth more;" and he points out the glaring inconsistency of "professing to be composing an *Irenicon* while treating Catholics as foes;" and characterises, in his happy way, the proceeding of Dr. Pusey as "discharging an olive-branch as from a catapult." The hundred pages on the subject of the Blessed Virgin which are contained in the *Eirenicon* are so palpably "one-sided" that no one can venture to deny it. Few have characterised them in stronger terms than Dr. Newman. "What could an Exeter-Hall orator, what could a Scotch commentator on the Apocalypse do more for his own side of the controversy by the picture he drew of us?" Further on he pointedly reminds Dr. Pusey that he all the time knew better. After a proof from the Fathers as to the doctrine in question, he says, "You know what the Fathers assert; but if so, have you not, my dear friend, been unjust to yourself in your recent volume, and made far too much of the differences which exist between Anglicans and us on this particular point? It is the office of an *Irenicon* to smooth difficulties" (p. 83); and again, "As you revere the Fathers, so you revere the Greek Church; and here again we have a witness in our behalf, *of which you must be aware as fully as we are*, and of which you must really mean to give us the benefit" (p. 95); and again, "Then I think you have not always made your quotations with that consideration and kindness which is your rule" (p. 111). The calm gentleness of the language will certainly not conceal from Dr. Pusey the gravity and severity of the rebuke thus administered. Moreover, Dr. Newman has complaints of his own to urge. With the most questionable taste, Dr. Pusey has actually brought "to life one of" Dr. Newman's "own strong sayings, in 1841, about idolatry;" he has at least been understood to father upon him the well-known saying, that "the Establishment is the great bulwark against infidelity in this land;" he has used some words from Dr. Newman's notes to St. Athanasius in a collection of passages from the Fathers, the apparent purpose of which is to defend some Anglican doctrine about the sufficiency of Holy Scripture against a supposed Catholic contradiction. Dr. Newman also most clearly distinguishes his own intention in publishing Tract 90 from that of Dr. Pusey in its recent republication.

The introduction to the letter before us concludes with a passage of singular interest, in which Dr. Newman vindicates the right of a convert to speak freely about the system of the Church to which he has submitted. We must confess that we hardly understood the passages in Dr. Pusey's work, to which reference is here made, as denying the right of free comment to a convert, in the sense in which Dr. Newman affirms it. Dr. Pusey has a standard and measure of his own (external to the Anglican Establishment), by which he criticises, approves, or condemns this or that feature in it; and he distinctly contemplates at least the possibility of his being driven to quit it by its formal adoption of heresy. Certainly, to submit to the Catholic Church, and yet retain the right of measuring her in such a way by an external standard, would be a contradiction in terms. But this does not touch the right of a convert either to choose freely, according to his own tastes and leanings, among those varieties of devotion and practice which the Church expressly leaves to his choice, or to express his opinion on such subjects (so that it be done with charity), or on any other matters which fall within the wide and recognised range of open questions. If Dr. Pusey meant to deny this right, he will be convinced by the frank use made of it by Dr. Newman in the passage before us. No one, certainly, will assail *him* as unorthodox; yet he takes his stand openly on one particular side with regard to some of the moot questions of the day, as to which certainly a large number of English Catholics will be as ready to say that they do not altogether agree with him as to acknowledge that he has a perfect right to the opinions which he expresses. Perhaps we should rather say that they will profess their admiration for the authors whom he so far at least disavows as to question their right to be treated in controversy as the legitimate and exclusive representatives of English Catholicism; for we need not understand Dr. Newman's words about the late Father Faber and the editor of the *Dublin Review* as meaning more than this; and his point, as against Dr. Pusey, is fully secured by the indisputable fact that those distinguished men have never considered themselves, or let others consider them, as such representatives.*

* The questions touched on—but only touched on—by Dr. Newman in the passage to which we refer, as falling within the limits of free opinion among Catholics, can hardly be discussed with propriety on an occasion like the present, when we are dealing with those outside the Church. Dr. Newman, who writes with pregnant brevity, has intimated his decided preference for an English tone of devotion for Englishmen; and it is certain, as he says, that if Dr. Pusey had taken the ordinary English manuals—as he ought to have done—as representing Catholicism in this country, he never could have found ground for the charges which he has made. We should

The greater part, however, of Dr. Newman's present letter is given to an exquisite defence of Catholic doctrine and devotion as regards our Blessed Lady. Its power and beauty are so great as to fill us with inexpressible sadness at the thought that Dr. Newman has written comparatively so little on similar subjects since he has been a Catholic. This short and very condensed sketch on one particular point has given him an opportunity of exercising, on however limited a scale, those powers as to which he is simply unrivalled. There is the keen penetration of the sense of Scripture, and of the relation between different and distinct parts of the Holy Volume. After putting forward the Patristic view of our Blessed Lady as the second Eve, Dr. Newman has occasion to defend that interpretation of the vision of the woman in the Apocalypse which understands it of her.

be sorry to understand Dr. Newman to mean either that there is more than a simply accidental difference between Catholics of one country and their brethren in another (such as is the natural effect of varieties of national character), or that the particular temperature of devotional feeling which prevailed in this country twenty years ago, for instance, was necessarily to be taken as a normal and adequate expression of the workings of the English heart towards those objects of affection and reverence which are presented to it by the Catholic faith. The Church in England was at that time, as it were, emerging from the Catacombs; and three hundred years of persecution and proscription had not indeed chilled the devotion of her heart, but they had certainly taught her reserve and timidity in manifesting it. It was not so many years ago that the first public High Mass was celebrated; and that the devotion to the Sacred Heart, though it had been so early sown in this country by Father Colombière, was looked upon by many almost as a novelty. It would have been a miracle if Catholics had felt themselves free then to give full play to their religious feelings and sentiments; indeed, the time has not yet come when they can do so. We breathe in freer air now; but we are still a despised and ridiculed handful. We imagine that in days before the Reformation the national character had not less glow and gaiety about it than that of any other country. It is one of our boasts that England was the island of Saints, and that she was one of the first countries to adopt the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Dr. Newman has beautifully pointed out how faith may be whole and firm while yet devotion has not had opportunity to expand; and surely if, as he tells us, the influence of Arianism and of the school of Antioch could be felt by such men as St. Chrysostom and some of his contemporaries, it is not wonderful that in our (happily) altered circumstances we should find a certain coldness and rigidity about the tone of devotional feeling which was appropriate to the days of bondage and misery which are now passing away. Transplanted flowers are sickly things; but the same soil which has at one time produced but the soberest and scantiest verdure may have its dormant fruitfulness developed by a genial change in the atmosphere, and teem with a fresh luxuriance of beauty and grace which may appear exotic, while it is in reality home-grown. The "second spring" is upon us, in this and in other matters, and we rejoice most thankfully in its effects.

This has given him occasion to explain how it is that this interpretation may be the true one, although there is no great amount of positive testimony for it in the Fathers, and to refute from the general principles of scriptural language that which looks upon the image as simply a personification of the Church. This passage is a real and great gain in scriptural interpretation. Then, again, here is the masterly and discriminating erudition, not dealing with the Fathers as an ill-arranged and incoherent mass of authorities, but giving to each witness his due place and weight, pointing out what parts of the Church and what Apostolical tradition he represents, and blending the different suffrages into one harmonious statement. History is brought in to trace the gradual development of devotion on points as to which doctrine, on the other hand, was always uniform; and to give a natural and simple explanation of the chronological order in which the heart, as it were, of the Church seems to have mastered the different portions of the wonderful deposit which the Apostles sowed in her mind. The effect of Dr. Newman's explanation of the comparatively later growth of certain devotions, which in themselves might have been expected to precede others, is not only to remove the apparent difficulty, but to make every other view appear more difficult than that which he gives. Equally beautiful and convincing is his explanation in the Appendix of the historical account which may be given of the strange sayings of certain Fathers as to our Blessed Lady having possibly fallen into faults of infirmity. Some most accurate and delicate tests for the discernment of a real tradition are here given, as well as reasons for the apparent absence of such a tradition in a special case. Dr. Newman is one of the few writers who show us, first, that they thoroughly understand a difficulty or an objection; then, that they can make it even stronger; and then, that they can not only say something against it, or crush it, but even unravel it, and show that it was to be expected. In every one of these respects Dr. Pusey is his exact contrary. Then, again, Dr. Newman brings together a series of passages from Fathers of the "undivided Church"—to use the new term invented, we believe, by Mr. Keble—of which, of course, Dr. Pusey was aware, but of which he has said nothing in his *Eirenicon*. These testify amply not only to the doctrine, but to the devotion of the fourth and fifth centuries as to our Blessed Lady. He is of course sparing of quotations in a work like the present; but he crowns his argument from authority by a number of passages—not from popular books of devotion among the Greeks, but from their liturgies and authoritative formularies—on which Dr. Pusey would have founded a strong argument to the effect that our Lady is elevated to the place of our Lord, if he had

been able to find them in circulation among Catholics. In fact, a number of formal Greek devotions end with the words, "through the Theotocos," instead of "per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum." The contrast between the cogency and appositeness of every word of Dr. Newman's few quotations (almost universally given at length), and the utter illusiveness and bewildering misapplication of the clouds upon clouds of citations paraded in Dr. Pusey's volume, is wonderfully striking. Nor, again, is the difference less great between the two when a personal remark has to be made. Dr. Newman has no hard words for any one. He does not shrink from pointing out faults, as we have already said. He tells Dr. Pusey plainly enough that he does not think that he even understands what the Immaculate Conception means; and when he speaks of Anglicans being ignorant of the Catholic doctrine of original sin, he seems carefully to omit exempting Dr. Pusey from the general statement. He says again pointedly, "He who charges us with making Mary a divinity is thereby denying the divinity of Jesus. *Such a man does not know what divinity is.*" He complains of the unfairness—of which, we are sorry to say, Dr. Pusey seems habitually guilty—of taking a strong and apparently objectionable passage from an author who, either in the immediate context or elsewhere, has qualified it by other statements, which any one but a partisan writer would feel bound to take into consideration and to place by its side, without giving the reader any intimation that such qualifications exist. "When, then, my dear Pusey, you read any thing extravagant in praise of our Lady, is it not charitable to ask, even while you condemn it in itself, Did the author write nothing else?" (p. 101.) He refuses to receive Dr. Pusey's collection of strong passages as a fair representation of the minds of the authors from whom they are quoted. He speaks of their "literal and absolute sense, as any Protestant would naturally take them, and as the writers doubtless did *not* use them" (p. 118). And again: "I know nothing of the originals, and cannot believe that they have meant what you say" (p. 120). But with all this strong and decisive language, which we may be sure is the very gentlest that he can use, and implies an estimate of the *Eirenicon* by no means in accordance with that of its admirers, he is so uniformly calm and affectionate in manner that we cannot but hope that Dr. Pusey and others who think with him will be won over to think more seriously of the extreme gravity of their step in casting forth upon the world of English readers so extremely intemperate an accusation against the Catholic Church as that which they have put in circulation. Nor can we abandon the hope that they will listen to Dr. Newman's clear and un-

answerable statement of the doctrine of the Fathers as to our Blessed Lady, and see how truly he has pointed to the flaws and defects in their own thoughts with regard to her. They will certainly be hardly able to deny that they have misunderstood, not only the Immaculate Conception, against which they have talked so loudly, but even, it may be, original sin itself; nor do we think that it can be questioned that he has put his finger upon the fundamental error—not to say heresy—to which all their low conceptions as to the Blessed Mother of God are to be assigned as their ultimate cause. Dr. Pusey, as Dr. Newman remarks, seems to have no idea that our Blessed Lady had any other part or position in the Incarnation than as its *physical instrument*—much the same part, as it were, that Juda or David may have had. The Fathers, on the contrary, from the very first, speak of her “as an intelligent responsible cause of our Lord’s taking flesh:” “her faith and obedience being accessories to the Incarnation, and gaining it as her reward” (p. 38). Dr. Newman insists on this vital and all-important difference more than once, and seems to consider it the explanation of the strange blindness of these students of antiquity. If they can once gain a new and more Catholic idea as to that which is the foundation, alike of our Blessed Lady’s greatness and the devotion of the Church to her,—and certainly they must be very blind or very obstinate not to see the reasons for such an idea in Dr. Newman’s pages,—then the *Eirenicon* will have produced incidentally a far greater blessing to themselves and others than if its strange interpretation of the Anglican Articles had been allowed as legitimate in England, and there had been half a score of Du Pins in France ready to enter into negotiations with the Archbishop of Canterbury on the basis of its propositions. These good men have in fact been living and teaching and studying the Fathers with one of the great seminal facts, so to speak, of Christianity absent from their minds or entirely undeveloped in them. “It was the creation of a new idea and a new sympathy, a new faith and worship, when the holy Apostles announced that God had become incarnate; and a supreme love and devotion to Him became possible, which seemed hopeless before that revelation. *But besides this, a second range of thoughts was opened on mankind, unknown before, and unlike any other, as soon as it was understood that that Incarnate God had a mother. The second idea is perfectly distinct from the former—the one does not interfere with the other.*” We conceive that these words will fall strangely on the ears of Dr. Pusey, though they might not perhaps do so on those of the author of the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium*; and if they do so, after the incontestable proof which Dr. Newman has adduced from

the early Fathers of their view of the position of our Blessed Lady in the economy of the Incarnation, it will only remain for Dr. Pusey either to confute that proof or to acknowledge that he has been reasoning on that great mystery, without the guidance of the Church, deaf to the teaching of the Fathers, and that he has incurred the usual fate of men who so reason. May the prayers of the Blessed Mother, against whose honour he has raised his voice so harshly, save him from closing his eyes still more firmly!

It appears to be one of the characteristics of Dr. Newman to look at particular questions and phases of opinion with regard to a wider and more comprehensive range of thought than other men. Possibly his retired position favours this habit of mind; but it is of course far more naturally to be attributed to a loftier intellectual stature and a wider knowledge of history than others possess. Such a man is eminently fitted for a controversy like the present, in which the word Peace has been blurted forth in so uncouth a manner, while yet it is not the less the expression of the real and powerful longings of a thousand hearts. It is a most unpromising overture, but it is an overture nevertheless. Dr. Newman is not only fitted to deal with it on account of his tender and large sympathies, and of the affectionate solicitude with which he has always treated his former friends; he is able also, not indeed to go to the very verge of Catholic doctrine for their sakes, or to encourage delusive hopes of a compromise which would patch up rather than unite, but to speak with calm accuracy, looking on his own times as a philosophical historian of the Church may look at them by and by, and point out what may be accidental, transient, local, in the features of the religion of the present day. No one can be less inclined to exaggerate, for instance, the differences between English and Italian devotion; and we have seldom felt ourselves in a more Italian atmosphere, out of Italy, than in the Oratory at Edgbaston. But he is not afraid of giving full weight to national differences of character, nor of avowing himself a hearty Englishman. In the same way, without going into the question of fact as to alleged extravagances—which, after all, is of no real cogency in the argument—he is ready to admit that there may be such, and puts forward a simple common-sense argument to show that such may be expected in the living working of energetic ideas generally, and especially of such ideas in matters of religion, which acts on the affections. This is the true philosophical answer; and it by no means excludes other answers that might be given to particular charges, which might be proved to be false in fact, or to apply to matters so grave as that the Church would never be allowed to permit the alleged corruption.

Dr. Newman never shrinks from allowing the full force of any principle that he has laid down. Thus, he has distinguished between faith as to our Blessed Lady's position in the kingdom of her Son, and the devotion to her founded upon that faith. The faith may have been from the beginning, and actually was so, as he proves from the early Fathers; but the full devotion may not all at once have been developed; or again, it may have been checked in particular countries at a particular time, and so make no show in the writings of some Fathers of that age, in consequence of the baneful influence of a prevalent heresy, which cut at the faith itself. This, which is really almost self-evident, enables him not only to explain the passages in St. Chrysostom and St. Basil which are sometimes objected to, but to grant that there are no certain traces of *devotion*, strictly so called, to our Blessed Lady in the writings of others besides these. There need not be, according to his principles. It must be remembered that all these statements admit of great development and explanation; they are germs of thought, and are only put forward most concisely in Dr. Newman's present letter. It is more to our present purpose to observe how ready he is to look through the cloud of charges, great and small, which Dr. Pusey has blown in the face of Catholics, and to discern in the book of his old friend a new and important turning-point in the Anglican controversy. He thinks that the indignation of Catholics has led them in consequence to misconceive Dr. Pusey, so as not, it would seem, to give him credit for really pacific intentions. We think that no one has denied—what, indeed, it does not become a critic to question—the reality of a purpose distinctly avowed; but at the same time we must repeat that it has never been denied by Dr. Pusey, nor do we think it ever can be denied, that the book was written with a clear and distinct intention so to represent Catholicism as to deter people from submitting to it except on certain terms pointed out by the author. Possibly Dr. Newman only means that Catholics have been more alienated by Dr. Pusey's most unhandsome attack than attracted by his professions of friendship; and certainly never was a friendly expostulation, never was an earnest request for explanation on certain points which appear to be difficulties in the way of a much-desired union, proposed in a way less calculated to conciliate. Dr. Newman, therefore, neither wonders nor complains at the strong feeling with which the *Eirenicon* has been received; but he looks beyond the present moment, and recalling the former phases of opinion as to Catholicism which have prevailed among Anglicans, he sees in Dr. Pusey's proceeding nothing less than the putting "the whole argument between you and us on a new footing,"—a

footing which may really and profitably be used by those who desire peace. No English Catholic but will most heartily rejoice in this statement of Dr. Newman; and surely one of our first feelings must be that of thankfulness that he is among us at a time like this, and that circumstances will give him a more patient hearing and a more ready acceptance, on the part of those whose souls may be staked on the issue of this controversy, than he might otherwise meet with. From him, at least, Anglicans will hear no extreme or novel doctrine; him, at least, they will never accuse of not loving every thing that is English. He, if any one, may convince them that no true child of the "undivided Church" would be found at the present day outside the communion of the Holy See; that the Church is the same now as she ever was, and as she ever will be; that she can never compromise with her enemies, though she yearns with unutterable love to take back every wanderer to her heart.

Experience has happily shown that the great Shepherd of souls leads men on in a way they neither discern nor desire, when they have once set themselves to wish and pray for greater light; and that prophecies of ill and suspicions of sinister purposes, which have not lacked ample foundation, have yet been often defeated in the indulgent dispensations of grace. Nor, indeed, at the present time, are all the signs of the sky evil. In its most disagreeable and inexcusable features the *Eirenicon* is not, we are convinced, a fair representation of the mind of a great number who might commonly be supposed to sympathise with its author. He has put himself for the moment at their head; and they are, of course, slow to repudiate his assistance; but we do not believe that the earnest men who publish so many Catholic devotions, and who, however mistakenly, attempt to reproduce in their own churches the external honours paid by Catholics to Him, whom they also think that they have with them, would willingly make themselves responsible for the hundred pages with which Dr. Newman's present pamphlet is engaged. The advance towards Catholicism among the Anglicans has, in fact, left Dr. Pusey some way behind other and younger men. Even as to himself, he is hardly further away than others have been who are now within the Church.

Only it must not be forgotten that the largest and most charitable thoughts as to the meaning and intentions of individuals, and the most hopeful anticipations as to the ultimate result of their movements, do not exhaust the duties imposed upon Catholic writers at the present moment. Let us see ever so much of good in demonstrations such as this, and believe that there is a still greater amount of good which we do not see. We may forbear to press men harshly,

to point out baldly the inconsistencies of their position; we may put up with the rudeness of the language in which they propose peace. They may be haughty and ungenerous now; but this is not much to bear for the sake of that unity which those who know it love better than those who are strangers to it. Let us be ready, as far as persons are concerned, to be tender in exposing faults even wanton, and misconceptions which, as we think, common industry and fairness might have obviated. For Dr. Pusey himself we can wish no severer punishment than that he should be able some day to look upon his own work with the eyes of a Catholic. He has himself shown us, by the use which he has made of old expressions of Dr. Newman and others, who have long since repudiated them, that the retraction of charges against the Catholic Church by their authors does not prevent others from repeating them. We are sorry to say—what we still believe will be acknowledged as true by all who have been at the pains,—pains not taken by some who have written on this subject,—of not merely considering the animus and motives of Dr. Pusey, but of examining his book in detail, and taking its measure as a work of erudition and controversy—that, unattractive in style, rambling, incoherent, vague, and intentionally “loose,” as it is, it has one great quality, however unintentional,—that of being a perfect storehouse of misrepresentation. We speak simply as critics, and we disclaim all attempts to account for the phenomenon. It contains an almost unparalleled number of misstatements of every kind and degree. Its author’s reputation will give weight and currency to these. Though never perhaps likely to be a popular book, it will still take its place in Protestant libraries, and will be much used in future controversies. No one can tell how often we shall have certain extraordinary statements about the Sanctification of the Blessed Virgin, her active and passive Conception, the protest of the Greek Church against the doctrine, Bellarmine’s assertion about General Councils, Transubstantiation, Extreme Unction, and the like, brought up against us; and the erroneous conclusions founded upon them cannot be neglected by the defenders of Catholic truth. It is therefore essential, not that Dr. Pusey should be attacked in an unkindly spirit, but that his book should be handled critically, and, as far as may be, whatever it contains of misstatement, misquotation, unfair insinuation and conclusion catalogued and exposed. It must be remembered that there is a great demand for the materials of anti-Catholic controversy. Dr. Pusey does not subscribe to the societies which mostly hold their meetings in Exeter Hall in the month of May; but he might well be made a life-governor of all of them in consideration of

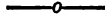
this book. It will be used by the zealots who try to win the poor peasants of Connaught to apostasy by means of food and clothing, and by the more decorous "Anglo-Continental," who are just now rubbing their hands at the prospects of infidelity in Italy. Alas! it not only teems with snares for the learned and conscientious, but it is full of small insinuations for the ignobler herd of paid agents and lecturers,—“what the poorer people believe in Rome,” what Catholic churches are called in South India, what Cardinal Wiseman is reported to have said of Archbishop Affré, “who died in recovering his people at the barricades.” These things may be passed by as simple faults of taste; but the pretensions of the book to learning, and its historical and doctrinal statements, cannot be admitted without sifting. Dr. Pusey has imposed an unwelcome task on Catholic critics. At the very time that they would be conciliating his followers, they are forced to attack him. It has seemed to us indeed that ordinary care in examining authorities, an attention to the common-sense rule that strangers cannot understand a system from without, the use of the many means at his disposal of ascertaining the Catholic meaning of Catholic language, more self-restraint in assertion, in urging arguments that appeared telling and conclusions that were welcome to himself, and somewhat less of confidence in his own attainments as a theologian—would have spared those who wish him well this painful undertaking at a time when they would gladly say no word that may sound harsh to his ears. But, after all, truth is more precious than peace, and peace can only be had through the truth; and we can cordially return to Dr. Pusey the assurance which he himself has proffered to Catholics, that those engaged in the ungrateful task of subjecting his volume to the analysis of criticism have no intention whatever of wounding his feelings.

γ.

Bury the Dead.

"Give me a grave, that I may bury my Dead out of my sight."

Genesis xxiii. 4 (Heb.).



ENWRAPT in fair white shroud,
 With fragrant flowers strewn,
 With loving tears and holy prayers,
 And wailing loud,
 Shut out the light!
 Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
 Out of my sight!

Corruption's touch will wrong
 The sacred Dead too soon;
 Then wreath the brow, the eyelids kiss;
 Delay not long.
 Behold the blight!
 Bury the Dead, bury the Dead,
 Out of our sight!

But there are other Dead
 That will not buried be,
 That walk about in glaring day
 With noiseless tread,
 And stalk at night;
 Unburied Dead, unburied Dead,
 Ever in sight.

Dear friendships snapt in twain,
 Sweet confidence betrayed,
 Old hopes forsworn, old loves worn out,
 Vows pledged in vain.
 There is no flight,
 Ye living, unrelenting Dead,
 Out of your sight.

BURY THE DEAD.

O for a grave where I
Might hide my Dead away !
That sacred bond, that holy trust,
How could it die ?
Out of my sight !
O mocking Dead, unburied Dead,
Out of my sight !

O ever-living Dead,
Who cannot buried be ;
In our heart's core your name is writ.
What though it bled ?
The wound was slight
To eyes that loved no more, in death's
Remorseless night.

O still beloved Dead,
No grave is found for you ;
No friends weep with us o'er your bier,
No prayers are said ;
For out of sight
We wail our Dead, our secret Dead,
Alone at night.

Give me a grave so deep
That they may rest with me ;
For they shall lie with my dead heart
In healing sleep ;
Till out of night
We shall all pass, O risen Dead,
Into God's sight !

Weather Wisdom.

THE obituary of the year 1865 includes the names of two men who agreed in aiming at an object of the greatest importance, although the means they employed and the estimation they were held in were curiously different. The one was a rear-admiral of the English Navy, Fitzroy; the other a member of the late French National Assembly, Mathieu de la Drôme; and their object was to discover rules for foretelling the conduct of that very emblem of fickleness, the weather.

M. Mathieu professed to have discovered a system which (although not yet thoroughly developed) would enable him to predict, with great probability of being right, what the weather would be for at least eighteen months in advance; and he bequeathed his secret, as a very profitable legacy, to his family, who continue to publish an almanac in his name. It is studied, and great reliance placed on it, by nearly all the general public of France, though rejected unanimously by men of science in that country.

Admiral Fitzroy, on the other hand, claimed only to have established a few general rules deduced from higher laws or the results of experience, which would enable any man to foretell the weather for two or three days beforehand with as much certainty as is usual in the other applications of the natural sciences. In order to apply these rules, numerous observations and calculations have to be made; and we may suppose his claim to be generally admitted by men of science, when we find that the Royal Society twelve years ago recommended that a special department of the Board of Trade should be established for this end. The death of Fitzroy has recently called forth a fresh opinion from that illustrious body,—that this meteorological department is of the highest utility. Sailors have indeed for some years learned to regard the “drums” and “cones” as valuable signals; but landmen generally remain content with a few simple signs of the weather, and with the remarks on the face of a barometer, which are as deceptive as if their object was to mislead. And yet almost daily forecasts of the weather appear in our journals under the heading “Meteorological Reports,” but are neglected for parliamentary and police reports, because a little patience

is required to master their import, and because they promise nothing very imposing in return.

Such is, however, the importance of the subject to us all, who belong to the most seafaring nation in the world, that no doubt a popular statement of the position of science in this matter must prove generally interesting.

Before stating the true scientific method, I propose, for the sake of an instructive contrast, to give an account of the popular, though false, system of Mathieu de la Drôme. It is based on a fallacy as common as pernicious, to which the applied sciences are especially liable. Astronomy, geology, chemistry, meteorology, and, above all, medicine, show too frequent evidence of a tendency in the human mind to misapply a very excellent law, and to assume that when one cause for a phenomenon has been discovered, there is no need to seek for more, or to ascertain if that cause is sufficient as well as real. A very short examination of the almanacs published by Mathieu de la Drôme shows that the cause which he considers to affect the weather is the position of the moon. I have taken some pains to analyse his predictions, so as to endeavour to discover his secret, and find that most of them can be generalised in the following statements:

1. Rain, with or without wind, may be expected during those first and last quarters of a lunar month which commence soon after noon, or between midnight and nine A.M.

2. Wind is to be expected when the new moon occurs in the morning, and about midway between the phases of a month otherwise quiet.

Now, not to go too far into a refutation which has been put in a very clear and popular form by Dr. Lardner in his *Museum of Science and Art*, it will be here enough to remark that the most rigidly-conducted series of observations, extended over a long time, has shown that, as a matter of fact, there is no discoverable connection between the moon in any phase and fair or foul weather. Theoretically it is admitted by astronomers that the moon must exert some attraction on our atmosphere; but so many more powerful causes are at work, that lunar influences are either annulled or combined with them.

Accordingly Mathieu's results are not remarkably correct. Thus in December last, although the winds predicted for the 14th occurred, winds are predicted for the end of the month in the Mediterranean which did not happen there, but in the Atlantic. Although heavy rains did fall (as presaged) on the 10th of January, the prophet has predicted none of the terrible gales which, between the 15th and the 22d, destroyed so many hundred brave lives, and has fixed upon the

week from the 23d to the 30th for foul weather, just when the fury of the storms was abating.

So much for the fallacious system. Let us now turn to the true one. The instrument most necessary for forecasting the weather is the barometer, which, as all my readers are probably aware, is an instrument for measuring the pressure or weight of the atmosphere; in other words, the column of mercury in the barometer-tube always weighs the same as a column of air of the same size outside the tube. Hence, when the mercury rises in the tube, it does so because the air outside has become heavier; and when the air is lighter it falls.

In the tropical regions, the only *ordinary* cause which affects the atmosphere in this manner is the heat of the day, which, by expanding the air, makes it lighter, while it is condensed again (or becomes heavier) in the evening. In those tranquil climates the barometer varies with such regularity that it could almost be used to indicate the time of day, standing lowest during the hot afternoon, and rising to its highest point in the cool of the night. This effect of temperature may be noticed on the rarer halcyon days of our temperate zone; but it is marked generally by the more powerful causes, which are less often at work in the tropics.

The chief of these causes is the moisture or dryness of the air, which affects the weight of the atmosphere, because the vapour of water is lighter than air; consequently the damper the air, the lighter it will be, and the more the barometer will fall.

The mere violence of the wind in a horizontal direction has been supposed to diminish its downward pressure (just as a man while skating may be supported by ice which would give way if he stood still); but this is very doubtful.

It has been established by Dove, the great authority on matters meteorological, that there are in our northern hemisphere two principal wind-currents, the north-east and south-west, which may blow singly, or one above the other, or against one another, in which case they produce either a calm, or a wind moving in a circular direction—the terrible “cyclone,” which does so much harm. These two winds (blowing from what Dove calls “the wind-poles”) are opposed in all their characters; the n.e. (or “polar”) current is dry, cold, and of high electrical tension; while the s.w. (“tropical”) wind is warm, moist, and with little, if any, positive electricity. From these characters of the main currents it might have been foreseen that the barometer must rise for n.e. winds, and fall for s.w. ones; and this is what actually occurs. In England it is also found that e., n., and n.w. winds act on the weather-glass like n.e. ones; while w., s., and s.e. winds resemble the “tropical” currents.

It is upon these barometrical changes that the English system of forecasting is based. A number of stations have been chosen on the coasts of Great Britain, Ireland, and France, where the state of the barometer and the weather generally is every day noted, and the results transmitted to the Board of Trade Office in Whitehall, where they are compared, tabulated, and forwarded to the principal journals for publication.

From the comparative examination of the different results it may appear, either that the height of the barometer and the direction of the wind are very nearly the same at places so widely apart as Valentia and the Helder, Brest and Aberdeen; or great differences may exist between the reports from distant stations.

In the former case it is probable that the existing weather will continue, and that the wind will at any rate not rise much; but in the latter case it is necessary to examine the reports minutely. If the northern barometers have risen rapidly, more wind may be expected from the north; and if the southern temperatures are high, rain will probably also occur from the cooling of the air. Southerly wind is, on the other hand, presaged by the barometers on the southern and western coasts falling. When the barometers are every where low, there may be little or no wind; but the slightest rise in any quarter indicates wind from that side; and should both the French and Scotch barometers rise rapidly, while the English ones remain low, it is a sign that both polar and tropical currents are approaching in force, and that there will be much rain and gales, of more or less severity, according to the rapidity of the change.

In short, the principal sign of change of weather and index of its degree is difference between the barometric observations of the different stations; and the direction of the wind is usually from the place of high barometer to the place of low barometer. These are the rules on which the Meteorological Department habitually acts in its forecasts of the weather; but though generally true, they are subject to many disturbing influences, one of the chief of which is the position of land, especially of mountains; thus the Welsh and Scotch highlands turn many a strong wind out of its usual course.

So much for the mode of proceeding which Admiral Fitzroy instituted. Let us now judge of its merits by the ordinary test of success. From the facts stated by the Royal Society in their letter alluded to above, it would appear that:

1. Of 2288 signals that a gale was impending, hoisted by authority of the Board of Trade, 1188 were justified by the state of the weather, either when the telegram reached the station, or within forty-eight hours afterwards.

2. Of 402 signals indicating the direction a gale would probably take, 271 proved correct.

3. Of 40 cautionary signals, 29 appear to have been justified by the event; 8 were failures, and 3 were late, the gale having already commenced.

These are good results to obtain from a science still in its infancy. Accordingly the Royal Society conclude that it is highly desirable to extend the present system of meteorological observations, by collecting memoranda from captains in the royal and mercantile marine, and by establishing more land-stations in places where careful observation can be depended on, as at Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities, and Stonyhurst College. These, they recommend, should be in connection with the observatory of the British Association at Kew; and they consider that the present system of storm-warnings should be continued, and the results noted for future examination.

I may perhaps usefully add to these scientific signs of the weather a few remarks on practical weather wisdom, which may be of daily use to all. They are derived chiefly from Fitzroy's "Weather Book."

And first, with regard to the barometer, no indication whatever can be got from its absolute height taken on one occasion only; still less are the words "storm," "change," "set fair," &c. of any use but to mislead the unwary. The ascent and descent of the mercury in the tube is alone of any use; and such changes are to be interpreted, as above, to presage change in the direction or intensity of the wind; since the more rapid the fall of mercury, the more violent the following storm generally proves; thus a fall of 0.1 inch per hour foretells a very heavy storm.

It is because in Western Europe s.w. winds generally bring rain, and n.e. ones fine weather, that a fall of the glass usually indicates damp, and a rise fair weather. This must be always borne in mind, as it is the reason why, when rain does occur with a strong n. or n.e. wind, the glass rises instead of falling; and it also shows why in climates like that of St. Petersburg, where rain may fall with the wind alike in any quarter, the barometer is of no use for foretelling wet weather. The sooner a change (for fair or foul) follows the fall or rise of the weather-glass which presaged it, the less time will such weather usually last; and, on the contrary, the longer the time between the signs and the weather foretold, the longer will such altered weather last.

The thermometer is of less importance as a weather prophet than the barometer. But when it rises rapidly and unseasonably, s.w. winds and rain may be expected; and a fall, on the other hand, indicates n.e. winds and dry weather.

Among signs drawn from the observation of the sky, the most valuable are the two which we know to have been proverbial among the Jews in our Lord's time, *viz.*, that a rosy (not a deep red) sky at sunset presages fine weather; while a red morning sky indicates much rain or wind. Gray is the most favourable colour for the early morning sky, especially if the day breaks first on the horizon. A bright yellow sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, rain.

A gloomy dark-blue sky is a sign of wind; while a light-blue sky is the strongest sign of fine weather. The sun's setting or rising behind a bank of clouds indicates rough weather, so do ragged, hard-edged, or tufted clouds; but soft, delicate clouds, remaining nearly stationary, show fine calm weather.

When clouds high up are seen blowing in a direction different from the lower clouds, or from the wind felt below, a change of wind, in the direction of the upper stratum, will probably occur.

The habits and instincts of animals should also be noticed by whoever desires to be weatherwise. Thus, leeches, when kept in water, remain low down in settled weather, but rise to the surface when wind or rain is impending; and when land-birds keep near their homes, sea-birds do not go out to sea, and pigs carry straw to their styes, bad weather may be looked for.

Dew and fog are indications of fine settled weather; but great clearness of the air and unusual refraction presage wind, if not rain also.

As to the duration of weather, it may be said generally that westerly winds do not bring lasting weather of any kind; while that accompanying easterly currents has more tendency to be permanent. Thus, rain coming with a s.e. wind lasts generally the whole of one or two days; while a s.w. wind brings a greater, but usually a shorter, downpour; and generally the weather from a west quarter leaves room for hope or fear that it will change into its opposite at some time of the day, especially at sunrise, noon, or sunset.

There are many other rules for foretelling the weather; but they are, for the most part, of too local or doubtful a character to be of any great value. It is highly desirable that some of the taste for observation of nature, which causes natural history, geology, and chemistry to be so widely cultivated, were applied to the study of the weather. New rules would thus be gained, and old ones more correctly interpreted than at present, until at last the weather for some days in advance might be predicted with almost absolute certainty. Surely such a result would repay a good deal of trouble.

Egypt in the British Museum.

III. JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

EGYPT was in old times the granary of the neighbouring countries. Its inhabitants were a fixed and stationary race, and regarded with contempt the nomadic state of the Asiatic nations to the north-east: these were the tenders of sheep and oxen, the "shepherds," whom, in consequence of their comparatively vagrant life, the Egyptians "had in abomination" (Gen. xlv. 34). The long valley of the Nile, extending as the crow flies somewhat more than four hundred miles (about the distance of London from Edinburgh), from the southern extremity to the point of the Delta, confined the Egyptians within its narrow limits, seldom more than twelve miles in breadth, and the rich red mud deposited by the river during its inundation made agriculture easy and productive. Anciently Egypt was richer in its produce than at present. Among the causes of this may be mentioned the gradual filling-up of several of the branches of the Nile and the assimilation of the fertile land of Goshen to the surrounding desert by the accumulation of sand. Then, too, the papyrus flourished on the river's banks, useful both for paper-making and for ship-building: it has now almost wholly disappeared.

There is a period in Egyptian history which was associated by the natives in later times with an unpropitious, ill-omened, or, as they would say, a Typhonian influence. It was connected with the advent of different nations of that Asiatic race against whose mode of life the Egyptians entertained so great a prejudice. The Egyptians included them all under the generic name of Shason, which may be interpreted Nomades; but it will be better for us to employ the term Asiatics. These Asiatics, at different intervals during five hundred and eleven years, found a footing and an abode in Egypt. For the most part they lived with the contemporary natives on peaceful and friendly terms; it was only after their final departure that later generations, whether through pride or for some other reason, regarded the strangers as interlopers and presumptuous invaders.

These Asiatic visitors were not all of the same nation. The first who sought a refuge in Egypt from famine were Abraham and his family, and these we will call the Hebrew Asiatics; the second were

Asiatics of Philistine or Arab origin, and these, who founded a dynasty in Egypt, and became through the policy of Joseph suzerains over the whole country, we will call the Shepherd-king Asiatics,—their Egyptian name is Hyk-shos; the third and last were the Chaldeans, who, under Chushan Rasathaim, held Israel in subjection for eight years (Jud. iii. 8), and were driven from Egypt after exercising their power for fifteen years: these are of course the Chaldee Asiatics, and they are remarkable for their rejection of polytheism and their attachment to a monotheistic worship of the sun,—indications of which are found on a few Egyptian monuments.

(1.) The sojourn of the Hebrew Asiatics is confined to the brief visit of Abraham to Egypt. He pitched his tent in the fertile land of Goshen, to the east of the Delta; and though his visit was so short, the circumstances attending it fully justified the Egyptians in regarding it with aversion and as the beginning of the period of Typhonian influence, for it was the occasion of the "grievous stripes" with which God "scourged Pharaoh and his house" on account of his treatment of Sarai, Abram's wife. After Abram's return to Canaan, the part of the country which he had occupied remained empty for many years. His posterity, the Hebrew Asiatics, did indeed return at a subsequent period under Jacob, but they found at that time both their old home and the rest of the country—some parts more and the southern parts less—under the power of the second set of foreign immigrants,—the Shepherd-king Asiatics. They flourished under the protection of these Shepherd-kings through the influence of Joseph, one of their own number, whom Pharaoh Apophis had made his viceroy. When the Shepherd-king Asiatics had been expelled, B.C. 1744, by Amosis, the founder of the eighteenth dynasty, the first under which Egypt was united under one monarchy, the Hebrews continued for a time under subjection to the conquerors, until, about a century after, they were delivered from their bondage by Moses in B.C. 1654.

(2.) The Shepherd-king Asiatics—those who commonly go by the name of the Hyk-shos—took refuge in Egypt B.C. 2007, about seventy years after the departure of Abram, when Nantef-aa (whose name we deciphered on his mummy-case in the British Museum in our last article) was king of Hermonthis or the West-bank Thebans. The cause of their visit was probably the same as that of Abram's, namely, a famine in their own country. If it be asked why Isaac did not follow the example of his father and seek for corn in Egypt on this occasion, the answer is supplied by holy Scripture itself. We are told, "When a famine came in the land, after that barrenness which had happened in the days of Abraham, Isaac went to Abime-

lech king of the Palestines to Gerara : and the Lord appeared to him and said, Go not down into Egypt, but stay in the land that I shall tell thee : and sojourn in it, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee. . . . So Isaac abode in Gerara" (Gen. xxvi. 1-6). Possibly the very departure of certain Philistines from Gerara had made room for the patriarch, and the blessing of God on his obedience was manifested in the result ; for " Isaac sowed in that land, and he found that same year a hundredfold : and the Lord blessed him" (ibid. 12).

The Shepherd-king Asiatics fixed themselves on the same spot which Abraham had occupied and had left vacant. This might have been a reason for God's forbidding Isaac to go into Egypt. They gradually increased in numbers and prosperity. Headed by their chiefs, who assumed, or at any rate have, Egyptian names—Apophis, Janias, Aseth—they constituted a dynasty concurrent with other native dynasties at Memphis, Thebes, and elsewhere. On their arrival they found Snefrou, king of the Central Memphites, suzerain, and after him Moeris, whose name is connected with the great lake in the oasis of the Faioum, on the west of the Nile and south-west of Memphis. After Moeris or Papa Mai-re, they acknowledged with the rest of Egypt the suzerainty of Sesortasen the First, king of Thebes ; and on his death they seized Memphis and became suzerains of Lower Egypt themselves, B.C. 1932, for a hundred and eighty-four years. After sixty-three years of suzerainty their supremacy was extended over Upper Egypt as well as Lower, through the policy of Joseph, B.C. 1869. They were finally expelled by a coalition formed against them, in which the native Egyptians and Nubians made common cause ; and Egypt was gathered under one king, Amosis, founder of the eighteenth dynasty, the king who "knew not Joseph," and who began the ninety years' oppression of the Hebrews.

(3.) The Chaldee Asiatics gained an ascendancy in Egypt for fifteen years. This, however, took place subsequently not only to Joseph but to Moses, and belongs to the time of the Judges (B.C. 1584-1568) ; so that, whatever we may have to say of Chusan Rasathaim, the Chaldee chief, his sway and his expulsion, must be deferred to our next article. It should, however, be remarked, that the defeat of Chusan Rasathaim turned the current of immigration. The barbarians from the north-east of Asia were checked in their attacks towards the south : they were utterly discomfited by Rameses the Third (B.C. 1321-1275) ; and the *yellow* inhabitants of Sennaar, with their blue-eyed, *white*-skinned allies, took thereafter the direction of Europe, and for many centuries all entrance was debarred to Asiatic influence in Egypt, where the *red* Egyptians and their allies the *black* Ethiopians lived undisturbed.

We will try to add to this brief outline such facts and details as may interest our readers.

We ought to premise that the heading "Egypt and the British Museum" is less suited to our present article than to its fore-runners. All the Asiatic immigrants who at these three different times had relations with Egypt were held in such antipathy by the natives in later times that almost all the monumental records, not merely of their supremacy but even of their existence have been destroyed. Sphinxes with human heads, evidently portraits of shepherd-king features, have indeed lately been found at Tanis; and the name of Apophis the Second, the last shepherd-king, has been found on the fragments of the temple at Tanis; but there is nothing in the British Museum which can be referred to the shepherd-kings themselves. Contemporary monuments, however, there are, some of them contemporary with the viceroyalty of Joseph: thus we have monuments belonging to the Memphites proper, tributary to the shepherds, under the reigns of the great pyramid-builders, Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus; and others, of the Sesortasens and the Amenemhes of Thebes.

Abraham was the originator of the Typhonian or ill-omened influence which the Egyptians ascribed to the presence of the Asiatic Shasou. No wonder. Abraham worshipped the true God, and Egypt had already fallen into gross idolatry: we found Phthahotep himself, in the "Oldest Book in the world,"* invoking Osiris, the "double crocodile." As the pagans called the Christians atheists, as misbelievers call Catholics idolators, so the native Egyptians called the Hebrews worshippers of the god of evil, and their influence Typhonian. By a singular coincidence, the local deity of that part of Egypt in which the patriarch Abram sojourned was Set, or Soutech, or Nub, or Typhon; and Set was the god of evil—not, that is, of sin or moral evil, but of physical evil, as Osiris was the god of physical good. The ass was the emblematic sign of this member of the Egyptian Pantheon; and we have already alluded to certain consequences of this fact in a former article.†

Abraham sojourned to the east of the Delta; and the city whose name continued for ages associated with the Asiatic Shasou was Hawur or Avaris, in the land of Goshen. The various forms in which we find this name—Habaropolis, Heroopolis, Arabia, that is Habaria, besides Hawur and Avaris—all seem to point to the patriarch's name as their origin: it is remarkable also that Manetho speaks of the city of Avaris as deriving its name from some ancient theological reference. Avaris was, in later times, two hundred

* See *The Month*, Dec. 1865, p. 602.

† Ibid., Sept. 1865, p. 286.

years after the Exodus, rebuilt by Rameses the Second, and new-named after him: copyists have, in consequence, introduced the comparatively modern name into passages of the Old Testament, which for accurate chronology ought to be read with the ancient one. Such is Gen. xlvii. 11, where Joseph is said to have given a possession to his father and brethren in Egypt, in the best of the land, in Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. Again, in the Book of Exodus i. 11, Amosis is said to have set over the Hebrews masters of the works to afflict them with burdens, and they built for Pharaoh cities of tabernacles, Phithom and Rameses.

The sojourn of Abram in Egypt, and the Typhonian influence connected with the Asiatics, is illustrated by the notice given by Manetho of a "great plague" under the first Tanite dynasty. This was the punishment inflicted on the local king in consequence of his having taken Sarai from her husband. "The Lord scourged Pharaoh and his house," says holy Scripture, "with most grievous stripes for Sarai, Abram's wife; and Pharaoh gave orders concerning Abram, and they led him away, and his wife, and all that he had." It is remarkable, that among the possessions of Abram in Egypt are mentioned camels (Gen. xii. 16), no portraiture of which animal occurs on the Egyptian monuments, though we have mention of them again in the history of Joseph; he was sold to some Ismaelites who were on their way to Egypt with their camels carrying spices and balm and myrrh (Gen. xxxvii. 25).

The fact of Abram's having, at the end of eight years after quitting Egypt, 318 well-appointed men-at-arms—though Lot and his servants had been separated from him—helps to divest us of the idea that Abram and Sarai and Lot were unaccompanied by any retinue on their visit to Egypt; on the contrary, it was the visit of a patriarchal chief, and his pitching his tents in the land of Goshen might well form the starting-point of that "Typhonian" epoch the remembrance of which was so distasteful to the later Egyptians.

Abram never returned to Egypt, and Isaac was expressly forbidden to go thither (Gen. xxvi. 2); but Egyptian blood was mingled with that of Abram when Agar was made the mother of Ismael (Gen. xvi. 1). Emphatically she is called the Egyptian woman (Gen. xxi. 9, and xxv. 12), as though Egypt never brought good to Israel. Agar, on her part, never forgot her native country; she procured for Ismael an Egyptian wife (Gen. xxi. 21). Esau's offspring too had a mixture of Egyptian blood, as he "took to wife, besides those he had before, a daughter of Ismael" (Gen. xxviii. 9). On the other hand, the chosen seed was kept clear of this admixture by the marriage of Isaac with Rebecca, and of Jacob with Lia and

Rachel, all three of whom were Mesopotamians. Joseph indeed married an Egyptian wife—he could hardly do otherwise; but Manasses his son returned to the predilections of the chosen race, and sought for a consort from Mesopotamia (1 Paral. vii. 14).

When Avaris, where Abram had pitched his tent, had remained empty for some seventy years, there appeared a party of new-comers, on probably the same errand as that which had brought Abram before, and was to bring Jacob afterwards. From the famine in Palestine they took refuge on the fertile soil of Egypt. These were the second tribe of Asiatics, to whose presence and influence the term Typhonian, or ill-omened, was in later times applied. They were probably Philistines; they may have been Arabs; we will call them the Shepherd-king Asiatics.

They entered Egypt peaceably: they lived in the land of Goshen, multiplied under their own chiefs, and adopted the customs of the country. They recognised the authority of the successive chemwaldas or suzerains, Snefrou, Moeris, and Sesortasen the First. The last seems to have employed them as auxiliaries in his conquest of Nubia, B.C. 1974: on his death, Apachnas, the shepherd-king, stepped into his place, and by the capture of Memphis made himself suzerain of Lower Egypt—that is, of Egypt from Memphis to the Mediterranean; while Upper Egypt remained subject to the successors of Sesortasen at Thebes. The new shepherd-king suzerains continued to dwell habitually at Avaris, and did not interfere with the authority of the local kings, beyond taking tribute. From this point dates the dynasty of tributary Memphites, among whose kings we find the builders of the great Pyramids, Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus. This dynasty was peculiarly amenable to the sway of the shepherd-kings, and on that account shared with them the bad reputation of Typhonianism. Hence the bad character given by Herodotus to Cheops and Chephren.

In the year 1909 or 1908 before Christ, the shepherd-king Apachnas, who had acquired the suzerainty over Lower Egypt, died, and was succeeded by Apophis the First. The first year of his reign was the first year of the life of Joseph, whom Rachel bore to Jacob in Mesopotamia. While Joseph was growing up to manhood, the shepherd-king suzerain embellished his capital, Avaris and Tanis; and for this purpose, since there was but little stone in the Delta, he needed the friendly offices of his tributary kings of Memphis and his contemporary suzerains of Upper Egypt, Sesortasen the Second and Sesortasen the Third.

It may be remarked, that as we ascend the Nile we find the cliffs or mountains which hedge in the valley of the Nile formed succes-

sively of limestone and sandstone, while granite is found forcing its way through the sandstone higher up, at the first cataract. The vassal kings of Memphis, therefore, would supply the limestone needed by Apophis from the quarries of Toura, while the Sesortasens would supply alabaster and granite from the Nubian frontier. This accounts for the occurrence of the names of Sesortasen and the Nubian commandants* on blocks of edifices found on the site of Tanis. They would appear there as the names of friends who willingly coöperated in the works undertaken by a friend.

Joseph grew up: he had lost his mother on the journey from Mesopotamia to Hebron, when she gave birth to Benjamin, his only uterine brother. "She was buried in the highway that leadeth to Ephrata, this is Bethlehem; and Jacob erected a pillar over her sepulchre." Isaac was still living at Hebron when Jacob returned from Mesopotamia: and Joseph became his father's favourite son. When he was sixteen years old he excited the anger of his half-brothers, the sons of Bala and of Zelpha; and afterwards the jealousy of all his brethren, occasioned by his father's evident fondness for him, grew into the bitterest hatred by his narrating to them two dreams which seemed to prognosticate his future superiority over them. He narrowly escaped a cruel death at their hands, and was sold, at the instance of Juda, to some Madianite merchants who were on their way from Galaad to Egypt: by the Madianites he was sold to Putiphar, an officer of Pharaoh Apophis the First. The history of the confidence reposed in Joseph by his master, and of the jealousy with which he protected his master's honour by his own unsullied chastity, is familiar to all: his unmerited imprisonment, his interpretation of the dreams of Pharaoh's chief butler and chief baker, and his summons to the court of Pharaoh to interpret the dreams which had troubled the king, need not here be recounted; we proceed at once to those facts which bring into contact the narrative of holy Scripture and profane history.

Joseph was raised to the viceroyalty, that he might be in a position to provide for the threatened seven years of famine. "Thou shalt be over my house," said the king, "and at the commandment of thy mouth all the people shall obey: only in the kingly throne will I be above thee. Behold, I have appointed thee over the whole land of Egypt." And Pharaoh took his ring from his own hand and gave it into his hand: and he put upon him a robe of silk and put a chain of gold about his neck, and he made him go up into his second chariot, the crier proclaiming that they should bow their knee before him, and that they should know that he was made

* See *The Month*, September 1865, p. 283.

governor over the whole land of Egypt, that is, of course, over that part of Egypt which was at present under the suzerainty of the shepherd-king, from Memphis to the Mediterranean. And the king said to Joseph, "I am Pharaoh; without thy commandment no man shall move hand or foot in all the land of Egypt." And he turned his name, and called him in the Egyptian tongue, Zaphnath Pa-anch; and he gave him to wife Aseneth the daughter of Putiphare priest of Heliopolis. Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh: he was therefore raised to the viceroyalty in the thirty-first year of king Apophis, B.C. 1878, the year after the death of Isaac at Hebron. The next seven years were the years of plenty, and one-fifth of the produce of the land was stored up by Joseph against the years of dearth.

Meanwhile Upper Egypt was independent under its own kings, the successors of Sesortasen the First. His immediate successor was Amenemhe the First, and then came Sesortasen the Second, whose first year was like that of Apophis, the birth-year of Joseph, B.C. 1909-8. In the interval between Joseph's birth and his elevation to the viceroyalty, we find the record of the submission of certain Asiatics to Sesortasen the Second on a monument at Beni-Hassan, of the date B.C. 1903, and of a victory gained by Sesortasen the Third over the Pennou in Nubia in the year B.C. 1882.

But the famine was destined to bring the whole of Egypt, Upper as well as Lower, under the suzerainty of the shepherd-king Apophis the First; and this was effected by the policy of Joseph. Among the neighbouring nations, the Egyptians too and Nubians needed corn: Joseph sold it to them out of the abundant stores he had laid up. They paid for the corn first of all in money, that is, probably, in unstamped coin or rings of metal. When their money was exhausted, they bartered their cattle for grain, and finally offered their lands and themselves. The famine began in B.C. 1871; and after two years the whole population had thus, without violence, been brought to acknowledge the shepherd-king supremacy.

But it was a suzerainty that did not weigh heavily on the inferior states; and it is a remarkable fact that this period was precisely the epoch of pyramid-building in its vastest proportions. The vassal kings of Memphis, and of Heliopolis or On, raised these monuments of their policy, or of their vanity, directly after the famine. The account of this seems to be, that in consequence of the population having been reduced to serfdom, the king had from that time to choose between feeding his subjects in idleness or employing them on public works for their bread; and thus the tributary kings also, through whom any part of Egypt was governed, would obtain a vast

increase of personal power, and a superabundance of disposable labour (Palmer, *Egyptian Chronicles*, p. 166). Hence the pyramid which Cheops had already begun assumed the immense proportions which it attained. To give ourselves a notion of its size, let us imagine ourselves on Primrose Hill or on London Bridge, and seeing on the site of St. Paul's a pyramid rising to within fifty feet of twice the height of that cathedral. While Cheops and his successors raised the most imposing group of pyramids at Gizeh, nearest to Memphis, Sesortasen the Third began the group of pyramids higher up the country, at Illahoon, in the oasis of the Faïoum; and the East-bank kings of Heliopolis erected at Dashour a group which almost rivalled the pyramids of Cheops and his successors.

As we ought not quite to forget the British Museum, even in an article on the Shepherd-kings, our readers will find, if they choose, memorials of Cheops in blocks from his pyramid in the Egyptian vestibule, No. 56 *a*, *b*, *c*, and a scarabæus bearing his name, Shouphou, No. 3920*a*.

Chephren succeeded Cheops in the line of tributary Memphites—tributary, that is, to the shepherd-kings. A false doorway to a tomb bearing the frequent repetition of his name, Shafra, may be found at the extremity of the Egyptian N. Gallery, No. 157, 157*, and a scarabæus with his name, No. 3920*b*.

Mycerinus, the builder of the third pyramid at Gizeh, may be identified by his native name, Menkau-re, legible on his wooden coffin upstairs, numbered 6647 in case 50, 51.

The scarabæi numbered 3920, 3922, 3919*a*, 3922*c*, are referred to kings of the tributary Heliopolites, Ra-neferkar, Menkeres, Tatcheres, and Ounos.

As regards monuments connected with particular kings of the Theban dynasty, the fifteenth of the original Manetho, we find memorials of Sesortasen the First, Nos. 828 and 829; and in particular No. 870, under the colossal head of Rameses the Second, at the foot of the stairs, in which he commemorates his ancestors Aan (B.C. 2083) and Raentseser (B.C. 2059). As these kings were of a different dynasty (namely, the Memphite), we have a proof here of the friendly relations in which the concurrent dynasties stood in general with each other, and of the probability that suzerainty might pass easily from one dynasty to another through mere family connection.

Sesortasen the Second, the contemporary of Joseph, but before his viceroyalty, and Sesortasen the Third, who became through Joseph's policy the vassal of Apophis, have memorials in Nos. 257, 831, and 852.

Amenemhe the Third—the two first Amenemhes preceded severally Sesortasen the First and Sesortasen the Second (see, in the British Museum, Nos. 256 and 567)—was the builder of the Labyrinth, and his name may be found in Nos. 258 and 557; while Amenemhe the Fourth (who preceded the last king of the dynasty Scemiophris) is recorded in No. 827.

Mementoes of the Nubian commandants (see *The Month*, Sept. 1865, p. 283) may be found in No. 839 (Ameni) and No. 833 (Rahotep).

Joseph in the policy he adopted certainly consulted the aggrandisement of the shepherd-king who was his own benefactor, the benefactor of his father Jacob and of his whole family. While he did this, he treated with the utmost generosity those who were glad, for their lives' sake, to submit to the shepherd-king suzerainty; and he proved himself the universal benefactor, under the Divine guidance, of all Egypt. He was so recognised while the memory of his policy was fresh in men's minds, and while the shepherd-king rule lasted. When, however, fifty years after his death, the native Egyptians made common cause with the Nubians to throw off their allegiance to Apophis the Second, they soon began to reflect that Joseph was of Asiatic race; and their irritated pride at having lain under such obligations to a stranger led them to regard him with dislike, and to ascribe his best-intentioned undertakings to tyranny. Nor only so, but undertakings set on foot by some of their native kings for the improvement of the country were confounded with the works of Joseph or his friends, and fell under their malicious censure. To Joseph is ascribed in holy Scripture the law by which one-fifth of the land's produce was given to the king. It was on this condition that he restored the lands as soon as they had been taken in payment for corn. The institution of geometrical surveys, of the multiplying of canals, the banking-up of the cities and villages, and the removing into them of the scattered population, were works belonging to the time of Joseph, and were imputed as tyranny to the Memphite vassals of the shepherd-kings (Palmer, p. 563). All these works of utility or beneficence were ascribed by late Egyptians directly or indirectly to the Typhonian or malignant influence which was associated in their minds with the race of the Shason.

There exists a remarkable native tradition, which seems to refer to the history of Joseph. Let it be remembered that he was revered as a wonderful interpreter; that the supposed god of interpretation was Hermes or Thoth; that the hieroglyph of the god Thoth was a crane. Now it was related in this Egyptian tradition that *once upon*

a time—care was taken to mention neither the time nor the name of the king—certain years of prodigiously-abundant harvests were introduced by the appearance of a double-headed and again of a four-headed crane; that is, in other words, by the appearance of a very great and wonderful interpreter. We know when those unexampled harvests were announced, and by whom; that it was under the reign of the shepherd-king Apophis the First; that the date was B.C. 1878; and that this said “Hermes,” this wonderful interpreter, ruled Egypt directly or by his counsels for eighty years, till B.C. 1798. It is suggested by Mr. Palmer—whose sagacity we admire, at whose industry we are amazed, whose conclusions we adopt, and whose expressions we without scruple appropriate, while we disclaim all credit ourselves for the information we impart to our readers—it is suggested by Mr. Palmer, that to Joseph’s recommendations and calculations were due the improvements in the Egyptian calendar, introduced B.C. 1780 or thereabouts, after that patriarch’s death.

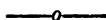
Before concluding what we have to say about “Joseph in Egypt”—for we will leave the beauty of the Scripture narrative to itself—it is interesting to remark that the romance of *The Two Brothers* (composed about 1400 B.C. for the amusement and instruction of Prince Seti, prince of Cush, and grandson of Rameses the Great) is probably founded on the history of the youthful chastity of the holy patriarch. This romance has been translated by the Vicomte de Rougé.

Joseph had saved the Egyptians from perishing by famine; he laboured for many years as chief counsellor to the reigning suzerain; and at last the time came when he must die. But all his labours and all his beneficence could not make the natives in later times forget that he was not of Egyptian race. They gave him a name (Peti-set), which they would willingly have translated literally—Satan’s own, or Dæmonophiles; and his death was regarded by Egyptian historians as a deliverance from ill-omened, Typhonian influence. A few years of piety and happiness are said, as a gleam of sunshine, to have gladdened Egypt in the midst of her mysterious oppression by a Typhonian power. Six years of breathing-time and of festival were spitefully imagined to mark and celebrate the epoch of his death, though it was not till fifty years afterwards that Egypt was delivered from the influence of one whose religion was truth, and who worshipped, not the monster-headed deities of the country, but the one living and true God.

Fifty years after Joseph’s death, Apophis the Second sent a request to the vassal-king of Thebes, on the left bank of the Nile,

for stone to build a temple at Avaris to the local deity of the Sethroitic nome, Soutech. The native Egyptians associated this deity with the God of the Hebrews. Ra-skenen was the only native king now existing: the other dynasties had died out. The Egyptians were tired of the rule of the shepherd-kings: they determined to throw off the yoke. Ra-skenen struck the first blow, aided by the Nubians. It was followed up by Amosis, whose occupation of Memphis gave him the prestige of victory; after four years Avaris, the capital of the shepherd-kings, was taken; and the shepherd-king Asiatics were driven out of Egypt. The Hebrews found themselves under new masters; and Egypt was consolidated into one kingdom under the eighteenth dynasty, which was distinguished by the Exodus, the temporary supremacy of Chushan Rasathaim, and the mighty works of Memnon and Rameses the Great,—for an account of which we refer our readers to our next and last article.

De Profundis.



THERE is no Mortara case just at present on hand, and no special persecution going on in Spain or Portugal. The friends of religious liberty, Catholic or Protestant, may perhaps be induced to give a few minutes of their time and attention to a revelation that we are able to make of a course of kidnapping and forcible proselytising on a gigantic scale, of which they have probably not heard.

Let them try to conceive of the fact, that in this nineteenth century, and at this very moment, there is a city in South America where more than a thousand children of Protestant parents, in spite of the known wishes, and in many cases urgent entreaties, of their parents, and in spite of the reclamations of a zealous, though poor and despised, body of Protestant clergy, are compelled every day to be present at Popish ceremonies, and to repeat the Popish Catechism; are deprived of Protestant books, and kept from communication with Protestant ministers. They are exposed to the joint processes of, on the one hand, the careful exclusion of every thing that could remind them of their infant belief, ridicule on the part of their companions, and punishment from their rulers of every expression of Protestantism; and, on the other, of incessant inculcation of Roman-Catholic ideas. By these means most of them are converted before they are set free from this course of discipline into bigoted Papists, or, as is more often the result, into hardened infidels.

Let our readers, after the example of Sterne,—lest the large number of these victims of intolerance make sympathy difficult,—picture to themselves a single case of the many that are of daily occurrence. Most of the exceptionally hard work in the city of which we are speaking is performed by strangers. They are porters, paviours, stokers in gas-factories, dock-labourers, and the like. They marry early, and they have generally large families. Hence it is a common thing for a man to be cut off in the prime of life by disease of the lungs or heart, or by the fevers that are prevalent in that region, and to leave six or seven young children

unprovided for. Let our readers imagine to themselves the anguish of a sincere Protestant in his last moments, gazing on the six little ones round his bed, and thinking how by mockery and stripes they will be tortured out of adherence to what he has taught them to prize as truth, and how they will be all trained to practise rites and hold opinions that he abhors. He and his fellow-religionists have been made to contribute to the expenses of the great state-schools established in the city, and the clergy of his denomination are ready to instruct his children gratuitously, while the Popish priests are all paid for their services; and yet his children must either starve to death, or be brought up in forgetfulness of their own religion. His widow struggles on, as his last feeble words implored her to do; but the struggle is soon hopeless. The laws bearing on the poor are all ingeniously contrived to bring about one and the same result. If she asks alms of the charitable, she is sent to prison, and the children taken to the proselytising school till she comes out. If while she is seeking work they go crying into the streets, they are seized by the police, and sent to another school of the same kind, from which, even if she demands them, they will *not* be restored to her till the work of their corruption is completed. If she gives way and applies to the bureau for bread, it is only given on condition of her own and her children's separate incarceration; and she knows that though in this case there are rules authorising her to ask for exemption for them from compulsory attendance at the worship of another religion, these rules are disregarded, and she has no power to enforce them. If she dies, worn out with anxiety and want of the food which she has put in their hungry mouths, they are at once taken possession of, and become an easy prey.

These things are happening every day at this time, and not only in that one city, but in every town of the country of which it is the metropolis. Only—and we may surely trust that this difference will not abate the sympathy or cool down the indignation of lovers of religious liberty—the country is not South America, but Great Britain, and the city is London, and the victims of oppression are Irish orphans. Make due allowance for the fact that you do not like the Irish, and do not like their religion, and that *some* of their grievances do not seem to be real grievances; still you must allow that *this* is a grievance, and one that, in any other race, and if the proselytism were *to* instead of *from* Popery, even if it were from Judaism, you would deem a case for insurrection at home, and threats of intervention and iron-clads from abroad. Yet

after all an Irishman is a "man and a brother," and has feelings, and very warm ones. And we Catholics are his co-religionists, and we pay rates, besides supporting our own clergy. Is it a light grievance to us that the poor-rates to which we contribute should be spent in torturing and bewildering the minds of our orphans, and training them to hate and despise what we hold most dear? We are ready to train them in schools and reformatories of our own on the same terms as those on which they are farmed out to Protestant establishments: is it asking too much to demand that the so-called guardians of the poor shall be made to transfer them to the care of those whom their parents with their dying breath implored to train them, and let them be educated in their parents' faith, when it will cost the country no more in money, and will prevent an amount of bitter indignation, and of wholesale demoralisation, that it would be difficult to estimate as a money loss?

And now, if any good Catholics have honoured us with perusal, will they allow us to ask whether the fact that twelve hundred orphans and destitute children of Catholic parents are compelled, in the workhouse-schools in and round London, to attend Protestant services and to repeat Protestant Catechisms, and are taught to read out of books full of blasphemies against the Mother of God and of calumnies against the Church, and are mostly trained to immorality and infidelity, moves them as much as it ought? What we tried to describe above are simple facts, and of constant occurrence. We—or, as it is a matter of personal experience, I—have again and again witnessed the anguish of dying Catholics, indifferent to the temporal misery about them, but finding it hard to die with resignation, when the consequence was to be that Mary and Patrick and Kathleen and Bridget would become heretics and even haters of the truth. I have had to decide, as a question of moral theology, whether a mother with a famishing child would not do right to let it die before her eyes rather than take it to the workhouse, where, if it survived, it would be brought up a Protestant; and, alas, more often I have been asked by mothers tempted to earn bread for their children by their own sin, whether this were not a less evil than the alternative of depriving those children of their faith. I have witnessed the distress of hundreds of mothers whom I have at different times visited in prison; and the only element in their sorrow for which they rejected all consolation was the consideration that in the mean time their darlings were in the workhouse. Though they had often neglected the practice of religion themselves, very few indeed were so hardened

as not to shudder at the thought of their children learning heresy. A very large number of poor Catholics "get a month" for disputes with the police, quarrels with one another, selling in the streets without a license, and other minor offences; and of late for begging, which in the eyes of some people seems to be the next grievous sin to Popery. While the widowed mother is in prison, the children (if more than nine months old) are sent to the workhouse, and those who are old enough to receive instruction take their first lessons in Protestantism, and have their young minds thrown into utter confusion by the contradiction between what "mother" has taught them and what they are made to learn now. To all but the mother, a few weeks' bewilderment and distress to a child of nine years old may seem no great matter; but the knowledge of it is certainly a very serious additional penalty for the mother; and then the fortnight or month in prison very often throws her out of home and out of work, and thus gives her the prospect of having to go to the workhouse herself instead of rescuing her children. Those widowed or deserted mothers—and they are not few—who are sentenced to penal servitude, or to long terms of imprisonment, are of course—if they have any religious feeling, and in proportion to the strength of it—more hopelessly crushed. The law *nominally* condemns them to five or seven years' imprisonment along with their Protestant fellow-criminals; but it *practically* condemns them to worse than death—to the shame and bitterness of receiving back their children aliens from the Church and the true faith.

I have received letters from a Catholic convict quite blistered with her tears; and each letter one prolonged wail, that "though I do not mind what I suffer myself, I cannot bear the thought of Patrick a Protestant. I lie awake crying night after night and thinking of him. With so many charitable people in London, how is it that they will not let my boy learn any thing of his religion?" She, poor thing, had buoyed herself up for a time by the hope that—as she had been told on good authority that there was an act of parliament forbidding children in workhouses to be made to attend services to which their parents objected, and she had written to implore and demand that Patrick might be sent to a Catholic priest for instruction—the guardians would, after such long delays as the poor must always expect, be induced or obliged to comply with her wishes. She had not sufficiently learned the vast difference between the working of an act by which stealing a few yards of calico is punished, and that of an act by which poor-law guardians are *recommended* not to outrage the rights of conscience be-

yond a certain extent. Alas, the best thing I can hope for now for that tearful mother is that either she or her boy may die before the expiration of her sentence. I have seen him from time to time, and have too surely traced in him the progress of devastation. The bright smile of welcome for a friend of his mother has given place to a look of mingled shame and defiance. The assurance that he gave on the first two or three visits that he said his prayers in private, though he did not dare to say any thing about his religion aloud, has long ceased to be given. The beautiful reflection in the countenance of inward purity has been exchanged for tokens of something very different.

This is a child both whose parents were Catholics, and whose mother has taken unusual pains to declare her wishes that he should be taught his own religion; and he is in one of the few workhouses where the priest has tolerably free access to the *adult* Catholics. The majority of Catholic children under the care of poor-law guardians are less favourably circumstanced. They have lost their parents; or their surviving parent is at a distance and cannot write; or is in the workhouse, and under the power of officials who would take no notice of a request that the children might be treated as Catholics, or would notice it only to punish it. The children themselves are sent away to large schools in the suburbs, where it is very difficult to trace them, and still more difficult to get access to them; in all of which they are systematically treated and trained as Protestants, and from which the priest is either wholly excluded or so far as to limit him to a single interview weekly with the very few whose parents, backed by persevering friends and legal aid, have succeeded in establishing their claims. Four years ago the result of very careful inquiries and calculations in the different missions in London was, that there were at least 1100 Catholic children in these Protestant schools; and that 100 of these were allowed to see a priest while otherwise trained as Protestants, the 1000 others being rigorously debarred even from this. The clergy of the large district of St. Mary and St. Michael calculated, that from their population of 16,000 Catholics—mostly very poor Irish labourers—at least 500 children were being brought up in the workhouse-schools at Limehouse, Plashet, and Forest Gate. They contrived to trace and prove 126 out of the 500. Of these, 29 were allowed to see the priest once a week; being educated in every other respect like the rest. Let any one imagine what chance the brief instructions of the unfortunate priest have of making any head against a whole week of Protestant sermons,

catechisings, and reading, Protestant companionship, and subjection to master, matron, schoolmistress, monitors, and other officials, all intensely anti-Catholic.

Except for the purpose of keeping up the right of entrance, and of being ready for a death, if their visits happen to be made in time to assist a dying child, few priests, I should think, would continue so hopeless a struggle. And what must be the *animus* of guardians who fight hard to deprive any single additional Catholic child of even this nugatory pittance of instruction! What is the ordinary teaching to which, even under the most favourable circumstances, Catholic children are subjected, was shown in the defeat of the attempt to exempt those in the Kirkdale Industrial School from being compelled to read a History of England full of attacks on their religion. Half the children at least in that school are recognised as Catholics. On one day for which a return was given, the numbers stated were 303 Catholics and 269 Protestants,—34 more Catholics than Protestants. It is quite an exceptionally favourable instance of a poor-law school. The Catholic clergyman has free access, and is assisted by male and female Catholic teachers. Yet the Catholic children were, and I suppose are, forced to read aloud such passages as these: "One of the perverse practices which was remedied at the Reformation." "Corruptions which the Church of Rome had engrafted on the Scriptures." "The comparatively modern corruptions of Romanism were removed. The principal of these were, the practice of praying in an unknown tongue; the withholding the Bible from general use; the enforced celibacy of the clergy; the doctrine called Transubstantiation, which we have already explained; the denial of the cup to the laity; the undue honour paid to saints and images; the worship paid to the Virgin Mary; the doctrine of Purgatory, and the notion connected with it that remission can be purchased from the Pope in favour of ourselves or others." "The Gunpowder Plot must ever be classed with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the cruelties of the Inquisition in Spain, as instances of the baleful effects produced by that false zeal in religion which the Church of Rome has so much encouraged." After a long correspondence between the priest, who had to teach the children the contraries of all such statements, and the authorities, the guardians, to whom the industrial school with its majority of Catholic inmates was subject, decided that they "could see no reason for discontinuing," as the compulsory study of the Catholic children, a "History published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge;" and the Poor-law Commissioners,

who would interfere summarily to prevent an unlawful cup of tea, could only regret that "no advantage would at present result from again addressing the local authorities."

Such being the system in a school where Catholics are really recognised and professedly treated as such, imagine the fate of the crowds of children who are professedly forbidden to be any thing but Protestants. Some years ago the Commissioners, who are men of education and capable of appreciating argument, issued an order, which went a little way—and only a very little way—to mitigate the horrors of the prevailing system. It only affected orphans; only orphans, the religious creed of whose father or mother at the time of death could be "ascertained by the master by reasonable inquiry;" only orphans under the age of fourteen; and apparently only while "inmates of the workhouse," which might be taken to exclude the majority in district schools; and even these, provided that the godfather or godmother,—who in the case of the children of converts might be Protestants, and in any case might be in the workhouse themselves and subject to persecution,—made no objection, and provided also that the poor children, if above the age of twelve, did not, under all the evil influences about them, express any wish to "receive instruction in some other creed." For such orphans as all this winnowing allowed to receive the benefit of the order, it ventured to enact, that "such orphan, while an inmate of the workhouse, shall not be instructed in any other religious creed than that so entered;" and that "the master of the workhouse shall, *subject to the directions of the guardians of the union*, take all practicable steps to procure the attendance at the workhouse from time to time, for the purpose of affording religious instruction to such orphan, of some minister of the religious persuasion of the said orphan," "provided always"—for fear the guardians might be seized with unwonted desire of Catholic instruction for their charge—"that such attendance shall take place at such times as shall not be inconsistent with the discipline and good order of the workhouse." One would have thought that even poor-law guardians might have submitted to an order, signed by Sir G. C. Lewis, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Villiers, that touched so little and touched it so lightly. On the contrary, it was received with howls of defiance. The British Lion of St. Pancras and St. Giles's and Lambeth would not, even for Mr. Gladstone, take its paw off one single Popish orphan. The Commissioners had exhausted themselves in the effort, and reassured the indignant guardians with the admission that the order was not meant to be compul-

sory, and so might be, as of course it has been and is, entirely disregarded.

Five years ago *we* held a sort of indignation meeting to protest against the denial of the exercise of religion to Catholic children and prisoners. The state of our prisoners has been a little improved; the far worse state of our orphans and destitute children not at all. We have had committees and sub-committees at work; deputations to Lord Palmerston, deputations to Sir G. Grey; interviews with secretaries and under-secretaries; promises that something should be done; bills introduced, and deferred because it was too early in the session; bills withdrawn because it was too late. In the mean time the forced proselytism goes steadily on.

There are two other methods of entrapping the children of the Church, to which we alluded in the supposed South-American case, which may be briefly referred to again. Children falling under the watchful eye of a policeman may be summarily sent to a reformatory or industrial school; and whenever this has taken place, the parents, however well able afterwards to maintain and train them, have no power to claim them. Any child under the age of sixteen, "convicted of any offence punishable by law," may be summarily disposed of in a reformatory for any time not more than five years or less than two. "Any child apparently under the age of fourteen found begging or receiving alms," even if he did not ask for any thing, "or being in any street or public place for the purpose of begging or receiving alms," according to the judgment of a policeman, and "any child, apparently under the age of fourteen years, that is found"—as multitudes of our hungry children may be found—"wandering, and not having any home or settled place of abode, or any visible means of subsistence," may be summarily sent to a certified industrial school till he is fifteen years old. Many of our poor Catholic children are subjected in these schools to the same sort of system as the orphans in the workhouse district-schools. We have indeed obtained provisions that the magistrates and justices should select schools of the religious persuasion of the children when this is known, and properly certified schools of their creed are ready to receive them. But of course the parents often know nothing of what has happened till it is too late to interfere, and the children are often too young, or too ignorant, or too timid to explain their faith. The Brothers of St. Vincent of Paul have done good service in rescuing many. But many more are shut up among Protestants in Protestant schools. And to restrain still farther the chance of escape, the Middlesex magistrates have a pet

act of parliament, which allows of any child coming under the above wide categories to be sent to their thoroughly Protestant school at Feltham, without any reference to his religion. There no priest can enter, and no Popish nonsense is tolerated. It is allowed by themselves that they have eighty Catholic children there ; there are probably more. Not long ago a poor woman was sent to prison for receiving alms ; and of her two children who had wandered out in search of her, one was taken to be Protestantised in the workhouse, and the other, a boy who had made his first Communion, to have the "reformed faith" forced into him at Feltham. The poor mother, if she recovers her position sufficiently, may escape the workhouse herself, and then one of the children will be given her back. The boy is hopelessly lost.

We ask the good Catholics who might happen to read this article, whether such things move them as they ought ? Some, we well know, feel as keenly as we do ; and many prayers will be offered by them this Lent for the deliverance of our hapless and hopeless little ones, and to avert the judgments that He, who says terrible things about disregarding the tears of the widow and orphan, must otherwise be expected to inflict. But do all feel as they ought ? If fashionable Catholics like Lady O'Toole, who, now that there are no balls, have more time than usual on their hands, happen to read our poor appeal, what are their sentiments and resolutions ? Perhaps they feel something like annoyance at being entrapped into sympathy. "It is too bad," we hear her ladyship say, "to have all this in *The Month*. I have enough of it in the chapel in Belgrave Square. If it were not that the choir there is the best in London, I think I should give up my sitting. Almost every Sunday, whatever the text is, there is something terrible said about the orphans. Of course it is all very shocking, and all that ; but what can I do ?" Could her ladyship be induced to imagine for one moment the case her own ! It is a very violent supposition—though we *have* seen in a workhouse a gentleman once much richer than Sir Phelim, and who had kept a pack of hounds in his flourishing days. But just by way of an altogether imaginary and improbable case, if she would try to think how she would feel if the future Sir Lucius—who delights her so much by calling himself a bigoted Papist, while he annoys her by saying he means to be a Jesuit when he grows up—or the pious little Mary, who assists so devoutly at Mass, were to be found wandering in the streets, or were to survive her own death in poverty, and were to be subjected to such processes as we have faintly described. We are sure—for she has a good Catholic heart somewhere under

that cloud of muslin and ribbons in which she floats so majestically—that the thought of their losing all love for our Blessed Lady, and all reverence for holy things, would cause her much more pain than the thought of their workhouse dress and potatoes of “skilley.” Or, to make a less violent supposition, suppose the system of enforced state-education, which some philosophers really hope for, were to be established; and that while her children enjoyed all the luxuries of home, and were permitted to learn and practise their religion there, they were obliged to attend a Government Lyceum on comprehensive principles. How would she feel if Lucius came home crying, and showing the marks of a caning that he had received for refusing to read in his turn some such paragraphs of historical information as those which Catholic children in Kirkdale school are forced to read as part of their secular education? for they, like her boy in the supposed case, are exempted by a rare exception from professedly religious instruction. Now ought she not to feel for thousands of Catholic orphans, far worse treated and more hopelessly perverted, almost as much as she would feel for her own one? Nay, if an old act of parliament that authorised any good Protestant to seize the carriage-horses of any Popish malignant were now in force, and Mr. Whalley unhorsed her ladyship's carriage on the way to a Drawing-room, would she say and do as little to get the act repealed as she has done to obtain religious freedom for thousands of Christ's little ones? Would Sir Phelim then be allowed to be studying the Blue-books in the smoking-room when an attempt was being made in the House to call attention to the grievance? Yet what would any mere badge of intolerance affixed to ourselves be, compared to the ruin of thousands of souls! The matter needs to be felt, and to be talked of as if it were felt. Things would not remain as they are for one session if all influential Catholics would but insist on making known and keeping in view the enormity of the outrages inflicted, and their own sense of it.

φ.

. We subjoin to the foregoing article a statement of the grievances which now press upon the Catholic poor as the poor-law is at present administered. The statement is taken from a circular sent by the Honourable Charles Langdale, as the representative of English Catholics, to every member of either House of Parliament. It amply bears out all the statements made in our article, though we have only spoken of the hardships which press upon *children* in particular.

Summary of Grievances affecting Catholics under the existing Poor-law.

1. The law does nothing whatever to provide Catholic paupers with instruction in their own religion, or to furnish them with the means of fulfilling its precepts of assisting at Mass on Sundays and holidays, and of frequenting the Sacraments, although it requires Catholics to contribute their full proportion to the poor-rates.

2. It puts an impediment in the way of their being instructed gratuitously, by not giving to priests who would visit them for this purpose the right of admission to the workhouse, unless specially requested by each inmate whom they visit, whereby the sick and the helpless, the ignorant and the careless, are frequently deprived of the most necessary religious assistance, even at the hour of death.

3. According to an interpretation of the law sometimes maintained and acted upon, it further hinders their instruction by withholding from the priest the right of admission, unless the special request be repeated for each visit, whereby such a burden is thrown upon the pauper, that the priest is practically excluded altogether.

4. It does so also by empowering the guardians to refuse permission to the priest, when admitted, to assemble the Catholic paupers for religious worship or instruction; and this permission is almost invariably refused.

5. It does so also by empowering the guardians to refuse permission to the Catholic paupers to retain and use Catholic books, even Catechisms and Prayer-books; and this permission is also frequently refused.

6. It hinders the Catholic paupers from practising their religion by empowering the guardians to restrain them from attending Mass and the Sacraments in the neighbouring churches; and they are most commonly in practice so restrained.

7. It leaves the Catholic pauper children in workhouse and district schools, in spite of their greater necessity, as totally unprovided with instruction in their own religion, and with the means of practising it, as are the adults.

8. It puts all the same impediments in the way of their receiving any gratuitous religious instruction or assistance as in the case of adults; and the restraining powers which it gives are much more extensively, more rigorously, and more cruelly used.

9. It does the same in regard of their attendance at Mass and the Sacraments, from attending which they are almost invariably precluded.

10. It allows Catholic children with a parent or parents in the workhouse to be educated as Protestants, and forced to attend Protestant services, although both they and their parents are well known to be Catholics, unless their parents make a positive request to the contrary; at the same time that it makes no arrangements for informing the parents of the necessity of their making this request, and gives them no facilities for making it, although their ignorance and helplessness in such matters are well known, and their children are often sent away from them to school at a distance.

11. It allows so many difficulties and delays to be made in recognising and admitting such requests, that such Catholic children are, through the greater part of England, almost invariably treated as Protestants for two

months or more from the time when the request is first sent to the school by the parents.

12. It allows all Catholic orphans and deserted children to be brought up as Protestants, although both they and their parents are well known to be, or to have been, Catholics, unless interposition is made in their behalf by some person or persons who may not know of their case, or care to help them; and the powers which it gives for such interposition are extremely limited and uncertain; and the order of the Poor-law Board, which very partially remedied this evil, has been held to be not binding, and has never been enforced.

13. It authorises the guardians to compel the Catholic pauper children to be educated in schools where they are always in the midst of those who hate and scorn their religion, and who almost invariably do their best to make them change it at the first moment the law allows; and all attempts to induce the guardians to transfer Catholic children to schools of their own religion have been invariably unsuccessful.

14. It was calculated a few years ago that in the metropolitan work-house and district schools there were about 1100 Roman-Catholic children, of whom only 100 were allowed to be visited by a priest, and nearly all were being brought up in a religion contrary to that of their parents and friends.

Saints of the Desert.

No. X.

1. A monk, overcome by a temptation, was expelled by his Congregation, and betook himself to Abbot Antony.

Antony kept him awhile, and then sent him back; but his Congregation would not receive him.

Then said Antony: "A ship was wrecked, and lost its cargo, and at length neared the land; and the men on shore sank it."

2. Abbot Arsenius had the look of an angel. His head was all white. He was graceful in person, though withered. His beard was long, below his waist. His eyelashes were gone from much weeping. He was tall, but bent with age. He lived ninety-five years; forty of them in the court of the great Theodosius. He left to me, Daniel, his tunic of skin, his white hair-shirt, his sandals of the palm; and I, unworthy, wear them, that I may gain a blessing.

3. Abbot Cyrus said to a brother: "If thou hadst no fight with bad thoughts, it would be because thou didst bad actions; for they who do bad actions are thereby rid of bad thoughts."

"But," said the other, "I have bad memories."

The Abbot answered: "They are but ghosts; fear not the dead, but the living."

4. When Agatho was dying, his brethren would have asked him some matter of business.

He said to them: "Do me this charity; speak no more with me, for I am full of business already."

And he died in joy.

5. An old man visited one of the Fathers. The host boiled some pot-herbs, and said: "First let us do the work of God, and then let us eat."

So one of them went through the whole Psalter, and the other said by heart two of the greater Prophets, as in the Lector's order.

When morning came, the old man went away, forgetting to take his meal.

6. An old man was often sick : one year his sickness left him. On this he was greatly troubled, and cried out : " God has left me ; for He has not visited me."

7. A brother felt hungry in the morning, and had to fight with himself to keep from eating before nine o'clock.

When nine came, he said : " Suppose we don't eat till noon."

At noon he took bread, and sat down to eat. Then he rose again, and said : " We will not eat till three."

At three o'clock, he went to prayer, and he saw the devil coming out of his mouth ; and his hunger ceased.

J. H. N.

Literary Notices.

STANLEY'S LECTURES ON THE JEWISH CHURCH.*

It may, perhaps, fairly be doubted whether a Professor of Ecclesiastical History, whose lectures cannot, as a matter of fact, be attended for more than one or two courses by the majority of those whom he is to instruct, fulfils the duties implied by the title of his office by adhering exclusively to the Old-Testament history. Such, however, seems to have been the plan adopted by Dr. Stanley,—with the exception, we think, of a single course,—while he held the post of which we speak in the University of Oxford; and as his Lectures now come before the general public rather than an academic or clerical audience, there is no occasion for severe criticism on that score. Dr. Stanley has, as every one knows, a charming style, which carries us on very pleasantly as long as it does not become too ambitious: he has also the great advantage of a knowledge of the country of Palestine, besides an acquaintance with the most recent German and English works which bear upon the externals of his subject. He has thus all the apparatus necessary to make him a good historian, if his mind could only grasp the firm and unchangeable principles on which the government of the world is conducted, and which write themselves in example in the history of nations. Nor could he have a more captivating subject, nor one that more needs an intelligent and profound historical exposition, than that of which the volume before us treats. The monarchical period of Jewish history is set before us in the Sacred Scriptures in a fulness of detail which is accorded to no other portion of the career of the chosen nation; and besides the directly historical books, we possess the inspired literature of the same epoch in the Prophets and the Psalms. Nowhere are facts so precise, so romantic, so abundant; nowhere is there so great a variety and contrast of great historic and religious characters; nor is there any portion of the sacred narrative more instructive in its lessons as to the dealings of Providence with nations, families, and persons. The scriptural philosophy of history is contained in the books which relate to these times; but it has never been adequately drawn out from them. Of all the fields of literary

* *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. Part II. From Samuel to the Captivity.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London, 1865.

enterprise which still lie fallow and uncultivated, there is hardly one more tempting, more promising, more certain to repay the labour that may be bestowed upon it.

Unfortunately Dr. Stanley seems to be one of those literary men, of whom there are many in each generation, who are content to please for a moment instead of labouring to produce works which may last. In a certain sense he popularises every thing which he touches; and therefore the mere fact that his books on these subjects are so widely read will do much to turn the attention of thoughtful minds to the history before us. But beyond a lucid though sketchy narrative, with here and there a bit of pretty description of scenery, character, or incident, Dr. Stanley's readers will carry very little away with them from the perusal of these pages. We console ourselves with the reflection that the worst parts of the volume are those which aim the highest, and that when the author does attempt to draw profound conclusions and open to us any strong feelings on his own part, these feelings and conclusions are such as we cannot applaud. Better to be always shallow, vague, and unsatisfactory, than to be precise, clear, and dogmatic in a wrong direction. An accusation has been made against Dr. Stanley by one of his former colleagues as Professor, that he seemed to be afraid of believing too much. In the attempt to compromise between the advancing hosts of rationalism and the adherents of what remains of orthodoxy in the Anglican Establishment, Dr. Stanley almost uniformly takes refuge in vagueness of statement and an attempt to draw attention exclusively to the moral view of the subject before him. "Whatever may be the interpretation of the words of a certain text, and however we may regard the characteristic actions of a fierce and relentless age, at all events we may read in the conduct of So-and-so the deep moral lesson that virtue is to be preferred before vice," and so on. As to miracles, Dr. Stanley touches them with a tender hand, and holds them on the tips of his fingers, as if they burnt him. The question about Jonah's whale may be left unsettled till we know whether the book of that prophet is an "apologue" or a true history: in the history of Eliseus "the gulf between Biblical and Ecclesiastical miracles almost disappears. *The exception proves the general rule*: still it is but just to notice the exception." A profound way, certainly, of getting over a difficulty! What does Dr. Stanley think of the handkerchiefs that touched the body of St. Paul, and the cures wrought by the shadow of St. Peter? There are, however, certain subjects which raise him out of his easy indifference: he cannot bear the notion of a Christian priesthood, for instance, and so takes every opportunity of saying hard things against the

priesthood at Jerusalem; he does not like the idea that schism is a sin, and so his sympathies are strong on the side of "Jeroboam the son of Nabat, who made Israel to sin."

We have said quite enough to indicate the defects of the volume before us—defects which will, we think, prevent it from acquiring a more than ephemeral popularity, and which certainly render it highly objectionable from a Catholic point of view. For the rest, it is impossible for so clever a writer as Dr. Stanley to handle the very interesting materials before him without producing a pleasing and even engrossing narrative. The romantic histories of Saul and David, the glories of Solomon, the disruption of the kingdom into two parts, the rise and fall of the houses of Omri and Jehu, with the grand and strongly-contrasted figures of Elias and Eliseus by the side of the successive princes; then, again, the usurpation of Athaliah, and the revolution by which she was overthrown, the age of Isaias, and the tragic end of the story of the southern kingdom under the eyes of Jeremias,—these form of themselves a series of subjects on which the most brilliant and powerful writer may well congratulate himself. It is a pity that Dr. Stanley, in the display of his undoubted accomplishments on so important a field, has not been guided by a clearer intelligence of those deeper truths which underlie the Jewish annals, and which, if firmly grasped and lucidly set forth, might have raised his picturesque narrative to the rank of a philosophical history.

FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER.*

Few Englishmen of our time have been more widely known, or more generally respected where they were known, than the good, simple, genial, and saintly man whose biography now lies before us. In this country and in Ireland he was perpetually in motion from one place to another, giving missions or retreats, preaching his crusade for the conversion of England or the sanctification of her Catholic sister isle. His zeal carried him in his Passionist habit, or at least dressed as a priest, into the offices of ministers, the stately homes of peers, and even the palace of the Queen, as well as into the cellars and courts where the poorest of the poor nursed, as their only property, the faith they had brought with them from Ireland. Nothing cowed him or disheartened him; he went on with a cheerful heart, after a rebuff in one house, to its probable repetition in the next. Few really

* *Life of Father Ignatius of St. Paul's, Passionist (the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer).* Compiled chiefly from his Autobiography, Journal, and Letters. By the Rev. Father Pius, a Spiritu Sancto Passionist. Dublin, 1866.

resented his importunity, on account of the charming humility and gentle kindness with which it was accompanied. Then he was very well known abroad, where he travelled much, even after his conversion, never failing to canvass all he met for his favourite plan, and toiling day and night to rouse up the spirit of prayer for the conversion of his country. Go where you might in Italy or France, if you visited a convent or a church and spoke of England, you were sure to hear that Father Ignatius had been before you, and had engaged prayers for its return to the faith. No doubt those who have unconsciously reaped the benefit of his exertions might be numbered by thousands; and who shall say what may not be set down to his account at the last day, if he has been the instrument of awakening a mighty impulse of intercession throughout the length and breadth of European Catholicism?

The life of such a man is sure to find a public ready to welcome it; for few out of all those who have seen Father Ignatius but must feel an interest in him, and there must be much to tell about one who passed through so many phases of opinion before he reached the full truth, who anticipated by some years the large tide of conversions produced by the Oxford movement, and who gave up so completely all that the world holds dear to become a Catholic, a priest, and a religious. The materials for his biography are unusually copious; so copious, indeed, as to have been rather a snare to his biographer. A great proportion of these materials is of Father Spencer's own composition. He began to keep a journal in 1818, when he went to Cambridge, and continued it till 1829, within a short time of his conversion to Catholicism. In 1836, a few years after that change, he wrote an autobiography, which serves as a commentary on the journal from a Catholic point of view. It reaches, however, no further than 1822, when he received ordination. Then he seems to have been at all times of his life a great letter-writer; and a very large number of his letters have been preserved, and placed at the disposal of the writer of his life. He had an immense acquaintance; and the recollections of his friends have supplied numberless anecdotes and sayings. Some diaries of a later period than that lately mentioned by us also exist,—a journal of a tour abroad in 1844, and a collection of memoranda extending over many years after he became a Passionist. Moreover, he was always good-natured enough to chat with his religious brethren over any thing that might interest them in his past life; and a great many details have thus been preserved on his own authority. Lady Lyttelton, the only survivor of the large family of which he was the youngest child, has also helped the author in matters relating to it.

We must for the present deny ourselves the pleasure of sketching the life and character of which we are so fortunate as to possess memorials so ample. The writer of the biography before us has used them very judiciously; though, as we have already hinted, curtailment and condensation might perhaps have improved his work. In some respects the earlier portion, which describes the various phases of religious feeling and opinion through which Father Spencer passed before he became a Catholic, is more interesting than the later. His account of himself, and, we think, the places in which his lot was cast, must be taken with some qualification.

The glimpses that we get of his family, admirable as it seems to have been in every respect, are charming; while the perplexities to which his single-minded expression of religious doubts or convictions, as the case might have been, sometimes threw his clerical advisers and guides, are often extremely amusing. Later on in the book we think the pruning-knife might have been used with advantage. Not every page of a diary, even though it be one written by Father Ignatius in his French tour, has much interest, except to the persons named in it. On the other hand, it would probably have been a gain to us to have seen more of his letters. There is also a redundancy of anecdotes—sometimes painful ones; such as those, for instance, which record the unwillingness of some persons—one even a saintly soul—to forget their national antipathies in a hearty prayer for the conversion of England.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

SEVERAL of the French monthly magazines are published not at the beginning, but at the end of the month the name of which they bear: a circumstance which our readers will take into account if we seem to them behindhand in the notices of them which we begin in our present number, and hope from time to time to continue. Thus the numbers of the *Correspondant*, *Revue d'Economie Chrétienne*, *Etudes Religieuses et Littéraires*, and others, which will in reality appear at the same time with these remarks—English magazines being published a few days before the date they bear—will bear February on their covers instead of March. We can therefore only deal with what are nominally their January numbers,—published in the last week of that month, at the same time with the English magazines for February.

The *Correspondant* opens with a very interesting notice on De Alexis de Tocqueville, occasioned by the publication of his posthumous works by M. Gustave de Beaumont. The fame of De Tocqueville was

so truly European, and he was so well known in England on account of his great work on American democracy, that our readers will probably remember that his premature death left the second work on which his fame was to have been built—*l'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*—incomplete, only one volume having been published. The volume now published—*Fragments et Mélanges Historiques*—contains what was found after his death of the second volume of this work on *l'ancien régime*. We should rather say that it contains notes for this part of the work, which was to have dealt with Napoleon and the Empire, than actual fragments prepared for publication. They seem to be extremely interesting. M. de Beaumont has also added a number of new letters,—two volumes of De Tocqueville's correspondence having been published in 1861. It would seem as if our time was a great epoch of letter-writing,—much more, however, in France than among ourselves. We are in the habit of lamenting, on literary grounds, the good old days of long letters, even though they cost so much more: however, across the Channel, a goodly number of volumes of admirable letters have lately been published, and it would seem as if there were more to come. M. Léon Arbaud—or rather the author who writes under that name—enriches his article with some quotations, which show us that De Tocqueville's letters were full of thought and wit; and as he travelled much, and visited England and Ireland as well as America, they will be found to have great interest for readers in our own language. The *Correspondant* has also a good article on Mr. Palgrave's late work on Central Arabia, which has been so severely handled by the *Quarterly Review* among ourselves; and a very charming essay by Comte de Champagne on some of the causes of the French Revolution, in the form of a review of M. Trognon's *History of France*.

The *Revue d'Economie Chrétienne* (Jan. 31) gives us a number of very good essays. Mainé de Biran, the psychologist *par excellence*, who passed from Deism to Catholicism by reflections on his own interior, is carefully treated by the Abbé Baunard. Then we have an example of the abundance of French epistolary literature, of which we spoke just now, in some hitherto unpublished letters of Madame Swetchine, forming part of a new volume of her correspondence, now in preparation by M. de Falloux. These new letters will enhance the already great fame of their authoress; and we are glad to see that M. de Falloux' new collection will include her correspondence with De Tocqueville as well as Dom Gueranger. The great Italian writer, Cesare Cantu, is also represented in the number before us by a translation, made under his own direction, of the first of a series of historical essays on the struggles between the Holy See and heresy

in Italy. Further on, we have a report of the discussion by the Société d'Economie Charitable, of which M. de Melun is the president, of the projects now agitated in France for providing legal footing and control for "coöperative societies." The success of these societies in England has aroused much attention in France, where they will no doubt take root and flourish greatly as soon as legal difficulties are removed. A very exhaustive article on the subject will be found in a late number of the greatest, though unfortunately the most anti-Catholic, of French reviews,—the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. We may also direct attention to a series of articles continued in the current number of the *Revue d'Economie Chrétienne*, on the "Scientific and Intellectual Movement of the Seventeenth Century," by M. Alph. Valson. The essay before us is one of those in which the author deals with Galileo, and may profitably be compared with an article relating to that philosopher in a late number of the *Dublin Review*.

The *Revue du Monde Catholique* appears twice in the month. The two numbers before us have a well-varied list of articles. Perhaps the most generally interesting will be found to be a sketch of Horace Vernet, divided into two parts, by M. Bouniol. It is full of lively anecdote, and gives, moreover, a very fair account of the life, and to some extent of the works, of the great French painter, who, like so many other of the celebrities of the same generation, was brought up at a time when Voltairian influences were predominant; yet, without having ever given in to great excesses, became more and more Christian as life went on, and ended by dying as a good Catholic should,—not quite, it would seem, to the satisfaction of some of his admirers and critics. We may notice also an article on "Natural Cosmogony compared with Genesis," which is derived from the writings of the late Father Pianciani. This *revue* devotes a considerable portion of its space to bibliography, and numbers M. Eugène Veuelert among its writers.

The January number of the *Etudes Religieuses, Historiques, et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus*, contains the first article of a series by a very learned Orientalist, the Abbé le Hir, on the attempt lately made to find the origin of the specific doctrines of Christianity in the religion of Zoroaster. The book on which this attempt is founded—by M. Ernest Bunsen—has not made any great sensation, as far as we are aware, in this country; but it has been caught up in France, and analysed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Emile Burnouf. Like many others of the same school, it is based on a groundless assumption, and will owe whatever weight is attached to it more to audacity of assertion than

to any real depth of learning in its author. The Abbé le Hir is admirably furnished with the real learning that is necessary to expose this fresh attack on Christianity; and we shall hope to be able to put before our readers a more detailed account of his essay when it reaches its conclusion. The present portion gives an interesting sketch of the system of Zoroaster. The number before us also contains a well-arranged article on the value of private revelations. A brief notice, which almost immediately follows it, reminds us of the great loss which Catholic literature has lately sustained in the death of the celebrated German historian Hurter. This really great writer died in August last, at the age of 78, at Gratz. His *History of Innocent III.* is well known to Catholic readers in England, though we believe it has never been translated. The French translation, which was published before his conversion to Catholicism, has prefixed to it a short account of his life and works up to the time of its appearance. He was born at Schaffhausen, of Protestant parents, and was brought up to be a pastor in his native canton, though he seems never to have had much taste for the life of a Protestant minister. Early in life he displayed a strong anti-revolutionary bias, and his favourite studies were the lives of the mediæval Popes, and the institutions of their period. He had bought, it is said by chance, while a student at Göttingen, an old volume of the Letters of Innocent III., and this determined the subject of his best-known work, which is a splendid monument of historical industry and impartiality. The first volume was published in 1833, when he was forty-six years old: the work was finished in 1842. He was at that time actually President of the Consistory at Schaffhausen. The book excited, of course, the greatest animosity among his co-religionists; which was wrought to a white heat by an account of *An Excursion to Vienna and Presburg*, which he soon afterwards published. The persecution, which he braved for a time, ended in his resignation of all his dignities. He then gave himself more entirely to the study of the religious question; and it appears that that great work, the *Symbolik* of Möhler, had a large share in producing his ultimate decision. After long reflection and much prayer he made his submission to the Church in Rome. He returned, however, to Schaffhausen, hoping to be allowed to live at least in peace and retirement; but he found the irritation of his countrymen too great for him to persevere in his resolution, and he accepted an invitation to go to Vienna as historiographer of the empire. This position fixed the object of the later labours of his life. For twenty years he worked at the immense mass of materials which he has digested in his great life of Ferdinand II. It occupies

eleven volumes, seven of which deal with events before the coronation of the Emperor, and the remainder with his reign.

This great work, which will go down to future ages along with the *History of Innocent III.*, has hardly yet attracted the attention which it deserves, except in Germany. It is a grand and complete vindication of the character of Ferdinand, and exhausts the history of the period in which he played so great a part. Hurter was always a very active writer; and a collection of his miscellaneous works ought some day to be made, though it would be voluminous. He was for twenty years a joint-editor of the *Correspondant de la Suisse*, and contributed largely to it. Many of his shorter works were auxiliary to his greater undertakings; thus he published separately, in 1862, *The Four last Years of Wallenstein*; in 1859, *The Hostilities of France against Austria in the Thirty Years' War*; and in 1860, *The Pacific Tendencies of Ferdinand II.* In his latter days, at Vienna, though always occupied in studying and writing, he found time to promote and attend to numerous works of charity. He was especially devoted to the missions of Central Africa and the East. Altogether, the century in which we live has seen in Hurter an admirable type of the Christian man of letters.

We are given to understand that a life of Hurter is in preparation by his son, assisted by M. Weiss, Professor of History at Gratz. They desire to insert in it, as far as possible, his correspondence. This seems to have been very extensive; the number of letters is reckoned at 12,000. A large number of the greatest names of Germany and France appear on the list of his correspondents; and it may be that even in England there are many possessors of his letters, whom it may be well to inform of the appeal now made to them.

From France we pass to Belgium, where the *Revue Générale*, lately established in Brussels, is now entering on its third volume. It is a well-written periodical. We notice, in the number before us, the conclusion of a series on a very painful but important subject—the increase in our time of the number of the insane, and its causes. The writer is Dr. Lefèbvre, Professor at Louvain. He establishes by statistics the fact of the great increase of mental disease, especially that connected with paralysis. In assigning the causes of this increase, he dwells shortly on the most common and obvious—the frequent use of spirits, over-indulgence in smoking, the use of opium, sensuality, the restless pursuit of wealth and advancement, and religious indifference. There are some who will be surprised to see the use of tobacco on the list; and M. Lefèbvre himself seems half to hesitate in his assertion; it almost seems as if he had himself

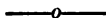
known the soothing effects of a cigar or a pipe. However, he recovers himself, and returns to the charge. Very grave *aliénistes*, he tells us, have thought that they could trace a connection between the increase of smoking and that of insanity, especially paralytic insanity. The facts are, that there has been an enormous increase in both of late years; so much so that this particular kind of derangement has become the most frequent of all, at least in great cities. Then it is only occasionally known among women, who do not smoke. Lastly, it is a kind of insanity almost unknown in the East. Dr. Moreau tells us that he visited all the hospitals of Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and the Mediterranean Isles, without finding a single case. Well, but do not the Turks smoke even more than Christians of the West? Alas! there is an answer ready. The Turks smoke tobacco with no nicotine in it, whereas this noxious element exists in the tobacco that we use among ourselves.

The *Revue Générale* is more political than the French reviews which we have been noticing. The January number, for instance, contains a good political estimate of the late King Leopold I., and a telling article on the late elections in Italy. But the special excellence of this *Revue* lies in its foreign correspondence. Generally speaking, this is a very difficult part in such a publication to organise in a satisfactory way. When we turn to the accounts of our own country in the pages of foreign periodicals, we are at once tempted to throw all other similar communications aside as worthless, on account of the strange mistakes which we discover. The *Revue Générale* devotes considerable space to letters of this kind; and if we may judge of the rest from what is sent them from England, its directors are very fortunate in the correspondents whose services they have succeeded in enlisting.

Since the foregoing lines were in type, we have received the February number of the *Etudes*, as well as another number (February 10th) of the *Revue du Monde Catholique*. We find in each of these publications an article occasioned by the late work of Dr. Pusey, which seems likely to excite a good deal of attention abroad as well as among ourselves. The writer in the *Revue* is the distinguished Father Ramière; his present article is introductory, and deals with the history of the Tractarian movement at some length. We have seldom seen so clear and satisfactory an account of Anglicanism from the pen of a foreigner.

The article in the *Etudes* is by an anonymous author, and is given with some reserves by the editor. It displays much literary acquaintance with Anglicanism.

The Windeck Family.



CHAPTER XIII.

A DIAGNOSIS AND A PRESCRIPTION.

THE winter saw the Windeck family again in Frankfort. Corona had made her *début*, and was the beauty of the season. She was lovely as the day, with those wonderful golden-brown eyes, which were both merry and dreamy, under their curtains of black lashes; and that light fairy figure, which had a gracious dignity of its own; and that pretty head, with its wealth of brown locks. She enjoyed life so thoroughly, every thing was a pleasure—dancing, music, elegant dresses, brilliant *soirées*; even the compliments of which she received so many, and which increased her father's tenderness—for he was one of the many people whose affection is in proportion to the estimation in which the world holds those they love. Life lay before her like a garden of flowers, and she thought she had only to put her hand out and gather what she wished. And Regina?—She was passing through a time of trial—interior trial, such as few souls like hers are without at some time—and her health was evidently suffering. She grew pale and thin; but she smiled, and said it was the natural result of dissipation. Corona, however, had heard her praying and weeping in the night; and said to her aunt, "She is just pining away for the convent." The Baroness entreated Count Damian to consult a physician. Instead of answering, he exclaimed,

"Now, Isabella, am I not to be pitied? I do every thing for my children, and what is my reward? Regina pines away in a stupid longing for a convent; and Uriel, instead of coming here and marrying Corona, stops moping at Stamberg. I won't have Regina go till he decides. If I let a consent be wrung from me, who knows what whims the little one might take up?"

"O, never mind about that," said the poor anxious Baroness; "let us have advice for Regina: surely you would rather see her go into religion than die?"

"Die—my glorious Regina!" cried the Count, shocked and excited.

And now he never rested till a physician was sent for. He came, felt her pulse, did all that is orthodox, spoke of nervous excitement, and finally said he must visit the Countess for a week before he could give an opinion. Accordingly he called every day (first at one hour, then at another), conversed with Regina, made inquiries of her aunt and sister; and finally declared that Countess Regina was suffering from an unhappy attachment—probably for one who was of inferior rank to herself.

The Count was perfectly dumb with astonishment. When he found his voice, it was to ask the grounds on which this startling conclusion rested.

"There it is, Count, in black and white—a poetical love-letter;" and the doctor drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"A love-letter written by Regina?—you are dreaming!" and the Count opened the paper and read:

My Inheritance.

Yes—the nights are dark and dreary,
Closing dimly round the way
Where the wandering lights that flicker
Do but lead my steps astray;
Where I stumble—ah, how often!—
Where no star my eyes can see:
But I know that Thou art watching,
And my hope is all in Thee.

Yes—the nights are dark and dreary,
And the flowers of love and light
Cannot bloom in fragrant beauty
In the darkness of the night—
In the cold and shrouded spirit
Few and frail the flowers must be:
But Thy presence can unfold them,
And my faith is firm in Thee.

Yes—the nights are dark and dreary,
When the heart in fainting pain
For some true, deep love is thirsting,
And it seems to be in vain.
Nothing cheers, and nothing comforts,—
Still that weary heart must pine:
Thou alone canst still this longing,
For I know Thy love is mine.

Yes—the world's dark nights are dreary
In their pleasure, pain, or strife;
And the soul is torn and bleeding
With the poisoned thorns of life:
All its brightest roses wither—
Nothing lasts or stays with me:
Thou art my eternal portion—
I have chosen only Thee.

"Now is not that plain enough?" asked the good doctor. "Certainly it is a little mystical in some of the expressions."

"Very much so," said the Count drily.

"But here is a second poem, which is rather clearer."

"Heaven help me!" groaned the Count. "Here am I reading verses, of which I have a regular horror."

He read:

True Love.

The daylight dies—the earth to rest is sinking ;
 With silent foot the solemn night is come ;
 Upon the hearth the flame dies down in ashes ;
 The wanderer seeks the shelter of his home.
 How strange and dreary is this world of darkness !
 Where is the sun ? where is his golden light ?
 O, ask me not : I cannot miss its shining ;
 For *He* is with me, and it is not night.

Life fades and dies :—like clouds across the heavens
 Our days and years fleet silently away ;
 The coffin stands where youth and joy were smiling :
 Their rosy hues are changed to ashen-gray.
 Can life remain when death has come to end it ?
 Can day still linger after twilight dim ?
 O, ask me not : I know no end nor changing ;
 There is no death for me, for I have *Him*.

The heart dies down, faint with the weary struggle
 For joys it dreamed of, but was not to gain ;
 Or if it grasped them, still the restless longing
 Came back unsatisfied and all in vain.
 O, is not love a phantom-light deceiving,
 Whose rays but mock us when they brightest shine ?
 O, ask me not,—*my* love can fail me never,—
 The changeless everlasting Love is mine.

“I call it affecting,” said the doctor. “In your place I would sacrifice every prejudice of rank to such a deep love.”

“Would you really ?” said the Count, with sly humour ; “even if the object of it were . . . Almighty God ?”

“What do you mean, Count ?”

“That my daughter wishes to go into a convent, and will hear of no earthly love.”

“Ah,” said the doctor, “thank God I am a Protestant, and cannot enter into that sort of sentimentality ! However, of course a parent cannot be expected to give in to that sort of thing.”

“The *mésalliance* would be too outrageous, eh ?”

The Count was bent on tormenting. The doctor replied that the thing was entirely beyond the range of his science and experience, and took his leave.

The Count told his daughter that the doctor did not think her seriously ill, only she needed a little rest ; and Regina begged to go to Windeck and uncle Levin. What could he do ? She went.

“It is just a little preparation for us,” he said, “before she leaves us altogether.”

“And will you allow it, papa ?” Corona cried.

“I don’t see how to help myself ; I must look to you, Corona, to make it up to me.”

“And yet she is a thousand times better than I am,” Corona said, nestling to her father’s side.

It was a joyful surprise for uncle Levin to have his beloved Regina, the child of his heart, with him again. He saw at once that there was something wrong. "Tell me all, my child," he said, looking at her with his clear spiritual eyes, that lighted up his face as the stars do a winter landscape. The morning sun lay on the silver glory of his hair; he looked like one whose home is in a better world.

She knelt at his feet, and covered his hands with tears and kisses. "My heart," she said, "no longer turns straight to God; my love no longer strives solely and exclusively after the one Everlasting Love; I only cling to the Cross now with my *will*."

"Then, my child, all is well; for your love has passed from the region of feeling into that of the will. Where mere inclination ends true virtue begins. Your love is now not in the order of nature, but of grace. Thank God, child, that your hour of conflict has come."

"The conflict is wearing me out; I cannot bear it."

"No, not if you are proud," he answered.

"Dear uncle, you know how it has all been. It was no sacrifice to contemplate the separation from my family, from Uriel, from every one; but it has been different ever since I left Stamberg—why, I don't know; but ever since then a voice has been whispering to me that it would be pleasing to God if I listened to Uriel, and obeyed my father, and fulfilled the wishes of my dear mother. And I feel so weakened in my power of praying, of submitting my will to God, that I know not how the victory will be decided; and I even ask myself whether I shall not repent if it is decided for God."

"Well, Regina, you can be dispensed from your vow; if you have considered well, and prayed earnestly."

"I have, I have; but O, never with *that* intention; not to begin with God and to end meanly with a creature; not to divide my heart between two affections. But I *do* long to lay a heart untouched by one lowering influence at the feet of my Lord. For *this* I have prayed; but God does not grant my prayer; for that voice sounds louder and clearer than before."

"Ah, now I understand," said Levin very gently. "You want to settle in what way God is to lead you into heaven. You would like to enter in triumph, would you not? to wear the golden armour of self-reliance, from which every arrow should recoil; to step calmly over the serpents, and conquer the dragons in the way? Ah, my poor Regina, that is the way of an archangel, not of a poor human creature! When St. Paul was converted, this was the word of God: 'I will show him how great things he must suffer for My Name's sake.' So temptations come to God's servants. When you left Stamberg, thinking yourself very strong and firm, then they came to you; you thought yourself armed against every attack, but you forgot the serpent which bites the heel. I know well that you have always striven to overcome your sinful nature; but, my child, that is not enough for those who will give themselves wholly to God. They must conquer even what is fair and noble in their nature; for it is attached by a thousand threads to the world, to our neighbour, to our own good and bad qualities; and long after the coarse thick

threads are broken, millions of slender ones remain, sometimes soft as silk and bright as gold, which, without great care, form a web of self-sufficiency which is a terrible hindrance in the way of perfection. So you must not be troubled because your nature is not different from that of other poor sinners; but thank God, who has given you the desire to pursue it even to its last entrenchments, and who has such marvellous consolations for wounded hearts."

"What an exchange," she said; "God's consolations for a passing pain!"

"Yes; but remember that they are for those who, like St. Paul, die, that they may live to God. What were the divine consolations for the dying Saviour? Gall and myrrh, contempt and dereliction. We must be perfect in suffering, if we would be perfect in love. And will you shrink back from the first drop of the chalice? After having one hand nailed to the Cross, do you wish to set it free? O no; hold out the other hand too; and hang in anguish and patience by the three nails, which are the three vows. If you cannot do this with your will at least, then, believe me, you must not pronounce them. Let me tell you some words of one very dear to God—the Dominican monk Brother Amandus, in the world Henry Suso: 'Nothing,' he says, 'is more painful than suffering; but nothing more joyful than to have suffered for God's sake. It is a pain on earth and a joy in heaven. Suffering is the safest and shortest road thither; it is the rod of God's love for His elect; it lessens joys, but increases graces. He who suffers has all the saints in heaven for his friends; for they know by experience how bitter and how strengthening a medicine it is. It is a greater thing to suffer patiently than to raise the dead; it is a living sacrifice and odour of sweet savour well pleasing to God. It makes us the comrades of the martyrs, and gives us the victory over all our foes. He knows nothing who has not suffered. Even the angels cannot sing the new song which the suffering soul will sing in heaven, for they know not what it is to suffer.' Regina, do you see how royal a thing suffering is in the kingdom of God? It is a purple robe, woven of our heart's blood."

CHAPTER XIV.

BRIDAL WREATHS.

It was the Feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians; and Hyacinth was to say his first Mass at Windeck. All were in joyful excitement; even the Count, although he was happy under protest, and declared his heart was bleeding for the poor boy who had tied himself down for life. All the same he took good care that due honour should be done to the occasion; the Castle was decorated from top to bottom, and relations and friends were invited in crowds. He gave his nephew a magnificent chalice; his aunt and cousins had each worked a vestment for him; and Regina had made the wreath.

"Remember me," she said, "when you wear it; and pray that I may soon wear one like it."

"Our Lady will not forget you," he answered.

Uriel was there, and even Orest; Uriel had insisted on it. The youngest of the relations, a little girl of six years old, walked beside Hyacinth—his mystical bride—bearing a lighted candle. He looked very calm and happy, with the mystical bridal-wreath on his pure forehead, vested in the white embroidered chasuble. Father Athanasius from Engelberg, his confessor from childhood, and Levin, were deacon and sub-deacon. The latter looked so radiant with joy, that Regina could not help thinking of the holy old man Simeon, longing to go home in peace after seeing the "Salvation of Israel." Since that conversation, of which a part was given in the last chapter, she no more heeded trials or temptations than the traveller who climbs a high mountain heeds the mists which sometimes hang around him.

After Mass was over, all drew near, as the pious custom is at a first Mass, to kneel for the priest's blessing. Count Damian knew nothing of it, and wondered what was going on when his daughters and the other ladies went to the altar and knelt down. But when he heard the few words of blessing, and looked at Hyacinth, so meek and humble in his priestly dignity, his heart grew full, and he too knelt with a new feeling of reverence before the youth whom he had just been regarding with a mixture of compassion and protection. Orest, too, went up, just because he supposed it to be the correct thing to do. Uriel never stirred. Poor Uriel! his heart and his life seemed dead and ended; he knew that there was no pious resignation to God's will in his soul, so he would not join in any expression of devotion; but Hyacinth went up to his brother, laid his hands on his head, and gave him his blessing.

In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks in the garden, and the placid waters of the Maine reflected the rosy and silver light. Regina said:

"Think, if there is such joy for you on earth, what must it be in Heaven!"

There was intense emotion in his voice as he answered:

"O Regina! a few days, or a few years; and the hour will come when every thing will be quite quiet on earth, and I shall lie on my deathbed: the only light then will be the blessed candle,—the bridal-torch for everlasting life. Pray for me, that *then* there may be joy in Heaven!"

A few days later Uriel asked the Count to send for uncle Levin, as he had something to tell them both.

"O, certainly—to be sure; only I hope you are not going to turn priest or monk, or any thing of that sort."

"You need not alarm yourself, uncle," was the bitter answer; "I have no such exalted views."

When Levin joined them, Uriel said:

"Last autumn, uncle Damian, you made a proposal to me, which I promised to take into consideration. It concerned my marriage with Corona, who was to become your heiress, leaving Regina free to accomplish her desire. I have thought it all over, and am firmly resolved to resign Stamberg to Orest, and let him marry Corona."

"And what will you do?" asked the Count.

"I shall go to Copenhagen, where a ship is fitting out for a voyage round the world. It is, to be sure, for the benefit of *savants*, naturalists, and artists,—and I am none of the three; but while the world goes by in so many *tableaux vivants*, perhaps I may discover something worth the trouble of living for, as I cannot do so for Regina. I shall go next month, and return in two years."

"I believe you have lost your senses," cried the Count; but Uriel went on:

"I have considered every thing; and I am convinced that the only motive to induce me to undertake the grave responsibilities of a family life, and a life in the world, is a deep, true affection. Neither money, nor lands, nor what is called pleasure, can make my happiness,—I must love, and be loved nobly, purely, sacredly; and if Regina could have loved me, I should have found no duty too irksome, too difficult:—without her, the burden is too heavy: so I lay it down. I can do so with a clear conscience. Stamberg was originally the inheritance of the second son, and my grandmother only made a different disposition because she thought Regina would be its mistress; but—she will never go there again, and so it falls naturally to Orest. I have taken the requisite steps,—every thing is in order; Orest gets his rights; Regina her wish; and Corona is the heiress and bride. Better still if Orest could stand in my place with regard to Windeck too."

"Stop,—no more of that!" cried the Count in vehement excitement; "that is my affair. Give up Stamberg, if you will; sail round the world, if you will;—both plans are folly and nonsense, but I can't hinder you. Give up Regina, if you will; there's some sense in that, because she won't hear reason. But as to Corona, I have a word to say. I won't let her marry for two years; and when you come back we will talk it over again. I shall be very glad to keep her two years longer."

Uriel flushed crimson.

"My dear uncle, as surely as I am a Windeck I will never marry Corona,—she is Regina's sister. It is impossible!"

The Count leaned back in his chair, and let his hands fall with an air of exhaustion and resignation.

"You hear, uncle Levin? Here is Uriel up in the clouds in some sublime flight of feeling, which will not allow him to marry Corona."

"Yes," answered Levin; "there is still some delicate feeling in the world."

"Delicate feeling, indeed! I call it a pack of exaggerated nonsense: there, I wash my hands of it all; but I'm determined about one thing. I won't have this sort of thing spreading in the house like the influenza. Corona shall marry Orest, and the sooner the better—as surely as I am a Windeck! Basta."

But when Uriel kissed his hand gratefully and affectionately, his thoughts turned again to this darling nephew, whom for so many years he had looked on as his son and heir; and he said sadly

enough, "But after the two years, what then? You have left the diplomatic career—given up Stamberg."

"I have taken care of myself, uncle. The owner of Stamberg will pay me a fixed annual sum."

"But you have always lived as the heir of a rich man is entitled to do."

"Yes; thanks to your generosity. But there is something in this easy-going luxurious life which is lowering and narrowing to the mind. It increases all one's physical requirements incredibly, and does nothing to satisfy the spiritual ones. And the world is wonderfully coarse under all its smooth show of refinement. I have observed and thought much in these last years; and one thing at least is clear to me—the truth is not in the world. There is a great void beneath all its pompous boast of civilisation and enlightenment, of science, and of progress, and of liberty. And because there is no truth in the world, there is no help in it; for no lie can help. Only the truth can. I will seek for this saving truth; and to do this, I will break, as far as I am able, with one of the most mischievous of lies—with the overvaluing of the goods of the world."

"Uriel!" said Levin, "if all that you are doing were done from a higher motive; if you were seeking for truth with the eye of faith, then you would have a fair prospect; and whatever comes to the world, your soul would find its harbour of safety."

Uriel answered coldly: "I seek truth because I have lost love, and I cannot live without something divine."

"To come to the practical truth and to real life, Uriel," said the Count with an air of *ennui*, "do you mean ever to marry? Consider; even without Stamberg, you are a first-rate *parti*."

"What an alarming suggestion!" said Uriel; and it was clear that the only thing was to send for Orest. He was more startled than pleased when matters were explained to him; the idea of marriage had never found much favour in his eyes, especially of late. On the other hand, it was flattering to his vanity to find himself suddenly in so important a position in his family and in society, and to have such a lovely bride as Corona offered to him. He determined to fall in love with her at once—not a very difficult thing to do—and made his acknowledgments gracefully enough. Then the two brothers went in search of Hyacinth, while the Count asked Levin to go with him to his daughters.

"She will not object, I suppose: what do you think?"

"Poor child!" said Levin, "I think she would have preferred the original owner of Stamberg to the present one."

"What! another unfortunate attachment?"

"I did not say that," answered Levin; "she is too young; but the germ is there."

The Count greeted his daughters cheerfully. "Now, children, come and congratulate me! I have two brides in my house; one for Heaven—Regina: and one for Orest—Corona."

Both the sisters turned pale. Regina, from overpowering joy; Corona, from a touch of pain that made her heart shrink. She

had never owned it to herself; indeed it had not amounted to a definite wish; but she had had her innocent dream. It had come into her mind that if she were in Regina's place, she could be very happy at Stamberg; but in this dream Orest had never appeared. Regina sank at her father's feet, and was kissing his hands and Levin's with broken words of gratitude and affection.

"So papa has done the right thing at last, has he? Well, there was no persuading you, child. So Corona must comfort me in my old age."

Corona looked up for the first time, and two great tears fell from her lashes.

"Don't cry, my darling; you will be very happy, and make us all happy."

"Ah, I would rather wait," she said timidly.

"Fiddle-de-dee! all girls say that. *You* have no vocation for the convent, have you?"

"No, father dear; I am not good enough."

"Do you want to be an old maid?"

"Not exactly," she said.

"Well then, what's the use of waiting?"

He never asked about her inclinations; and, indeed, if he had done so, she would have said that she liked Orest very well, and was ready to do as her father wished. Her aunt, who had loved her husband passionately, and lost him after a year's marriage, was grieved and anxious about her, and ventured on a word or two to the Count; but it was all to no purpose. The poor Count had got things settled at last; and meant them to remain so.

Corona, as soon as her father left her, went to uncle Levin, as every one did who wanted advice or comfort: she came to his side, and asked at once and very earnestly, "Dear uncle, Orest is a good Catholic; is he not?"

"Only God can read the heart, my child: we must hope so."

"Uncle Levin, when we were in London he never went with us to Mass on Sundays."

"Perhaps he went at another time: men often have a dislike to being noticed at their religious duties. He never misses Mass here."

"Please, dear uncle," she said with a trembling lip, "*please* ask him about his faith."

"It would be much better, dear child, to ask him yourself: when you are agreed upon the highest matter of all, every thing else will follow pleasantly and straightforwardly."

"I am so afraid," she said sadly, "of finding no sympathy of feeling about it."

"You suspicious child!" and he shook his head playfully; "take heart of grace, Corona—you will soon find an opportunity for beginning the subject, and we will hope for the best."

As he spoke, Orest came in, to ask, in his father's name, whether Levin had written to Rome about the dispensation.

"I was just doing so, when Corona came in," he answered. "Tell

me, Orest," he went on, by way of breaking the ice, "is the chapel finished at Stamberg, and has Uriel arranged for the Mass there?"

"My dear uncle, I know nothing about that or any thing else: I only know that I am the luckiest fellow in the world! luckier than Saul the son of Cis, who went to look for his father's asses and found a crown, for I have found the Crown when I was not looking for any thing."

"You are quite deeply read in the sacred Scriptures," said Corona, smiling.

"Now, children, let me go on writing," interrupted Levin: and the little betrothed took courage and said, "It is such a sweet evening, Orest, do come out on the terrace with me." Levin nodded encouragingly to her, and they went,—Orest well pleased to get Corona to himself, and tell her how lovely and attractive he thought her; highly flattered, too, that she had proposed the *tête-à-tête*, doubtless from similar sentiments. Judge of his astonishment, then, when she sat down by the fountain, looked at him with her sweetest smile, and said, "Orest, tell me about your faith."

He literally stepped back with astonishment; but quickly recovering himself, he replied in a tone of *badinage*, "You have used the wrong word, Krönchen; you mean—tell me about your love."

"O no, there is no need to ask that," she said, with a little air of assurance, which was so pretty that Orest was charmed, and knelt beside her at the fountain's edge. "That is right," she cried; "now confess; tell me about your faith."

"I believe," he answered, "that Corona is made to be worshipped, and I confess that I am quite ready to worship her."

"Don't let us joke about it, dear Orest," she said gently, but seriously; "let us speak gravely on such a sacred subject. I have often heard that the young men of our day have very little faith, think lightly of the holy Church, which is the voice of God, you know—and—even of the Sacraments: now, it is God's will, and my father's wish, that we two should be married, so you must tell me that you are not one of the sort I spoke of; but that you firmly believe all that the Church teaches, and that you frequent the Sacraments with a sincere faith. If you thought lightly of them, then you would think lightly of marriage, which is one of them, and enter into it without God's grace; and then, how could we hope for His blessing, and how could I rely on you, if you did not rely on God?"

Orest's conscience was struck by her true and simple words. He thought of the thousand frivolous pleasures of his life, of the thousand threads which held his soul, as it were, in a net; he thought of Judith, and her inexplicable power over him—a power so magical and strong, that on whatever point in the future he fixed his gaze, there he saw her, like a dazzling sun. When he thought of her he called himself a victim; though, to be sure, the sacrifice lay more in receiving than giving! He had gained a beautiful bride, a fine estate, a large fortune; but he would have to give up the careless freedom of his life. Certainly he did not see either how he could marry Judith, or how he could remain unmarried for her sake, and

let the house of Windeck come to an end. He must give up seeing her, and do the best he could. All this passed through his mind while Corona was speaking; and when she was silent, he answered: "Why, Corona, I did not know you were so tremendously pious! but never mind: I will never interfere with you in any way, only I cannot promise to go all lengths with you in these things; you must not require that."

"I do not *require* it, I only *hoped* so," she said sorrowfully, looking so lovely at the same time, that Orest cried,

"You are a regular little darling to vex your heart about my not receiving the Sacraments."

"And do you not do so?"

"No," he said carelessly; "I am not in the habit of it: I do hear Mass, though—sometimes."

She looked at him very thoughtfully and fixedly, and then went away. His first impulse was to follow her, but he thought better of it, and in some excitement he betook himself to the general confidant and comforter. "Uncle Levin, I am afraid I have vexed Corona very much: we were talking together, and when we did not quite agree in our sentiments, she gave me such a look! and left me."

"And what was it all about?"

"Why, my dear uncle, I should think it was the only time in the century that such a conversation has taken place, under the circumstances."

"And what might be the subject of this remarkable conversation?"

"The doctrine of the Sacraments."

"The doctrine? Was it not the practical carrying out of the doctrine?"

"Exactly, uncle: and how can a fellow like me keep pace in these matters with her? A soldier serves God in his own way, with his life and his blood, in all sorts of danger and discomfort; and a man gets out of old habits in that life."

"If I am not mistaken, Orest, all soldiers have to attend Mass on Sundays, and to receive the Sacraments at Easter."

"Of course, uncle Levin, orders must be obeyed, and the officers have to see that the men do so."

"I can hardly believe that military discipline is only for the men; but I am quite sure that the discipline of the Church makes no exception; and as you are so zealous for the former, I think you ought not to be quite cold about the latter."

"My dear uncle, I am always so busy about Easter, with such a host of things to think of and to see to, that I literally have no time for reflection."

"Then," Levin interrupted, "I advise you to put this host of things out of your head for a time, and to act like a good soldier, who is loyal, not only to his emperor, but to the Lord of all emperors."

"Would that make my peace with Corona?"

"Surely: but in the first place with God, which is what Corona

asks, and with justice. A woman can only feel respect and confidence for a husband who is true to their common faith: if his life is unchristian, there is misery for both."

"Unchristian! O my dear uncle, I am a very good Christian; only not very strict in church-matters. Still, I daresay I have got into bad habits, and I will do all that is needful to make my peace with Corona—I mean with God. Really, an engaged man has a great deal to learn."

Poor Corona could not take things so easily: "I must try to love God all the more myself," she said in her heart, as she wiped away the bitterest tears she had ever wept. She had such a longing for happiness—she had even had some dim visions of it; but she felt that she was not happy.

Regina was,—there was no doubt of that: "God reward you, Uriel!" she said to him; "I know I have your generosity to thank for this."

"When is your clothing to be?" he asked.

"I hope on the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel;" and her face was radiant with joy.

"I know nothing of your calendar," he said harshly: "I want to know the day of the month, that I may start before it comes."

"I go to Himmelsporten at the end of the week; and if in a month or so the Superiors think well, I shall begin my novitiate. Then I shall receive the habit: it will be, I hope, on the 16th of July. At the end of the year I may be professed."

Every word she spoke was a pain to him, yet his one longing was to see and hear her: a few more days, and she would be lost to him for life. He was the only one of the family who would not accompany her to Wurzburg. Corona was almost as sad as Uriel: she clung to her sister, crying bitterly.

"O do not cry for me, dearest," said Regina; "the brides of Christ are happier than earthly ones."

"O, I know that," sobbed Corona; "and yet I cannot follow you."

"No, you have to sanctify yourself in another way—and Orest with you."

"I begin to think the task will be too hard," she whispered.

"It would be, but for the grace of the Sacraments: God will help us both, dear."

So the last day came: three carriages stood ready in the courtyard; round them, on the steps, in the hall, were all the servants and many of the Count's tenants come to take care of Regina. They had heard long ago that she wanted to go into religion, but the Count would not allow it: now she was really going,—the young, beautiful, rich Countess Regina,—going to leave her home, and the young Count who adored her, for the poor convent of that strict Order! She had been to Engelberg that morning for holy Communion, and to take leave of her mother's grave and of the good Fathers; then she had visited her own dear home, every room in the castle, every bed in the garden, and last of all, the chapel. As she came out, Uriel met her:

"Regina! is this really, then, an eternal farewell?"

"O no, Uriel; only a very short one; only for this world,—then, dear Uriel, we shall meet again."

She passed on with Levin. Uriel followed her like one in a dream; he saw and heard every thing through a mist. There was a sound of voices—of weeping; he knew that every one was saying kind and affectionate things to him, wishing him a fair voyage and a happy return. Then he heard Levin say, "The angel Raphael bring you safe back to us!" Those were the only words he understood clearly. Levin, the Count, Regina, and Hyacinth were in the first carriage; the Baroness, Corona, and Orest in the second. The children from the village threw flowers in after the sisters, and the carriages drove off. "It is all over now," thought Uriel, as he sprang into his carriage *en route* for Frankfort, Hamburg, and round the world!

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

It was a glorious October; and where is October so glorious as at the Lake of Geneva? The setting sun had thrown a rosy veil over the mountains, and the snow-clad summit of Mont Blanc glowed fiery crimson above them all. In the middle of the lake floated a boat, lightly rocked by the rippling waves: it contained three or four men and one woman; a white burnous was wrapped round her tall slight figure, and the hood was drawn over her head. She was looking fixedly at Mont Blanc, and took no notice of the gentlemen and their remarks.

Two of them, indeed, were as silent as herself; not, however, from being absorbed by the lovely scene around them. At length one of these two said, "Signora Giuditta!" but he had to speak twice before she threw back her head a little, and said, without looking at him: "Well, Count Orest; what is it?"

"Will you let us hear your voice, as you grudge us the sight of your face?"

She broke at once into Schubert's "Wanderer," and sang it through. No one stirred; even the boatman listened. When she had finished no one spoke.

"Do you not like that song, Count Orest?"

"It is so dreadfully melancholy," he answered.

"It is German," she said, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"Quite true, signora," remarked the other silent gentleman; "a German song must be melancholy; and all the voices in Germany are not enough to weep over her degradation."

"Why do not you raise her from it, you and your friends?" asked Judith coldly. "You lament over the want of energy of the times; what have you to show in that way?"

"Barricades, signora!" It was not the person addressed, but Orest who said this, with bitter scorn in his voice. "Do you not see that it requires immense energy to seize the horses of an omnibus—

every one knows what wild creatures they are—to drag the coachman from the box, where he sits as on a throne,—to throw the omnibus across the street, as though it represented all the thrones of Europe,—and finally, to plant a rag, called the banner of freedom, if not on the ruins of the thrones, at least on those of the omnibus?"

"Why are you and Fiorino always sparring?" cried Judith.

"Signora, he is an honest German, and his name is Florentin Hauptmann; I have told you so a thousand times."

"O, I know it well enough," she said carelessly; "has he not been my faithful secretary and business agent for three years? But Fiorino sounds better, and is less trouble to say. But now, suppose you take a look at Mont Blanc by way of a calming influence."

The sun was already below the horizon, and the western sky had lost the glowing tints, which had been gradually changing from gold to crimson, then to the softest purple and violet, and last of all to a faint misty blue lying like a veil over all the sky, just touched in the west with a delicate greenish gold. The mountains, which had reflected every shade of the sunset, and gleamed like amethysts, rubies, and topazes, were wrapped now in the same pale-blue veil which covered the heavens. At this moment, and oftenest in autumn, is seen that loveliest of phenomena, the "Alp-glow." Suddenly the cold dead-looking snow-clad peaks are kindled with a rosy light, and as if by magic begins that wonderful illumination between earth and heaven; the mountain-tops gleam like a chain of crimson flames or glowing roses between the gray of the sky and the gray of the lake, seeming to float in the clear ether without having any connection with the earth. And now the three gray peaks of Mont Blanc were kindled by this rosy fire: it lasted a few minutes, then it faded and died out; gradually the shadows crept upwards till only one ember, as it were, glowed on the highest peak, then only a spark, and then that too was gone, and the giant looked colder and sterner than ever in the darkness and chill of the approaching night.

Judith shivered, and drawing her burnous closer around her, said suddenly: "Why is this ugly world so wonderfully beautiful sometimes?"

One of the gentlemen, a Russian prince, answered, "It is not every one who can guess the riddle of the Sphinx."

A young Frenchman said, "Because you are in the world, signora."

"And what does Count Orest say?"

"He says nothing!" was the impatient answer. "Spare me, I beg; you are such a riddle yourself, that I want no others."

"So you will have to solve the riddle yourself," said the Russian.

"It was a simple question—no riddle at all," Judith returned; "it is always a puzzle to me to think of the touching, overpowering beauty which we now and then see in this earth, which is nothing more than an immense mass of mould."

"All creation is the work of God," said the young Frenchman; "nature as much so as the human heart; and the beauty of the natural world is meant to lead the heart to Him."

"Ah, I forgot that you are a believer," said Judith; "that is another wonder to me; nothing seems to puzzle persons who believe."

"They must be easily satisfied," sneered Florentin, "if the solutions of faith content them."

"I did not say that faith solves the riddle; but I say that the persons who possess it place whatever is incomprehensible, as it were, in a sunbeam which comes from Heaven, and they see it in the reflection of that light."

Meantime it had become dark, and Judith gave orders to row to the Villa Diodati, which she was occupying for a while, to rest from the hard labour of a *fêted prima donna*. And though she was never alone even here, yet it was a rest to her to have no engagements, and to be able to do *as* she liked and *when* she liked. She spent hours on the lake; she read, sang, and amused herself. Her immediate circle consisted of her mother, an Italian musician named Lelio, who had become indispensable to her in her professional studies, and Florentin, who managed her pecuniary affairs and her business correspondence—two things which were her horror. Lelio and Florentin had met during the Revolution in Rome, and, both being red-hot republicans, had fraternised at once. After a while Lelio returned to his musical occupations, and got a place in the orchestra of La Scala, where Judith soon found him out, and induced him to accept the situation she offered him in her household. She felt the want of some one who was thoroughly *au fait* in the Italian school of music, knowing that no English or American reputation was sufficient to give her the character of a first-class singer; and she was quite resolved to gain it. Florentin's vagabond life had led him from Germany to America, then back again to Europe, finding neither rest nor employment any where. In a flying visit to Switzerland, he stumbled on Lelio, at the foot of Mont Blanc; and the meeting resulted in his introduction to Judith, and his engagement as her secretary. If Count Windeck had made him a similar offer, Florentin would have rejected it with lofty disdain; but this was another thing. A *prima donna* was a celebrity of the day, a genius; consequently, according to Florentin's theory, a crowned scion of liberty, partly from having left the beaten track of every-day life, partly from being often in a position of antagonism to ancient and absurd prejudices. Florentin considered himself also a scion of liberty, the only difference being that he was, of course through adverse circumstances, as yet *uncrowned*; consequently he believed that he and Judith were kindred spirits.

Madame Miranes met her daughter on her return to the villa with the words, "Lelio is returned."

"That is good news!" cried the Russian prince. "Now, perhaps, I shall get to hear 'Casta Diva.'"

"Pray, signora, send for Signor Lelio to accompany you. O, don't take off your burnous; it is the very thing for the Druidess's song."

Judith begged Florentin to ask Lelio to join them. He returned

almost immediately, with an agitated manner, saying Lelio begged to be excused—he had gone to bed.

"All the better," said Judith, throwing off her burnous; "you need not look in despair about it, Fiorino."

"But *I* have reason to be in despair," cried the Prince; "my leave has run to its utmost limits, and I must be off."

"What bondage!" said Florentin.

Madame Miranes, always on the watch to keep things smooth and comfortable, saw a political discussion threatening, and broke in eagerly: "I have an idea: let us make up a party to Clarens, and see the 'bosquets d'Héloïse' to-morrow."

So every one began talking of Rousseau and Lord Byron, and the plan was approved and settled.

At last Judith was alone with her mother and Florentin. She turned quickly to the latter: "What has happened to Lelio, that you came back in such a state?"

"He may tell you himself," said Florentin passionately; "*I* have no words to describe such a disgrace."

"Dear me!" said Madame Miranes anxiously; "has he been stealing?"

"He has been to Confession," was the surly answer.

"Well," said Madame Miranes, in a tone of excited curiosity; "has he been telling your secrets, or anybody's?"

"You do not see what it means," said Florentin impatiently; "he has become an apostate from the doctrine of liberty of conscience, a groveller at the foot of the Cross, a slave to priestly tyranny. Like all Italians, fickle and worthless!"

"O, my good Fiorino, what a fuss about nothing!" said Judith indifferently. "You talk of liberty of conscience; well, then, let poor Lelio follow his in peace and quietness."

"You are a great musical genius, signora," cried Florentin indignantly; "but you will never be what one like you easily might be, one of the great spirits of the age, until you can understand and work for true liberty and independence." And he rushed out of the room.

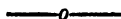
"That *would* be a distinction," said Judith's mother, "to be a 'goddess of the barricades' to Signor Fiorino! My wishes are rather different, dearest child. You have acquired a large fortune and a great renown; it is time to think of a brilliant marriage. How do you like the Russian Prince?"

"Not at all," said Judith drily.

"Yet, Princess—O, what is the name?—would not sound badly. After so many stage-coronets, a real one would suit you very well."

She kissed her daughter's forehead and left the saloon. Judith sank wearily into a chair, saying half aloud: "What a human menagerie I do live in!"

English Premiers.



II.—SIR ROBERT WALPOLE AND LORD CARTERET.

IN 1736 Walpole opposed the bill of Sir Joseph Jekell, which laid a heavy fine on gin, with a view of preventing drunkenness. He did not think sobriety would be promoted or vice diminished by such impositions; and experience proved him to be right. He opposed the repeal of the Test Act also, because he did not believe that the time for it was come. Like Pitt after him, he approved of many things for which his own stiff-necked generation were wholly unprepared. His humane efforts in favour of the Quakers were frustrated mainly through the narrow-minded intolerance of Edmund Gibson, bishop of London. Sir Robert's exertions were limited to relieving the Society of Friends from prosecution and imprisonment for refusing to pay tithes and church-rates, and to substituting a levy by distress on their goods, to which they are still nominally subject. His measure was passed by the Commons, and rejected by the Lords. His indignation against the Lords and the Bishop was lasting and well-deserved. Dr. Gibson had long been called "the heir-apparent to the see of Canterbury;" but when Archbishop Wake died, the primacy was conferred on Potter.

When parliament was prorogued in 1736, and the King visited Germany, he left Queen Caroline behind him as regent, and took Horace Walpole with him as Secretary of State. He wished him, indeed, permanently to supply the place of Lord Harrington; but Horace was unwilling to embarrass his illustrious brother by the jealousy which his elevation, in addition to Sir Robert's, would certainly cause. It was therefore only during George II.'s absence from England that he consented to act as State Secretary. He kept up a double correspondence with his brother: one set of letters being such as the King might read, and the other such as he might not. The subterfuge was pardonable and necessary; and it is to the King's honour that, although he was so impatient of contradiction, he allowed himself now to be guided by men much wiser than himself.

About this time a circumstance, in itself trifling, showed how much a second invasion by the Stuarts was dreaded. Chauvelin, the French Secretary of State, before he had fallen into disgrace and

was exiled by Cardinal Fleury, one day put a packet of papers into Lord Waldegrave's hands; and among them he included unwittingly a letter from the Pretender. The ambassador at once sent it to the Queen. Newcastle informed the King, and conveyed to him Walpole's sentiments on the subject. France was coquetting again with the Stuarts—so much was clear. Letter after letter, still preserved among the state-papers, passed between the two Walpoles and Waldegrave; for Jacobitism and panic were parent and child. Disturbances were not wanting at home. The Spitalfields weavers rioted because the Irish were employed at lower wages to do their work; and the populace stormed in the streets because gin was not sold so cheap as before. In Edinburgh the people, in a fearful commotion, seized a captain of guards named Porteous during an execution, dragged him to the Grassmarket, and hung him on a dyer's cross, to the great satisfaction of the more pious part of the community. Two hundred pounds were offered to any one who should discover, and by his evidence convict, any person concerned in the murder. But the Scots treated this offer with contempt; and though thousands had been guilty of Porteous's blood, and some of them were tried, not one was legally convicted.

The licentiousness of the stage at this period had attained such a height, that the prime minister felt himself bound to interfere. He knew that public morals are the best corrective of theatrical license; but he was aware also that a law on the subject passed by a free parliament is in itself a proof that public morality is not yet altogether vitiated. His laudable purpose was to protect society from further corruption. During the reign of Elizabeth the Master of the Revels, acting by Walsingham and Burleigh's advice, had made several wise regulations respecting the examination and approval of stage-plays. The number of theatres was restricted; and acting was thus rendered a more respectable profession. The genius of Shakespeare was not limited to burlesque and buffoonery, but encouraged to take a wider range and nobler flight. During the reigns of James I. and his unfortunate son, Sir Henry Herbert, brother of "the divine Herbert" and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, exercised a salutary control over the stage as Master of the Revels; but the austerity of Puritanism, though it suppressed for a time the indecencies too often blended with theatrical amusements, produced a disastrous reaction in the time of Charles II. The appointed censor found himself continually thwarted in the discharge of his duties by the Lord Chamberlain and the King: authors vied in producing the most licentious comedies; ladies attended the playhouses in masks; and on the death of Sir Henry Herbert the Mastership of the Revels was given to Killi-

grew, the manager of the King's company, and every check on the immorality of the stage was immediately removed. The brilliant abilities of Dryden, the poet-laureate, and of Fielding, the novelist, mark the earliest and latest stages of this disgraceful epoch. William III. made some efforts to moderate the abuses; but his laureate, Shadwell, was one of those writers of comedy who mainly contributed to corrupt the public taste. To his name must be added that of Wycherley, "the easy Etherege," as Evelyn calls him; Sedley; Farquhar; Vanbrugh, the architect of Blenheim; and Congreve, who, while differing in their capacity and degrees of coarseness, united and conspired to degrade morality.

Walpole's measure was wisely introduced. A bill for restraining the number of playhouses and correcting abuses had been brought forward two years before by Sir John Burnard, treated at first with contempt, and at last abandoned. But Walpole's expedient was destined to better success. He contrived to insert two clauses on theatres in a bill for amending the Vagrancy Act passed in the reign of Queen Anne; and it is remarkable that Lord Chesterfield, who in his "Letters" to his son recommends him all sorts of gallantry as needful to the character of a gentleman, is believed to have been the only debater who spoke against Walpole's corrective clauses.

While Sir Robert in the height of his power was surrounded at Houghton by the votaries of political fame, wealth, and fashion, there was another house, on which he often looked with an evil eye, where his parliamentary foes were welcomed and men of letters found a noble patron. This was the residence of the Prince of Wales. Here Carteret and Swift, Chesterfield and Pope, Thompson and Pulteney used to meet in familiar intercourse with Cobham, Sir William Wyndham, and the accomplished Bolingbroke. Nowhere was the feast of reason and the flow of soul more thoroughly enjoyed or more frequently renewed. The Prince was decidedly popular, and his affable and courteous manners contrasted favourably with the King's phlegmatic reserve. Being severely treated by his royal father, he had no love for that father's chief adviser. He had been kept in Hanover till he had grown to manhood; had been crossed in his purpose of marrying the Princess of Prussia, whom he tenderly loved; had been coldly received by the King on his arrival in London, exposed more than once to his fits of anger; and was straitened in his expenditure by an inadequate revenue paid by his father out of the Civil-List. By the advice of Bolingbroke and Pulteney he applied to parliament for an allowance of 100,000*l.* per annum, which he had endeavoured in vain to obtain from the King, or which had been promised at last in offensive terms. This application

proved unsuccessful. It was opposed by Walpole as unconstitutional, and it rendered the breach wider between the Prince and his sire. So painful became the position of the former in the palace, that he seized the first pretext for escaping from parental control. On the eve of the Princess's confinement, he removed her from Hampton Court, where the royal family was residing, to St. James's; and by this act he so incensed the King, that orders were sent him to remove from that palace. His intimacy with the heads of the Opposition was severely commented on; and it cannot be denied that Walpole ought to have exerted himself to prevent so unbecoming a rupture. His conduct contributed to his downfall; and so also did the death of Queen Caroline, which happened in 1737.

This virtuous lady owed her end immediately to a false delicacy which led her to conceal from the physicians her real disorder. They learned it too late, and declared that if they had been informed two days earlier, her life might have been spared. She died with great serenity, and evinced the utmost fortitude during her intense sufferings. To us it is interesting to remember her kindness and humanity towards those Catholics who had incurred the rigour of the laws in consequence of their attachment to the Stuart cause. She often supplied the most indigent with money, and she admitted the Duchess of Norfolk and several other Catholic ladies to private conferences. Her patronage of learned men is well known. The successful extolled her name, and the unfortunate blessed it. Non-jurors in exile were not excluded from her mercy. Savage, the poet, when condemned to death on a charge of murder, obtained his pardon through her. She accepted his verses as "volunteer laureate," sent him most friendly messages, admitted him to an interview, and gave him an annual pension. One day Secker—at that time King's chaplain—mentioned to her the eminent author of *The Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion*—Butler, the rector of Stanhope. "Is he not dead?" asked the Queen, turning to Archbishop Blackburne. "No, madam," replied that prelate; "but he is buried." Soon after Caroline, unsolicited, appointed Butler clerk of her closet, and he attended her every afternoon. She also put his name on a list for a vacant bishopric. Thus the buried rector came to life. Of all post-reformation divines in the Church of England, he is that one for whom Catholics have the highest respect.

So great was Queen Caroline's esteem for Sir Robert Walpole as a minister, that in her last moments she commended *the King to him* with the utmost earnestness.* Soon after her decease it was reported that the premier had lost his only support. "It is false," said the

* Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 516.

King to him, without irony; "you remember that on her deathbed the Queen recommended *me* to you." While he thus spoke, the remembrance of his consort's presence of mind, sweetness of temper, prudence, and goodness, would quite overcome the desolate monarch; and with sobs, which those around him could not refrain from joining in, he "made dust his paper, and with rainy eyes wrote sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

By degrees, however, divisions arose in the cabinet, and advisers adverse to Walpole obtained influence over the King. The differences between Spain and England, which might easily have been calmed, were fomented by hasty and designing men. The claim of the Spaniards to every part of the continent of America, and consequently of the right to search all merchant-ships sailing near their American ports and in the adjacent seas, was too preposterous to have been long seriously maintained, if it had been combated in a temperate and friendly spirit. But the diplomacy of the last century partook of the character of the times; and as swords were more readily drawn in private brawls, so ambassadors were more easily hurried into provoking language than they are now. Though the Spaniards had not formally admitted our right to trade on the territory conceded to Ferdinand the Catholic by Pope Alexander VI. without the smallest conception of its real magnitude, they had nevertheless during a long period connived at our infraction of obsolete laws. But orders at length arrived from Madrid requiring the *guarda costas* to be more vigilant. Many complaints of their severity and violence arrived in this country, and parliament was urged by a large body of merchants to avenge their cause.

The aim of the Opposition was to widen the misunderstanding between the Government and the Spanish cabinet, till, war being declared, the ministers should prove unable to retain their place. Every thing gave way to hatred of Walpole; and with the wildest inconsistency they agitated for a reduction of the standing army at the very time they sought to provoke hostilities with Spain.

In the midst of bitter altercations there was one point on which the House of Commons was unanimous, and that one from which every member of parliament would dissent in our time. They were then all agreed in condemning the publication of speeches delivered in the House, and in threatening the utmost severity against offenders. They did not choose to be judged by those without for sentiments they had broached within, or to be misjudged for such as had been garbled in the press. The fault was not wholly theirs; for the speeches were miserably and variously reported. But they menaced publishers in vain, and the evil increased. The *Gentleman's Maga-*

zine and the *London Magazine* evaded the law, by reporting the debates as in the "Senate of Lilliput," and in a political club, with Roman names assigned to the speakers; while the accounts, as might have been expected, were less authentic than before. We live under a happier system. Our reporters are faithful, and our members neither ashamed nor afraid to let all the world read this morning what they said in their places last night.

The debates on the Spanish depredations grew hotter, and both Houses joined in resolutions condemning the right of searching English trading-ships claimed by Spain. A squadron sailed for the Mediterranean; and war, like a grim giant, already began to shake "his blood-red tresses" in the sun. Walpole struggled hard to avert the catastrophe, but without success. There was no resisting the popular excitement; and Captain Jenkins, fresh from the coasts of Jamaica, who carried his ear in a box wrapped up in cotton to excite public sympathy and inflame credulous minds, was an argument against Spanish barbarity which few could withstand.* An address to the King of a pacific tendency was voted by a majority of twenty-eight only; and the minority, by the advice of Bolingbroke, adopted the extraordinary resolution of seceding from the House. Sir Robert Walpole's comments on this act were extremely animated. He denounced the seceders so warmly as "secret traitors" under the guidance of one conspirator, ungrateful for the clemency which had been shown him; he expressed so earnest a desire that they would adhere to their purpose, and not return till the next parliament met, that their desertion soon became to them a cause of disappointment and shame. Their absence enabled him to bring forward many expedient measures; and his conduct at this period earned him a high compliment from the eloquent Duke of Argyle, who, though he had joined the ranks of the Opposition, declared that all prime ministers had been faulty, but that Sir Robert Walpole had the least faults of any minister with whom he had ever been concerned. Such praise was welcome from the man of whom Thomson said,

"From his rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate."

When war with Spain was declared, the people were drunk with joy. Bonfires were kindled every where, and processions flaunted through the streets. The Prince of Wales attended the heralds into the City, and stopped to drink success to the war at the Rose Tavern and Temple Bar. "For that war Pope sung his dying notes. For that war Johnson, in most energetic strains, employed the voice

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1731 and 1736.

of his early genius; for that war Glover distinguished himself in the way in which his merit was the most natural and happy."* The mines of Peru and Potosi, and the treasures possessed by Spain in the West Indies, were supposed to be now within the reach of all; and the church-bells pealed so loud, that Walpole was startled, and cried, "They now *ring* the bells, but they will soon *wring* their hands."

If he had quitted office rather than be made a party to this absurd and unjustifiable war, he would have stood much higher in the opinion of posterity. True, he tendered his resignation to the King; but he allowed himself to be prevailed on to retract it. He acted, in short, at a momentous crisis in opposition to his riper judgment. He had better have kept his ground against a legion of barking and yelling place-hunters, with half England at their backs, than engage in a conflict which he knew to be hurried on by gross exaggeration and groundless fears. It was not long before he reaped the fruits of his inconsistency. All the miscarriages of the war were imputed to him; and he was harassed with incessant inquiries and motions relative to its prosecution. On the 11th of February 1740, Sandys, the chief motion-maker, announced his intention of bringing a formal accusation against the minister on a given day. It was on this occasion that Walpole committed himself in a quotation from Horace in a manner which was immediately pointed out by Pulteney. While expressing his readiness to attend the House and meet any charges his opponents might have to make, he laid his hand on his breast, and said with emotion,

"Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ."†

When his Latinity was disputed, he even wagered a guinea that he was right; but Hardinge, the Clerk of the House, a man of known learning, decided against him, and he paid the bet.

He was more successful in repelling the charges brought against his administration. None of them were distinct. When they descended to details, they were futile; when they pretended to be grave, they lost themselves in generalities. His supposed guilt was accumulative; his mortal sin was made up of venial offences; and though no one act of his government could be arraigned as criminal, it was an enormity when taken as a whole. Rumour, appearances, and "moral certainty" were put in the place of proofs. He had always striven to exalt the House of Bourbon, and had refused assistance to Austria. Taxes had multiplied under his rule, and the public debts had increased. The interests of Great Britain

* Burke, *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*.

† Epist. lib. i. 1.

had been betrayed by the treaty of Hanover; a standing army, needlessly large, had been maintained. The war with Spain had been lamentably conducted; the fleet was badly equipped and ill supplied. Of these grievances one man was the cause, and for these one man only was to be held responsible. It was that minister who made implicit submission to his will the indispensable condition of continuance in office. It was, in short, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, Knight of the Garter, First Commissioner, Chancellor, Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council. Lord Limerick seconded the motion that the King should be humbly requested to remove this statesman from his councils. Pulteney and Pitt supported the audacious proposition; Pitt, of whom Walpole is reported to have said, "We must at all events muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

The Premier in his reply proved himself more than a match for the most able and vehement of his adversaries. He rebutted all their accusations with admirable composure and dignity, not without bitter reproaches on the malevolent coalition of heterogeneous parties. They agreed in one thing only—hostility to himself.

"The Jacobites," he said, "distress the government they would subvert; the Tories contend for party prevalence and power; the Patriots, from discontent and disappointment, would change the ministry, that they themselves might exclusively succeed. They have laboured this point twenty years unsuccessfully; they are impatient of longer delay. They clamour for change of measures, but mean only change of ministers. . . . Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism; a venerable word when duly practised. But I am sorry to say, that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace: the very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, sir! Why, patriots spring up like mushrooms! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts."

The result of this memorable debate was favourable to the Premier. The motion for his removal was negatived by two hundred and ninety against one hundred and six, in the Lower House; and by one hundred and eight against fifty-nine, in the Upper. But Walpole was merely reprieved. A general election was at hand, and many from sheer love of change desired a new administration. Every art was employed to prevent the Government from obtaining a majority in the new parliament, and every report unfavourable to

Walpole was industriously circulated. He was denounced as the father of corruption, though it is certain that no ministry at that time could remain in office without practising it to a large extent. The support of the House was indispensable; and how could it be secured but by appealing to the interests of members whose debates were unpublished, who were no longer subservient to the crown, and who were not yet overawed by the people? A golden era was to succeed his downfall, and all parties were to rally round the throne in blissful concord. Wilmington and Newcastle, though in the cabinet, plotted against him, and the countenance of the sovereign cooled towards him. The Stuart aspirant to the throne sent, according to Etough, at least a hundred letters to his friends in 1741, engaging them to compass Walpole's overthrow by all possible methods. At the opening of parliament the prime minister showed signs of weakness; feebly defended his conduct of the war, and consented to all mention of it being omitted in the address. The tenacity with which he clung to office was the more unwise, because his health was enfeebled, his memory began to fail, and he transacted business less promptly than he had been wont. He degraded himself so far as to propose terms of accommodation to the Prince of Wales, and to offer him an increase of 50,000*l.* annually, on condition that he would not oppose the Government. This proposition the Prince rejected with scorn, and sent word to Sir Robert Walpole that he thought he would do much better to retire from office.

It was deplorable to see a statesman of great and unquestioned ability, who might have moved off the stage of public life with dignity, thus clinging to a tottering eminence, and exposing himself to cruel mortifications. At length the last conflict came. On the 21st of January 1742, Pulteney moved that the papers relating to the war should be referred to a secret committee. Every thing depended on this motion. It might lead to an impeachment; it maintained the necessity of a parliamentary inquiry. With all his might Walpole opposed it, and he astonished those who heard him with his energy and knowledge of foreign affairs. Members were brought to the House to vote from sick rooms; and the Prince of Wales, who was present to hear the debates, said to General Churchill, "So you bring in the lame, the halt, and the blind, I see!" "Yes," replied Churchill; "the lame on our side, and the blind on yours." The Government was "lame" indeed; for with all its influence it could obtain a majority of three votes only. To these a few would have been added, but for the astuteness of the Opposition. Lord Walpole, as auditor of the exchequer, had an apartment communicating with the House, where a few reserved voters locked

themselves in. Their wily foes, however, stuffed the keyhole of the door with sand and dirt, and the division was over before the key could be made to work. A few days after, a question on the Chippenham election was carried against the minister by two hundred and forty-one votes against two hundred and twenty-five. Friends were fast deserting, supporters absented themselves; there was no longer any choice. On the 9th of February Sir Robert was created Earl of Orford, and on the 11th he resigned.

There were some circumstances which mitigated the severity of his defeat. Though the King had often been ill-tempered, he was deeply sensible of Walpole's admirable talents for business, and he stood by him to the last. When the Premier took leave of his royal master, and knelt to kiss his hand, George II. burst into tears, and raising his faithful counsellor from the ground, expressed to him the warmest gratitude for his long services. His last levee as prime minister was numerously attended; for many who were hostile to his administration could afford to pay him respect when once they knew that he was about to vacate his lofty seat. He hoped by retiring to be able to save himself from a public prosecution; and with this view he influenced Pulteney in the formation of a new ministry. Unfortunately, however, some of the leaders of the Opposition were admitted into it, and they soon reduced their new allies to the rank of subordinate agents. Carteret, in short, whom Walpole had years before driven from the King's council-board, became once more secretary of state and prime minister. He had been a favourite with George I., partly through the facility with which he spoke the King's native language; and he now stood high in the favour of the Prince of Wales, and also gained the confidence of George II. In the House of Lords he was considered the most skilful debater, and his declamation was full of life and point. Unlike Walpole, he had a mind richly stored with learning. He was conversant with the classics, and could discuss with Bentley the force of Greek particles and the laws of acatalectic tetrameters. The languages of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden were all familiar to him, and he constantly acted as interpreter in the Privy Council. He had a special turn for knowledge remote from beaten paths, and often astonished the learned by his acquaintance with intricate questions of canonical law and scholastic divinity. He was deeply versed in the histories of Germany and Sweden, and could discourse by the hour on the two branches of the House of Hapsburg and the marches and counter-marches of Gustavus Adolphus.

But this bookworm was winged like a dragon-fly. He was swift and bold in his actions, and gifted with such high spirits, that

no reverses saddened him. He was proof against the petty annoyances of public business and the carking care of private life, that so often embitters the most brilliant success. He had seen much of the world, had confidence in himself, ranted with effect, quaffed champagne freely, and, at the head of the "Drunken Administration," met his opponents with what Macaulay calls "a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness." Before he was Secretary of State for the first time, King George had sent him to Aland to break up the congress there, and he had cultivated the friendship of the astute minister Cardinal Dubois. He soon learned the art of dividing a cabinet, accompanied the King to Hanover, and afterwards superseded the Duke of Grafton as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He fomented the discontents in that country, which it was his duty to appease, and dexterously imputed them to Walpole. He promoted the introduction of Wood's halfpence, and at the same time he issued a proclamation against Dean Swift's *Draper's Letters*, which pandered to the erroneous views of the excited Irish. He offered 300*l.* reward for the name of the author, and caused Harding, the printer, to be apprehended and brought to trial. The grand jury, however, threw out the bill, and Carteret himself was at last obliged to announce that Wood's patent had been surrendered by the Government. It was he who moved the inquiry into the murder of Captain Porteous, of which I have spoken; for though he was violently opposed to Walpole and his rule, yet he thought rightly, that the indignity offered at Edinburgh to the established government ought not to go unpunished. During the quarrel between George II. and his son, he visited the Prince daily together with Chesterfield, and they were called into his closet as regularly as the ministers entered that of the King.

Such was the man whom Walpole saw rise into his place, and under whose auspices, with those of Pulteney, a motion was carried for an inquiry by secret committee into the conduct of the late Premier during the last ten years of his administration. One of the fiercest of those who denounced him was Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, who had very recently endeavoured to come to an understanding with him, and unite with him in forming a ministry on a Whig basis. The secret tribunal was set up. It was cruel and hateful, as nearly all secret tribunals are; but though most of its members were hostile to the accused, they could make out no case against him. They therefore moved for an infamous "bill of indemnity," by which persons were encouraged to bear false witness against Walpole. They were promised indemnity for all offences they might disclose and all losses they might sustain by their disclosures. The ex-minister was,

in truth, held up as a public felon, and the House of Commons, by passing this iniquitous measure, converted itself into "a tribunal of blood."* Happily for the honour of England, the Lord Chancellor spoke against it, and the Lords flung it back into the darkness whence it sprang. Long may their House stand on unshaken foundations! It is our twofold bulwark; it has often saved us, and it may often save us again, either from overstretched prerogatives of the crown or from the violence of democratic frenzy.

The report of the secret committee, upon which the motion for the bill of indemnity was based, has been minutely analysed, and the futility of its charges has been thoroughly exposed. None of the fraudulent contracts, none of the speculation, none of the profuse expenditure of secret-service money imputed to the ex-minister was ever proved; and though, while in office, he provided lucrative places for his family, though he lived in princely style, and made a collection of pictures which cost 40,000*l.*, and sold for nearly double that sum, it has never appeared that he possessed himself of these advantages by dishonourable means.

"Above the thirst of gold; if in his heart
Ambition governed, avarice had no part."†

The King was satisfied of his integrity, and continued to consult him from time to time; Ranby, his surgeon, Colonel Selwyn, Lord Cholmondeley, and the Duke of Devonshire were all employed by turns as intermediaries between them; and the King always returned Lord Orford's letters, lest any political secret should be disclosed by them after his decease. Another person employed on these delicate services was the King's page of the back-stairs. He used to meet the Earl in Golden Square, at the house of Mr. Fowle, commissioner of the Excise, who had married Orford's niece. It was sometimes as late as midnight when a mysterious little man arrived in a sedan-chair, which was brought into the hall. Lord Orford was already in the house; the servants had been sent out of the way on various pretexts, and the young ladies, supposed to be safe in their rooms, were of course watching at the head of the stairs, while their father himself opened the door for the confidential page, who was not unused to this mode of visiting.

It was by such means that Lord Orford influenced the King to promote Pelham instead of Carteret to the office of First Lord of the Treasury. That post had been held by Lord Wilmington since Orford had resigned, though Cartaret, who was Secretary of State,

* Archdeacon Coxe, vol. i. p. 713; Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. i. p. 296.

† Sir Ch. Williams, *Epistle to H. Fox*.

is spoken of by historians, such as Russell* and Macaulay,† as "prime minister," "chief minister," and even "sole minister." In the same way Pitt was declared prime minister in 1766, though he was not made first Lord of the Treasury. It was with great satisfaction that Lord Orford saw Henry Pelham, who had always been his friend, rise to that eminence which he himself had so ably occupied, and supplant that Carteret whom he had good reason to detest. Several of Orford's friends now returned to power, among whom were Henry Fox and Lord Cholmondeley, the ex-minister's son-in-law, who was appointed Privy Seal. In the House of Lords Orford displayed some of his youthful ardour when, in a speech as effective as it was energetic, he exposed the dangers of a new invasion which threatened England, and was devised in Paris between the French Government and Prince Charles Edward. The pain of a nephritic malady, which he bore with remarkable fortitude, did not prevent him from journeying to London to give the King advice, at his majesty's request. He found little consolation in literature during his retirement from public life. Quiet to him was almost extinction; and Mr. Ellis on one occasion saw him take down two or three books from his library-shelves, and then throw the last of them on the table, exclaiming with tears: "It is all in vain; I cannot read!" His son Horace was twenty-two years old when his father retired from office, and offered one day to read to Lord Orford. "What will you read, child?" asked the Earl. "Some history, father," replied Horace, "if that would amuse you." "O, read me not history," rejoined Orford, "for that I know to be false!"

As far as Edmund Malone‡ could learn from Horace Walpole, the Earl never read any book in his seclusion except the works of Thomas Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates;" and these caused his death. Following Sydenham's recommendations for dissolving the stone, he doctored himself with medicine of so inflammatory a nature, that nothing but large doses of opium, often repeated, could allay his pain and prolong his existence for six weeks. His journey to London, also, had aggravated his sufferings; and when he arrived there it was too late to counsel the King. Carteret, then Lord Granville, had been compelled to resign; and the Pelhams, coalescing with the Tories and Opposition Whigs, who were the Prince's friends, formed the ministry generally known by the name of the Broad Bottom.

* Modern History, vol. v. p. 106.

† Essays, vol. i. pp. 282, 283, 296.

‡ Sir James Prior, *Life of E. Malone*.

In his last illness Lord Orford was attended by the surgeon to the king's household. This gentleman has left a pleasing account of the manner in which the great statesman met his end. He appears to have exhibited the highest degree of firmness and presence of mind; a circumstance which, in the language of Mr. Ranby, "reflected renown on his name equal to that which consecrates the memory of the remarkable sages of antiquity." The age of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield was one, alas, in which the examples of Cato, Cicero, and Seneca were more studied and admired than the lives and precepts of St. Peter and St. Paul. Lord Orford died on the 18th of March 1745. He was in his sixty-ninth year; and his body was interred in the parish-church of Houghton, without any monument or inscription, in accordance probably with the well-known dictum of Pericles:

Ἄνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πῦσα γῇ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἔγγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἐκδότῳ, τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδιατᾶται.*

I have said so much incidentally of Walpole's abilities and merits, that I shall be in danger of repetition when adding a few words more on the same fertile theme. We owe him a debt of gratitude for the undoubted services which he rendered to his country—for staving off foreign wars, securing tranquillity at home, and preserving the just balance of the constitution. Through his wisdom, public credit was saved, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce advanced, and the way was prepared for that political and religious liberty under which the Catholic Church in these dominions now so happily and peacefully spreads her branches and deepens her roots. If he sometimes adhered too rigidly to his favourite maxim,—*quieta non movere*,—it must at all events be admitted that he erred on the safer side. He won at last the praises of his adversaries; and Pitt, who was one of the most vehement, was not ashamed to extol him in the House of Commons after his death. He found, it is said, the book of rates the worst, and left it the best, in Europe; and Dean Tucker, in his work against Locke, calls him "the best commercial minister this country ever produced." The testimony of Burke I have quoted already; but I will add one sentence from that gifted writer:

"Without being a genius of the first class," he says, "he was an intelligent, prudent, and safe minister. He loved peace, and he helped to communicate the same disposition to nations at least as warlike and restless as that in which he had the chief direction of affairs."

* Thucyd. *Hist.* ii. § 43.

In private life he was adored, having that most enviable faculty of attaching men to his person which so few possess. To a handsome face and fine figure he added a frank and fascinating address, a generous hand, and feelings truly humane. His laughter was irresistible; for, as Sir Charles Williams said, "he laughed the heart's laugh." "Sir Robert," said his generous rival Pulteney, when conversing with Dr. Johnson, "was of a temper so calm and equal, and so hard to be provoked, that I am sure he never felt the bitterest invectives against him for half an hour."

All this was highly to his honour; yet we cannot think of him without regret. We can feel for him little more than cold respect. There was nothing in his character to call forth enthusiastic admiration. We can scarcely pardon his neglect of literary and scientific men, but remember with pain that Dr. Young was almost the only distinguished author whom he publicly rewarded. A herd of scurrilous gazetteers—ridiculed by Pope in the *Dunciad*—were ready to do him service; but Prior, Steele, and Addison found little grace in his eyes, because they were not men of business. In Walpole we look in vain for invincible virtue, ardent philanthropy, self-sacrifice, heavenly aspirations. He was of the earth, earthly; he could not enjoy solitude; and the principal charm he found in the oaks, beeches, and chestnuts of his parks and manor consisted in this, that they were not flatterers.* The praise which he really deserved posterity has given him: sagacious at the council-board; weighty, forcible, and even eloquent in the Senate; magnificent and jovial in his spring and autumn "congresses" at Houghton; loaded with lucrative distinctions; starred and gartered above his fellows; during long years bending kings and parliaments to his will by fair means and by foul, by arguments and by bribes,—exerting great power on the whole for social good,—we recognise in him a pattern of statecraft, and the model of an English prime minister in an irreligious age, under sovereigns who were neither very good nor very bad, very wise nor very foolish, and over a people ill-educated, yet steadily advancing, and needing often to be humoured in order to be governed.

* Letter to General Churchill, June 1743.

Good Friday at Jerusalem.

It is the evening of Holy Thursday. The last wail of the *Tenebre* has died out of the aisles of the solemn church of the Holy Sepulchre. A temporary altar had been erected in the morning opposite the sacred shrine where our dear Lord was laid, and upwards of a thousand pilgrims had received the Bread of Life from the hands of the venerable Patriarch. But now this altar has been removed, and one by one the worshippers had departed, save those of the Franciscan monks who had been appointed to watch throughout the night by the Blessed Sacrament, and whom the Turks had consequently locked into the building.

In the church of St. Salvatore all is profoundly dark, save in the chapel on the left, where the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the Sepulchre until the terrible day be over which witnessed the death-agony of the Son of God. That side-chapel is decorated on all sides with beautiful plants and flowers, and illuminated with a multitude of tapers. There two figures are kneeling motionless and absorbed in prayer. One by one the Franciscan monks, wearied with their long fast and the terrible penances of the night before, have disappeared through the side-door which leads into their dormitory. Still the two watchers kneel on. They are women. The one still young, dressed in deep widow's-mourning; the other older, and bearing on her face traces of still deeper suffering, yet with an expression of peace which spoke of that suffering having been accepted for the love of Him who sent it. Six years ago this lady, the Marquise de —, of noble and even royal blood, had come, like her young English companion, as a stranger and pilgrim to Jerusalem, and there felt the irresistible attraction which, in spite of its mournfulness and desolation, binds every heart to the Holy City. She found likewise that there was a great work for any woman to do who was willing to devote herself to such a life—the work of a St. Paula, to assist in receiving and looking after the female pilgrims who, at Christmas and Easter tides, flock by hundreds to the Casa Nuova; to have the care of the altars of the different churches and chapels, of the linen and vestments, decorations, &c. And so she has stayed on, doing the work of a deaconess, invaluable to the Franciscan Fathers, who marvel now how they got on before without

her, and leading a life of austere penance and devotion in the Third Order of St. Francis. She has devoted the whole of her fortune to buying up the Holy Places whenever an opportunity offers, and rescuing them from desecration at the hands of the Turks; and has thus reduced herself to the state of holy poverty which St. Francis loved so well. At Emmaus she has bought the house of Cleophas, and erected a chapel and hospice on the very spot where our Blessed Lord "was made known to them in the breaking of bread." Again, the house of Mary and Martha at Bethany and the grave of Lazarus, the scene of the miracle at Cana in Galilee, and other sacred spots, she, one by one, has redeemed from Turkish rapacity and converted into sanctuaries, to which special Indulgences are attached. It is a blessed work, little known to the outside world, and still less thought of by her whose deep humility veils every action in the sense of her own unworthiness.

But to return to our tale. This loving watcher by our Lord's Body at last rose, and touching her companion, said softly: "My child, you must come and rest: remember to-morrow morning." The two women left the church reluctantly, and threaded their way up the steep and narrow street to the Casa Nuova, where, bowing their heads to the "God be with you!" of the Spanish monk who let them through the heavy nailed door, they walked swiftly up the stairs and through the long corridor to the two cells set apart for their use, the largest and most comfortable of which had been given up by the elder lady to the younger, in spite of her remonstrances. "I am at home here," she replied, "and you are not used to our hard life;" and by this act of true Christian charity she enabled the English traveller to remain in the convent when the great influx of pilgrims from the French caravan had compelled the Custode dei Santi Luoghi to tell her she must seek a lodging elsewhere.

Five hours later, the same women, closely veiled and carrying a lantern, were toiling painfully down the rugged and slippery street which leads through the bazaars to the other side of the city. From time to time the Marquise stopped and looked anxiously round, as if dreading attack or pursuit.

"What do you fear, dear lady?" asked her companion; "surely none will hurt us at this hour."

"I am afraid for you, my child," was the reply. "No woman is safe in this country without a *cavass*, especially at night; and I think I ought to have asked Padre Luigi to escort us; but he was so weary."

"With my cross of St. Benedict I have no fears," answered the young lady, smiling; and, so speaking, they arrived at the foot of

the street which leads up the hill, past the arch of the "Ecce Homo," to the House of Pilate and the Church of the Flagellation.

Suddenly a Turkish patrol burst out of an adjoining guard-house, and one of them with an exclamation, "By Allah, a fair Christian!" approached rudely the younger lady. She sprang on one side; and an officer appearing at the same instant, the half-drunken soldier relaxed his hold, and contented himself with giving her a sharp blow on the cheek as he left her. The whole affair occupied but a minute; but the elder lady could not recover from her terror and horror at the insult.

"To think that I should, by my want of precaution, have exposed you to this!" she exclaimed.

"You forget, dear friend, the place, the day, and the hour," replied the other. "Surely it is an honour to be allowed to suffer some little shame and pain while on the way to do Him reverence."

The Marquise pressed her hand by way of reply, and the two proceeded with still swifter steps under the arch, passed the gate of the Convent of the Père Ratisbon, where the Filles de Sion have established their admirable orphanage, and so on to the postern-gate in the wall which admitted them to the courtyard of the Church of the Flagellation.

"His Royal Highness is not yet arrived," said the lay brother as he unbarred the door; "but he will not long tarry: it is just four o'clock."

So saying, he ushered in the ladies to the cloister and then into the church, where the only light was thrown on the column of the Flagellation, that terrible monument of man's impiety and the long-suffering of God. In a few moments the door again opened, and admitted a man still young, of noble and aristocratic bearing, followed by two ecclesiastics and two other gentlemen, who advanced in front of the column, and pushing aside the cushion placed for him, knelt on the ground in long and fervent adoration. An exile from his country and his kingdom, this royal pilgrim had come, in earnest faith and deep humility, to visit the scenes of his Saviour's sufferings and death. Bareheaded he had walked from the city-gates, on his first arrival, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, discarding all pomp and retinue, and compelling the Pasha, who had come out to meet him with due honours, to walk bareheaded likewise by his side, behind the symbol of man's redemption. And in the same spirit he had chosen this early hour to follow unnoticed, and almost alone, the footsteps of the Lord he loved so well, in that awful Via Dolorosa which witnessed the most touching portion of His Passion.

The solemn service began. Commencing with the Prætorium of

Pilate, where the terrible sentence was pronounced, the little band of worshippers followed the sacred and sorrowful path down the steep hill, kneeling at the different stations, heedless of the mud; while the low chant of the "Stabat Mater" echoed through the deserted streets. The day was just breaking when they arrived at the House of Mary, from whence the Mother of Sorrows hurried forth to meet her Divine Son. Those who know the spot, and are familiar with the wonderful "Good-Friday" picture of De la Roche, will marvel at the accuracy with which the painter has, perhaps unconsciously, depicted the room and the window from which our Lady first beheld that mournful procession which must have wrung her heart with anguish unspeakable.

At the House (so called) of Veronica a little interruption occurred from a file of camels passing along the narrow and ill-paved street; but their drivers with skill and care made them avoid the kneeling figures. With all their bigotry and hatred of the Christian faith, the Turks have an instinctive reverence for every outward expression of devotion. Fearless, and without false shame themselves in all matters regarding their faith, no sooner does the cry from the minaret announce the hour of prayer than they will break off whatever occupation or conversation they may be engaged in, and, spreading their carpet, instantly kneel and repeat the form which their religion prescribes. Which of us has the like courage when the Angelus bell summons us, in the company of others, to dwell for a few moments on the mystery of the Incarnation?

At the Seventh Station, the bazaar has been built across the Via Dolorosa, which compels the pilgrims to make a detour through the remains of what was once the Hospice of the Knights Templars, in order to arrive at the station where our Blessed Lord addressed the daughters of Jerusalem, "who mourned and bewailed Him." It is a blessed and comforting thought to women, wearied with the struggle and strife and misunderstandings of this hard world, that to them alone was granted the unspeakable privilege of ministering to His sacred humanity, that He never rejected their love or their sympathy. They were last at the Cross, first at the Sepulchre, and it was to a woman that our Master first showed Himself after His Resurrection. Therefore let them take heart, going forth, like Mary, to meet Him with His Cross, ministering to the suffering members of His sacred body, and keeping ever near to His sacred feet; and so will their love and fidelity meet with its reward, and they will be reckoned among those "whose names are written in the Book of Life."

At last the gates of the Holy Sepulchre are reached, that won-

derful church which encloses in its wide area the scenes of the last five stations. But here an unexpected obstacle presented itself. In spite of all the blood and treasure wasted in the Crimean war (a war which was the climax of a rupture founded on a dispute on the subject of the Holy Places), the Turks still retain unmolested possession of that building so sacred to the heart of every Christian, and with petty tyranny continually refuse to open it at the hours desired by the pilgrims. On this occasion even the presence of the royal duke did not induce them to open the door a moment sooner than had been fixed by the pasha; and for more than an hour the little group stood or knelt on the steps leading to the side-chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At last the doors are thrown open, and the little procession, passing by the Stone of Uncion, and up the steps leading to the Chapel of Calvary, come to the spot where, stripped of His garments, our Divine Lord was nailed to His Cross. The exact place is pointed out, and is on the right of that terrible hole where the Cross was sunk when lifted up, whereby He that hung thereon "might draw all men unto Himself." Here also, during that exquisite time of torture, His Blessed Mother stood; and the voices of the kneelers are choked with emotion as the words "*Sancta Mater, istud agas,*" &c. echo through the sacred building. To the left now they turn, to the very spot where the tremendous sacrifice was consummated, and where the riven rock still remains as a standing witness of that awful mystery. Thence, passing again down the steps, it was with a sense of relief from a pain and tension too great to be borne that the pilgrims came to the beautiful low shrine where, the anguish and torture of the three-hours' agony being over, the earthly remains of our dear Lord were laid. Crossing the outer chapel, where still remains the stone on which the angel sat when he appeared to the women after the Resurrection, and bowing under the long low arch which leads into the inner shrine, they knelt one by one in the tiny sanctuary where the open sepulchre seems to speak once more of hope and joy, and to reëcho the words, "He is not here: He is risen. Behold the place where the Lord lay."

The Via Crucis is over. It is seven o'clock, and the impressive and beautiful office of the day has begun. The Chapel of Calvary is crowded almost to suffocation with kneeling figures in deep mourning. Every thing is hung with black. The Lessons and the Passion are over, and the venerable Patriarch, rising, begins to uncover the Crucifix, while the monks intone the *Ecce, lignum Crucis!* Then commences that portion of the office which none can ever forget who have witnessed it at Rome; how much less at Jerusalem, in the very spot which witnessed the actual

throes and death-agony of the Man-God, and the woes of His Blessed Mother! One by one the worshippers rise and prostrate themselves in adoration three times, kissing the feet of their Lord, while the wail of the Reproaches rises and falls and reverberates through the sacred shrine. The *Crux fidelis* and *Pange lingua* are taken up by the choir, and then, the mournful ceremony over, the candles on the altar are lighted, illuminating the many upturned and weeping faces, and the priests go in procession to the chapel below to bring back the Blessed Sacrament, which has been deposited in the Holy Sepulchre the preceding day; while the glorious hymn *Vexilla Regis* is sung by the whole congregation. Our English traveller, absorbed in the emotions of the place and of the hour, had remained motionless after the adoration, until the beginning of Vespers, when she turned to look at her companion, whose fragile and attenuated form still knelt beside her, while her face seemed lighted up with an unearthly glow, redeeming features which had no great natural beauty, and making one think of the old German pictures of saints. And now the anthem *Consummatum est* is over, and the *Miserere* is taken up by both priest and people; and then again the lights are extinguished, and the altar is stripped as before, and all is desolate. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of this office on this spot, or the sense of utter desolation which falls upon the soul when all is over. It is an approach to Mary's sorrow, and a shadow of it; but to one who has not felt it, it cannot be explained. We have read of the Crucifixion all our lives, and have tried in our various degrees to realise it; but here we *see* it, as it were, with our bodily eyes, which help out our weak faith, and our devotion to the dolours of our Mother heightens and deepens our devotion to the Passion of her Son.

It was with a feeling of utter faintness and exhaustion that the two ladies whose steps we have followed turned at last out of the sacred building, and bent their steps homewards. It was only ten o'clock in the morning, but many days seemed to have been crowded into the preceding seven hours.

At the turn leading into the principal bazaar the English lady stopped: "Dear friend, I must go; my friends will be waiting for me; I will meet you in the evening." So saying, she left the Marquise, and passed rapidly through the bazaar, where beads and rosaries and mother-of-pearl crucifixes are the principal articles of commerce, stopping at last at a little hotel lately opened, and looking on what is called "Hezekiah's pool." The English were swarming out of this inn, on their way to the solitary English service given in Holy Week by Bishop Gobat and his staff at the Protestant church lately erected near the Gate of David. Nowhere

is the unhappy position of the Anglican Establishment so painfully exhibited as at Jerusalem. It is confounded with every kind of German Protestantism. Every other Church—Latin, Greek, Armenian and Copt, Syrian and Maronite—has its altar and its shrine within the area of the Holy Sepulchre. The Protestants alone have no part or parcel in the sacred inheritance, and have no share in the spots where our dear Lord suffered and died and was buried. How any one belonging to the High-Church party can go to Jerusalem and share in its solemn services, and come away unconverted, surpasses comprehension. The ordinary Protestant takes refuge in a comfortable kind of scepticism as regards every spot and every tradition held by the Church; and their position is, at any rate, more intelligible. But one of the most eminent of their body has lately, in a scientific investigation, satisfied himself of the accuracy of the hill of Calvary, by the discovery of a gateway near the stables of the Knights Templars, lately excavated, and which was mentioned by early Jewish historians as at a certain distance from the spot where the instruments of crucifixion were thrown; and this measurement tallies to a foot with the subterranean chapel under that of St. Helena, believed by the Church to be the exact spot where the relics of the true Cross were found!

In the afternoon of that day the same black figure was seen passing through the bazaar, where the Turkish venders were squatted on their boards, under the shade of their bright-coloured awnings, consoling themselves, as usual, with their long pipes for the apparent absence of all customers. The heat is very great; but the English-woman, with a basket on her arm, does not appear to feel it, and, turning to the left, disappeared in a tortuous street, and up a long and dirty staircase to a low door, which she pushed open gently, and entered what appeared to be a rude workshop. Carvers' tools, fragments of mother-of-pearl, and of the peculiar stone found in the Jordan, were scattered about, with strings of beads, half-polished and half-strung, and Bethlehem shells rudely sculptured, with half-finished sketches of the Nativity and other sacred subjects. In a corner of this room, by a window, was a rough pallet, and on it lay the figure of a boy of fifteen or sixteen, evidently in the last stage of disease.

"Ah, madre mia!" he exclaimed, as the large eyes turned to the door, and glistened with pleasure at the sight of the English lady; "how good of you to come! I did not expect you to-day; and the time has seemed so long, so long, and I have suffered so much."

"My poor boy," replied the lady, gently taking his hand and

parting the hair from his brow, which seemed contracted by pain, "I fear the pain has indeed been bad, but it is easier to bear to-day, is it not? *To-day*, when such untold agony was borne for us by our dear Lord,—to-day the cup of suffering should be less bitter. See," she added cheerfully, "I have brought you some oranges and some flowers, which the good old lay brother at Gethsemane gave me yesterday evening. These are his first roses; and look at the hyacinths, and the irises, and the jasamin—that favourite flower of mine, which means, as you know, in the Indian language, 'I love you with all my heart.' We will arrange them in these two little vases I have brought for you, and put them on either side of your picture of the Sacred Heart, so that you may see them from your bed."

So saying, she fetched some water, and began arranging the flowers, while the poor boy eagerly watched her every movement, murmuring to himself: "No one does them like her." When she had finished, he said to her softly:

"Talk to me a little bit; I want something to remember and to help me to bear the pain when you are gone. The last time you spoke of suffering being, not punishment, but only a sign of love; and I have thought of it over and over again, and tried so hard not to murmur any more."

"The flowers must talk to you, dear child," was her reply, as she knelt by the bed, and took his thin and wasted hand in hers. "Do you not think it is so strange that Gethsemane should produce such lovely flowers?—that spot where it would seem as if the sweat of agony should have cursed the very ground on which it fell. Yet is it not to teach us that it is out of anguish that comes forth sweetness? just as the bay-leaves must be crushed and bruised to give forth their pleasant smell."

She had spoken so far when the door again opened, and admitted the venerable figure of an old Franciscan monk. An expression of child-like purity and singular holiness lit up the old man's features, and justified the appellation of "*Il vero Santo*," given to the "*Ex-Custode dei Santi Luoghi*" by all the poor dwellers in Jerusalem.

"God's blessing be with you, my poor Georgio!" he said softly; and then addressing the lady, who rose and reverently kissed his hand, added: "Ah, my child, I thought I should find you here. The Marquise is waiting for you below: but stay, what have you eaten to-day?"

The lady coloured and looked down without speaking.

"This must not be," continued the old monk decidedly; "wait here a moment till I return."

He disappeared, and in a few moments came back with a little tray containing that universal refreshment found in the poorest of Eastern houses, a cup of Turkish coffee.

"You do not know what the fatigue and excitement of to-night's service are, my child," said the old priest tenderly; "no woman's strength could hold out without something."

The lady drank the coffee in silent obedience, and pressing the hand of the sick boy, while she knelt to receive the father's blessing, passed swiftly down the stairs to her friend.

They reënter the church, and passing by the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, take their place in the Chapel of the Flagellation. Every Friday and Sunday a procession is formed in that chapel, the pilgrims bearing lighted tapers stamped with the pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and, singing a processional hymn peculiar to the Holy Land, visit each altar erected in commemoration of the Passion, reciting the Gospel and prayers applicable to each station. A portion of the column of Flagellation is exposed in the first chapel on the left of the altar, where the office begins; and so they move on to the dungeon, and to the place where they parted His vestments, down to the subterranean chapel or crypt where the rugged rocks remain as when first excavated, and where the sacred Cross was found; returning again to the Chapel of St. Helena above, with its venerable pillars and beautiful basket-work capitals, so admirably rendered in Roberts's famous drawing; then passing to the scene of the clothing in the purple robe and terrible crown of thorns, and so ascending to the Mount of Calvary, to which portion of the service a plenary indulgence is attached, while at the words "*Hic expiravit*" the pilgrims prostrate themselves at the foot of the Cross; then again descending to the "stone of unction," where the sacred Body was washed; thence to the sepulchre where it was laid, on to the place in the garden where He appeared to Mary Magdalen after the resurrection, and so back again to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the office concludes with the touching Litany of Loreto.

It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join with unwonted fervour; and on this special day it was crowded to excess. When it was over, the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts:

"Jesu ! dulce refugium,
Spes una Te quærentium,
Per Magdalenæ meritum
Peccati solve debitum."

To those who are sorrowful and desponding at the sense of their

own unworthiness and continual shortcomings, there is a peculiar attraction and help in the thoughts of this saint, apart from all the rest. The perfections of the Blessed Virgin dazzle us by their very brightness, and make us, as it were, despair of following her example. But in the Magdalen we have the picture of one who, like us, was tempted and sinned and fell, and yet, by the mercy of God and the force of the mighty love He put into her heart, was forgiven and accepted for the sake of that very love He had infused.

Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre; a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by a private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is soon wrapped in profound darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully and slowly drawn out, he held it up, exclaiming, "Ecce, dulces clavos!" and exposing it to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens's famous picture of the "Deposition," into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross. As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan Fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the Patriarch, who kneeling received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, "*Acceperunt Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu; et ligaverunt illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire.*" The

crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings, and enable them more perfectly to realise the mystery of that terrible Passion which He bore for our sakes in His own Body on the tree.

And with this touching ceremony the day is over; the crowd of pilgrims disperses, to meet on the morrow in the same spot for the more consoling offices of Easter-eve.

From Stokys' Proverbium.

(Versified.)

SEE much, say little, learn to bear in tyme :

Empryntt these precepts on thy memorye ;
 Like as the moon doth change afore the pryme,
 So fares this world replete with vanitie ;
 For language lewd ofte causeth misery.
 Wherefore the wise man sayth to old and yonge,
 The first chief vertue is to keep one's tongue.

O, would to God these false tongue-weapons all,
 Moving and hissing like the curling asp,
 Whose dayly venom's bitterer than gall,
 Were bounden each, and closed with a clasp,
 Till truth and temperance hist them to unhaspe !
 For leasing, calumny, and evil word
 Have slain more men than Alexander's sword.

A little meddling bringeth much unrest ;
 Praise to the over-busy none will pay.
 Pray where thou art in doubt, and deem the best ;
 Deal not with wiles, for they will thee betray ;
 On reckless wrath waits suffering many a day.
 Wherefore thyselfe an' thou wouldst keep from cryme,
 See much, say little, learn to bear in tyme.

Sealskins and Copperskins.

PART I.

So much English treasure, and, more than that, so many valuable English lives, have been squandered on the search for the North-west Passage, that the dreary and frostbitten regions which form the extreme north of the continent of America have become objects of great and lasting interest to many of us. Of late years also the immense territories of the British Crown in that part of the world have assumed a new importance by the erection of the colony of British Columbia, which, if it could emerge from the difficulties imposed on it by its want of communication, and consequent unattractiveness to emigrants, might soon become the home of a teeming and prosperous population. Under these circumstances, we need hardly apologise to our readers for carrying them once more among the natives of the extreme north of the American continent; and in order to do so we shall make use of the narratives recently published of two expeditions to these regions. We have grouped them together on account of the geographical affinity and the similarity in the social state of the races which they severally describe; though in the mode of treating their subject, and the point of view from which they approach it, the writers of them exhibit quite as much difference as we might expect to find between the productions of an American explorer and a French missionary.*

Captain Hall, unconvinced by the evidence published by Captain M'Clintock in 1859, undertook his expedition in search of the surviving members of Sir John Franklin's crew (if such there were); or in the hope of clearing up all doubt about the history of their end, in the event of their having perished. He was baffled in his attempt to reach the region in which he hoped to find traces of the objects of his search, by the wreck of the boat which he had constructed for the enterprise; and his ship being beset with ice in a winter which

* *Life with the Esquimaux.* A Narrative of Arctic experience in search of the Survivors of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. By Captain Charles Francis Hall, of the whaling-barque George Henry. London: Sampson Low and Son. 1865.

Dix-Huit Ans Chez Les Sauvages. Voyages et Missions de Mgr. Henry Faraud dans l'extrême Nord de l'Amérique Britannique. Paris: Régis Ruffet et Cie. 1866.

set in earlier than usual, he spent more than two years—the interval between May 1860 and September 1862—among the Esquimaux on the western coast of Davis's Strait, in order to acquire their language and familiarise himself with their habits and mode of life. He is at present once more in the Arctic regions, having returned thither in order to prosecute his enterprise. He is now accompanied by two intelligent Esquimaux, whom he took back with him to America; and who, having now learnt English, will serve him as interpreters as well as a means of introduction to the various settlements of Esquimaux whom he may have occasion to visit in his travels. The results of his present expedition will probably be more interesting than those of his first. If we test the success of his first voyage by the discoveries to which it led, these were confined to correcting the charts of a portion of the western coast of Davis's Strait, and to proving that the waters hitherto laid down as "Frobisher's Strait" are in fact not a strait, but a bay. As a voyage of discovery, its importance falls far short of that undertaken for the same object in 1857 by Captain M'Clintock. Captain Hall, however, was enabled, by comparing the various traditions among the Esquimaux, to arrive at the spot where Frobisher, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, attempted to found a settlement on "Kodlunarn" [*i. e.* "White man's"] Island (the Countess Warwick's Island of English maps), where he found coal, brick, iron implements, timber, and buildings still remaining. This success in tracing out, by means of information supplied by the natives, the relics of an expedition undertaken more than three centuries ago, makes him confident of obtaining a like success in unravelling the mystery in which the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions is still wrapped, by a similar residence among the Esquimaux of Boothia and King William's Island, which were the last known points in their wanderings. This is the region he is now attempting to reach for the second time. But the real value of his present volume is the accurate and faithful record it gives of the author's impressions, received from day to day during a residence within the Arctic Zone, and the details it gives of the habits and character of the Esquimaux.

The origin of this people is, we believe, unknown. Another Arctic traveller has suggested that they are "the missing link between a Saxon and a seal." They are rapidly decreasing in numbers; yet, if measured by the territory which they inhabit, they form one of the most widely-spread races on the face of the earth. Mr. Max Müller might help us to arrive at the ethnological family to which they belong, were he to study the specimens of their language with which Captain Hall supplies us. Judging from the physi-

ognoy of two of them, whom the author has photographed for his frontispiece, we should say that they certainly do not belong, as M. Bérard and, we believe, Baron Humboldt have supposed, to those Mongol races, which, under the names of "Laps" and "Finns," inhabit the same latitudes of the European continent. They seem rather to approach the type of some of the tribes of the North-American Indians; and the resemblance of their habits of life and traditions points to the same conclusion. They are small of stature, five feet two inches being rather a high standard for the men, but of great strength and activity, and they have a marvellous power of enduring fatigue, cold, and hunger.

The name "Esquimaux," by which we designate them, is a French form of an Indian word, *Aish-ke-um-oog* (pronounced *Es-ke-moag*)—meaning in the Cree language, "He eats raw flesh;" and in fact they are the only race of North-American savages who live habitually and entirely on raw flesh. In their own language they are called *Innuït*—i. e. *the people par excellence*. Formerly they had chiefs, and a sort of feudal system among them; but this has disappeared, and they have now no political organisation whatever, and no authority among them, except that of the husband over his wives and children.

Their theology—so far as we can arrive at it—teaches that there is one Supreme Being, whom they call "Anguta," who created the material universe; and a secondary divinity (the daughter of Anguta), called "Sidne," through whose agency he created all living things, animal and vegetable. The Innuits believe in a heaven and a hell, and the eternity of future rewards and punishments. Success and happiness, and benevolence shown to others, they consider the surest marks of predestination to eternal happiness in the next world; and they hold it to be as certain that whoever is killed by accident or commits suicide goes straight to heaven, as that the crime of murder will in all cases be punished eternally in hell. They seem hardly to secure the attribute of omnipotence to their "Supreme Being;" for, in their account of the creation of the world, they affirm that his first attempt to create a man was a decided failure—that is to say, he produced a *white* man. A second attempt, however, was crowned with entire success, in the production of an Esquimaux or Innuït—the faultless prototype of the human race. A tradition of a deluge, or "extraordinary high tide," which covered the whole earth, exists among the Esquimaux; and they have certain customs which they observe with religious reverence, although they can give no other reason or explanation of them except immemorial tradition. "The first Innuits did so" is always their answer when questioned on the subject. Thus, when a reindeer, or any other animal, is killed on land, a por-

tion of the flesh is always buried on the exact spot where it fell—possibly the idea of sacrifice was connected with this practice; and when a polar bear is killed, its bladder must be inflated and exposed in a conspicuous place for three days. And many such practices, equally unintelligible, are scrupulously adhered to; and any departure from them is supposed to bring misfortune upon the offending party.

Though the Esquimaux own neither government nor control of any kind, they yet yield a superstitious obedience to a character called the "Angeko," whose influence they rarely venture to contravene. The Angeko is at once physician and magician. In cases of sickness the Esquimaux never take medicine; but the Angeko is called, and if his enchantments fail to cure, the sick person is carried away from the tents, and left to die. The Angeko is also called upon to avert evils of all kinds; to secure success for hunting or fishing expeditions, or any such undertaking; to obtain the disappearance of ice, and the public good on various occasions; and in all cases the efficacy of his ministrations is believed to be proportioned to the guerdon which he receives. Captain Hall mentions only two instances, as having occurred in his experience, of resistance being made by Esquimaux to the wishes of the Angeko; and in both cases the parties demurred to a demand that they should give up their wives to him. Though more commonly they have but one wife, owing to the difficulty of supporting a number of women, polygamy is allowed and practised by the Esquimaux. Their marriage is without ceremony of any kind, nor is the bond indissoluble. Exchange of wives is of frequent occurrence; and if a man becomes, from sickness or other cause, unable to support them, his wives will leave him, and attach themselves to some more vigorous husband. For the rest, the Esquimaux are intelligent, honest, and extremely generous to one another. When provisions are scarce, if a seal or walrus is killed by one of the camp, he invites the whole settlement to feast upon it, though he may be in want of food for himself and his family on the morrow in consequence of doing so. They are very improvident, and rarely store their food, but trust to the fortunes of the chase to supply their wants, and are generally during the winter in a constant state of oscillation between famine and abundance. The Esquimaux inhabit the extreme limits of the globe habitable by man, and they have certain peculiarities in their life consequent on the circumstances of their climate and country; but in other respects they resemble the rest of the nomad and savage races which people the extreme north of America. In summer the Esquimaux live in tents called *tupics*, made of skins like those used by the Indian tribes, and these are easily moved from place to place. As winter sets in, they choose a spot where

provisions are likely to be plentiful, and there they erect *igloos*, or huts constructed of blocks of ice, and vaulted in the roof. If they are obliged to change their quarters during the winter, either permanently or temporarily, they build fresh *igloos* of snow cut into blocks, which soon freeze, and in the space of an hour or two they are thus able to provide themselves with new premises. The only animals domesticated by the Esquimaux are their fine and very intelligent dogs. They serve them as guards, as guides, as beasts of burden and draught, as companions, and assist them in the pursuit of every kind of wild animal. The women have the care of all household affairs, and do the tailor's and shoemaker's work, and prepare the skins for all articles of clothing and bedding—no unimportant department in such a climate as theirs: the men have nothing to think of but to supply provisions by hunting and fishing. Sporting, which in civilised society is a mere recreation and amusement, is the profession and serious employment, as well as the delight, of the savage. And we find in the rational, as well as in the irrational, animal when in its wild state, the highest development of those instincts and sensible powers with which God has endowed it for its maintenance and self-preservation, and which it loses, in proportion as it ceases to need them, in civilised society or in the domesticated state.

The Arctic regions, though ill-adapted for the abode of man, teem with animal life. The seal, the walrus, and the whale supply the ordinary needs of the Esquimaux. In the mouths of their rivers they find an abundance of salmon; various kinds of ducks and other aquatic birds inhabit their coasts in multitudes; reindeer and partridges are plentiful on the hills; while the most highly prized as well as the most formidable game is the great polar-bear, whose flesh affords the most dainty feast, and whose skin the warmest clothing, to these children of the North.

Captain Hall lived, for months at a time, alone with the Esquimaux. He acquired some proficiency in their language, and shared their life in all respects. He became popular with them, and even gained some influence over them. He experienced some difficulty in his first attempt to eat raw flesh (some whale's blubber which was served up for dinner); but on a second trial, when urged by hunger, he made a hearty meal on the blood of a seal which had just been killed, which he found to be delicious. After this, cooking was entirely dispensed with. Those who have visited new and "unsettled" countries will be able to testify how easily man passes into a savage state, and how pleasant the transition is to his inferior nature. There is a charm in the freedom, in the total emancipation from the artificial restraints, the feverish collisions, and daily anxieties of civilised

society which is one of the most secret but also of the most powerful agents in advancing the colonisation of the world. Captain Hall's enthusiasm, which begins to mount at the sight of icebergs, whales, and the novelty and grandeur of Arctic scenery, reaches its climax when he finds himself in an unexplored region, the solitary guest of this wild and eccentric people, and depending, like them, for his daily sustenance on the resources of nature alone.

The Esquimaux are sociable and cheerful, and, in Greenland and the neighbouring islands, hospitable to strangers; but those of their race who inhabit the continent of America have a character for ferocity, and are the most unapproachable to Europeans of all the savage tribes of America. Even Captain Hall himself expresses uneasiness from time to time lest he should become an object of suspicion to them, or give them a motive for revenge. They are one of the few peoples of the extreme north with whom the Hudson's Bay Company have hitherto failed to establish relations of commerce. Many travellers and traders have been murdered by them on entering their territory, and the missionaries of North America regard them as likely to be the last in the order of their conversion to Christianity. Skilful boatmen and pilots, perfectly familiar with their coasts, with great intelligence in observing natural phenomena, and knowing by experience every probable variation of their inhospitable climate, as well as the mode of providing against it, they formed invaluable assistants to an expedition for the scientific survey of a region as yet imperfectly known to the geographer. Their sporting propensities were the chief hindrance to their services in the cause of science. No sooner were ducks, or seals, or reindeer in view, than all the objects of the expedition were entirely forgotten till the hunt was over. No motive is strong enough to restrain an Esquimaux from the chase so long as game is afoot:

"Canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto."

Seals are captured by the Esquimaux in various ways. Some are taken in nets. At other times they are seen in great numbers on the ice, lying at the brink of open water, into which they plunge on the first alarm, and much skill is then required in approaching them. In doing this, the Esquimaux imitate the tactics of the polar-bear. The bear or the savage, as the case may be, throws himself flat upon the ice and imitates the slow jerking action of a seal in crawling towards his game. The seal sees his enemy approaching, but supposes him to be another seal; but if he shows any signs of uneasiness, the hunter stops perfectly still and "talks" to him—that is, he imitates the plaintive grunts in which seals converse with one another. Reassured by such persuasive language, the seal goes

to sleep. Presently he starts up again, when the same process is repeated. Finally, when within range, the man fires, or the bear springs, upon his victim. But the Esquimaux confess that the bear far surpasses them in this art, and that if they could only "talk" as well as "Ninoo" (that is, "Bruin"), they should never be in want of seal's-flesh. When the winter sets in, and the ice becomes thick, the seal cuts a passage through the ice with the sharp claws with which its flippers are armed, and makes an aperture in the surface large enough to admit its nose to the outer air for the purposes of respiration. This aperture is soon covered with snow. When the snow becomes deep enough, and the seal is about to give birth to its young, it widens the aperture, passes through the ice, and constructs a dome-shaped chamber under the snow, which becomes the nursery of the young seals. This is called a seal's *igloo*, from its resemblance to the huts built by the Esquimaux. It requires a dog with a very fine nose to mark the breathing-place or igloo of a seal by the taint of the animal beneath the snow; but when once it has been discovered, the Esquimaux is pretty sure of his prey. If an igloo has been formed, and the seal has young ones, the hunter leaps "with a run" upon the top of the dome, crushes it in, and, before the seals can recover from their astonishment, he plunges his seal-hooks into them, from which there is no escape. If there be no igloo, but a mere breathing-hole, he clears away the snow with his spear and marks the exact spot where the seal's nose will protrude at his next visit, an aperture only a few inches in diameter; then, with a seal-spear strongly barbed in his hand, and attached to his belt by twenty yards of the thongs of deer's-hide, he seats himself over the hole and awaits the seal's "blow." The seal may blow in a few minutes, or in a few hours, or not for two or three days; but there the Esquimaux remains, without food, and whatever the weather may be, till he hears a low snorting sound; then, quick as lightning, and with unerring aim, he plunges the spear into the seal, opens the aperture in the ice with his axe till it will allow the body of the seal to pass, and draws it forth upon the ice. The mode of spearing the walrus is more perilous. The walrus are generally found among broken ice, or ice so thin that they can break it. If the ice is thin, they will often attack the hunter by breaking the ice under his feet. In order to do this, the walrus looks steadily at the man taking aim at him, and then dives; the Esquimaux, aware of his intention, runs to a short distance to shift his position, and when the walrus rises, crashing through the ice on which he was standing only a moment before, he comes forward again and darts his harpoon into it. Ordinarily, the Esquimaux selects a hole in the ice where

he expects the walrus to "vent," and places himself so as to command it, with his harpoon in one hand, a few coils of a long rope of hide, attached to the harpoon, in the other, the remainder of the rope being wound round his neck, with a sharp spike fastened at the extreme end of it. As soon as the walrus rises to the surface, he darts the harpoon into its body, throws the coils of rope from his neck, and fixes the spike into the ice. A moment's hesitation, or a blunder, may involve serious consequences. If he does not instantly detach the rope from his neck, he is dragged under the ice. If he fails to drive the spike firmly into the ice before the walrus has run out the length of the line, he loses his harpoon and his rope.

But the sport which rouses the whole spirit of an Esquimaux community begins when a polar-bear comes in view. "Ninoo" is the monarch of these Arctic deserts, as the lion is of those of the South. The person who first shouts on seeing "Ninoo," whether man, woman, or child, is rewarded with his skin, whoever may succeed in killing him. Dogs are immediately put upon his track, and, on coming up with him, are taught not to close with him, but to hang upon his haunches and bring him to bay. The men follow as best they can, and with the best arms that the occasion supplies. The sagacity and ferocity of this beast make an attack upon him perilous, even with fire-arms; but great nerve, strength, and skill, are required, when armed only with a harpoon or a spear, to meet him hand-to-hand in his battle for life,

"Or to his den, by snow-tracks, mark the way,
And drag the struggling savage into day."

The polar-bear is amphibious, and often takes to the sea. Then, if boats can be procured, it becomes a trial of speed between rowing and swimming, and an exciting race of many miles often takes place. In the open sea "Ninoo" has a poor chance of escape, unless he gets a great start of his pursuers; but the Arctic coasts are generally studded with islands, and, when he can do so, he makes first for one island, then for another, crossing them, and taking to the water again on the opposite side, while the boats have to make the entire circuit of each. The sagacity of these animals is marvellous, and proverbial among the Esquimaux, who study their habits in order to get hints for their own guidance. When seals are in the water, the bear will swim quietly among them, his great white head assuming the appearance of a block of floating ice or snow, and when close to them he will dive and seize the seals under the water. When the walrus are basking on the rocks, "Ninoo" will climb the cliffs above them and loosen large masses of rock, and then, calculating the curve

to a nicety, launch them upon his prey beneath. When a she-bear is attended by her cubs, the Esquimaux will never attack the cubs until the mother has been despatched; such is their fear of the vengeance with which, in the event of her escaping, she follows up the slaughter of her offspring by day and night with terrible pertinacity and fury.

The Esquimaux stalk the reindeer much as we do the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland; but the snow which lies in Arctic regions during the greater part of the year enables them to follow the same herd of deer by their tracks for several days together.

Such, then, are the life, the habits, the pursuits of the Esquimaux. Pagans in religion, they stand in need of that faith which alone is able to save their race, now perishing from the face of the earth. Their life is a constant struggle with the climate in which they live and the famine with which they are perpetually threatened. A hardy race of hunters, they exhibit many natural virtues, considerable intelligence, and a strong nationality. The true Faith, if they embraced it, while it secured their eternal interests, would at the same time be to them, as it has been to so many savage races, the principle of a great social regeneration. At present they are wasting away as a race, and will soon become extinct. Polygamy has always been found to cause the decrease and decay of a population; and any human society, however simple, will fall to pieces when it is not animated by ideas of order and justice.

The Esquimaux occupy the extremities of human habitation in North America; and if we pass from their territory to the south, we enter upon that vast realm called "British America"—a region sufficient in extent and resources, if developed by civilisation, to constitute an empire in itself. Of this vast territory the two Canadas alone, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River and the chain of mighty lakes from which it flows, have been colonised by European settlers. The remainder is inhabited by the nomad tribes of Indians and the wild animals upon which they subsist, the British government being there unrepresented except by the occasional forts and stations established by the Hudson's Bay Company as centres for the traffic in furs, which the Indians supply in the greatest abundance and variety.

In our next Number we shall endeavour to interest our readers in the inhabitants of this vast region.

120.

Egypt in the British Museum.

IV. MOSES IN EGYPT.

WE have done with the age of concurrent dynasties in the history of Egypt; we are come to the eighteenth dynasty, under which the whole country was consolidated under one great monarchy. This event took place fifty years after the death of Joseph, and fourteen years before the birth of Moses. We have to give an account of this dynasty, so far as it was connected with the history of the inspired lawgiver, and so far also as it is illustrated by monuments preserved in the British Museum. These monuments are no longer insignificant tablets—or blocks of a pyramid—or a paltry scarabæus; they are the antiquities which strike the eye most on passing through the Egyptian galleries, and which exhibit most characteristically the grandeur of the Egyptian sculpture.

The history of Moses is that of a man flattered as a courtier, gallant and brave as a soldier, accomplished as a scholar, with the highest honours—the royal authority itself—within his reach, and foregoing every worldly prospect for the greater glory of God, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season (Heb. xi. 25).

Egypt, then, had existed under a government like that of the Saxon Heptarchy, and had recognised the successive suzerainty of Tanite, Memphite, Theban, and Shepherd-King Chemwaldas for 475 years since Menes founded the first kingdom. Towards the end of this time the various local dynasties had gradually passed away, and at its close there remained only one beside the shepherd-king suzerain Apophis II.: this sole surviving vassal-kingdom was one that had never given a Chemwalda to Egypt; it was that of Hermonthis, or West-Nile Thebes, and under a successor of the Nantefs, whose name was Ra-skenen.*

* The following remarkable passage, occurring in a papyrus now belonging to the British Museum, and approaching in its antiquity to the epoch of which it speaks, has been already referred to in a former article, and deserves re-insertion here :

"It happened that Egypt was [B.C. 1749] at the mercy of barbarians; there was no [native] king at the time [except] Ra-skenen, who was governor of the south. The barbarians were at On [Heliopolis], while the chief

Apophis II., who held his court in the Delta, wished to erect a temple at Avaris. He would be obliged to seek for stone from a distance; limestone could be obtained from the quarries of Toura, near Memphis; for sandstone application must be made to the kings of Thebes, and granite could not be procured nearer than the first cataract. The shepherd-king had viceroys at On, or Heliopolis, not far from Memphis; he had a vassal-king, Ra-skenen, at Thebes, and there were commandant chiefs who ruled in his name on the confines and in the country of Nubia. To these king Apophis made his request; Ra-skenen held a council with his chiefs; he found them ripe for revolt; the Nubians made common cause with the native Egyptians: the first blow was struck, and the foreigners, the shepherd-kings, found themselves threatened with a general insurrection.

After this Ra-skenen disappears from the scene, and the name of the prince who carried on the war with the shepherd-king was Amosis. His Egyptian name was Aah-mes, which would be represented by the Greek Selenogenes. In his veins the black blood of Ethiopia was mingled with the red blood of Egypt; and so pronounced was his Ethiopian connection, that the mighty dynasty, the eighteenth, which he founded, though more commonly called Theban or Diospolite, is not unfrequently called Ethiopian.

This circumstance explains the singular error of later times, according to which it has been imagined that the monarchy, the civilisation, and religion of Egypt had come from Nubia and descended the Nile. Such an idea is utterly untenable; though it is true that, on this occasion, it was from Nubia chiefly that the power and the religion came which overthrew the suzerainty of the shepherd-kings and expelled them from Egypt.

The shepherd-kings, threatened with a combined attack of Egyptians and Nubians, do not seem to have made any stand in the course of the valley of the Nile: they at once betook themselves to Avaris, shut themselves up in its walls, and awaited their enemies.

Amosis, whatever may have been his relationship to Ra-skenen, succeeded him at Thebes in the year B.C. 1749. He strengthened his hands by intermarriages: he certainly married an Ethiopian princess; it is possible that he married also a daughter of Ra-skenen, and it would be in her right that he succeeded to her father. In B.C. 1748, the following year, Amosis attacked Avaris; he failed, and

Apapi [that is, Apophis II., the last of the shepherd-kings] was at Avaris [to the east of the Delta], and the whole country offered him its products, and loaded him with the good things of Lower Egypt. King Apapi took Soutech for god, and served none of the gods of the land. He built a beautiful and durable temple."

retired to Memphis, where he was crowned, and from this event the origin of the eighteenth dynasty is dated. Henceforth Memphis and Thebes share the honour of being the capital city of Egypt. Memphis was the more ancient capital, Thebes the more important. Thebes became eventually the usual residence of the sovereign; but his eldest son, the heir-apparent, was made, sometimes at least if not in general, the local viceroy of Memphis. The crown of Memphis was red, that of Thebes was white, and either of them at will, or both at once (and when united they formed the Pschent), were worn by the Egyptian monarch. If our readers wish to see the two crowns, they may find them in their proper colours on the head of a hawk-headed human figure on the left of the doorway facing the top of the staircase leading to the Egyptian Saloon in the British Museum.

In the succeeding years, B.C. 1747, 1746, 1745, Amosis was equally unsuccessful in his attacks on the stronghold of the Shepherds, Avaris; but in B.C. 1744 it yielded, and the Hykshôs were expelled. Amosis followed up the blow the year after; and at Scharhana, beyond the frontiers of Egypt, he routed the Shepherds anew. So secure had he made Egypt towards the north-east by these achievements, that in the next year, B.C. 1742, he was able to turn his army southwards, made a campaign in Chentnefer, the more distant parts of Nubia near the gold-region, and was victorious. "So," says a contemporary monument, "he was master both in the south and in the north." Of the subsequent acts of Amosis we have little to relate. He made two more campaigns in Nubia, the second of which was in consequence of a revolt; the latest monumental date connected with him is in the twenty-second year of his reign, when he quarried stone at Toura in order to build two temples, one of Phtha at Memphis, the other of Ammon at Thebes. Thus he made amends to the idols of his country for the impiety of the shepherd-kings, or, in other words, thus the angel of Egypt was baffled in the hopes he had conceived from the advancement and influence of Joseph; and Lucifer and his foul spirits again established themselves firmly on the soil and in the capitals of the most civilised country of the world. Moses, who was to smite Egypt with plagues, was now seven years old.

Amosis I. was the king who knew not Joseph (Exod. i. 8); he expelled the shepherd-kings, but the Hebrews he was content to use as subjects, and he began the long period of their oppression, which lasted some ninety years. The persecution was fiercest at its beginning and at its close: at its beginning under Amosis; at its close under Amenoph II.; at its beginning, when orders were given to destroy all the male children of the people of God; at its close, when

the tale of bricks was enforced under aggravated barbarity. It was in the fifteenth year of Amosis that he issued the inhuman edict to cast into the river the male children of the Hebrews, B.C. 1734; and in this year was born the future deliverer of the people of Israel.

Amram, of the house of Levi, took to wife Jochabed, one of his own kindred. She bore him a daughter, Miriam or Mary; and three years before the promulgation of the edict, a son, who received the name of Aaron. Just after the publication of the edict, Jochabed bore a second son, doomed by the edict to death. Her maternal fondness was increased by the beauty of her child, and she concealed him for three months. When she could hide him no longer, she took a basket or little boat made of papyrus; and making it watertight with slime and pitch, she put her babe into it, and laid him in the sedges by the river's brink. She set her daughter Miriam to watch and take notice what would be done. "And behold the daughter of Pharaoh Amosis came down to bathe in the river, and her maids walked by the river-side; and when she saw the basket in the sedges, she sent one of her maids to fetch it; and when it was brought she opened it, and seeing within it an infant crying, she had compassion on it, and said, 'This is one of the babes of the Hebrews.' And Miriam, the child's sister, said to her, 'Shall I go and call to thee a Hebrew woman to nurse the babe?' She answered, 'Go.' And Miriam went and called the mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said to the mother, 'Take this child and nurse him for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' The woman took and nursed the child; and when he was grown up she delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter, and she adopted him for her son, and called him Moses, saying, 'Because I took him out of the water.'"

Thus the future lawgiver received an Egyptian name. Modern scholarship confirms the interpretation given in Holy Scripture. M. Lenormant tells us that the name is pure Egyptian, and that MSHOU SHESH means, literally, "drawn out of the water."

Who was this "Pharaoh's daughter"?

Amosis, as we have already seen, allied himself intimately with his neighbours to the south by marrying an Ethiopian princess. Her name was Aahmes Nofri-ari; or, as Mr. Birch of the British Museum prefers, Arit-nefer Aahmes,—meaning "good companion of Aahmes." Her nation is clearly indicated by the monuments on which she appears painted, not yellow (the conventional colour for Egyptian women); nor red or chocolate (the conventional colour for Egyptian and Nubian men), but coal-black, like some of the kings of the Xoïte or Cushite dynasty, as in the Museum at Leyden. The

power and influence of the family of Nofri-ari are evident from the fact that to the very end of this dynasty she is honoured and worshipped even above her husband. She appears on monuments with him; and after his death with his son and successor, Amenoph the First, as reigning with him in her own right, with the titles Royal Daughter, Royal Wife, Royal Mother, and sometimes wearing the pschent or double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, of Thebes and Memphis. Queen Nofri-ari may be found represented on two monuments in the Egyptian Gallery, numbered 297 and 811. In the former of the two her nationality is distinguished by her colour from that of an Egyptian queen (Sitkames), of whom she takes precedence. She bore to Amosis three children, whose names we know: Amenoph, who succeeded his father in B.C. 1724, ten years after Moses's birth; Ramses, after whom it is perfectly possible that Amosis may have named the city mentioned in the first chapter of Exodus, ver. 11, as fortified by the Hebrew serfs; and a daughter named Aahmes Merit-Ammon. This princess, therefore, was the "daughter of Pharaoh" who adopted Moses as her foster-child, and gave him an Egyptian name. We have mentioned her third in order; but there is good reason to believe that she was older than her brothers, whom also she survived. She married her cousin Thothmes; and after the death of her brother Amenoph the First, she appears as queen-consort to Thothmes the First. So Moses became the adopted son of the King and Queen of Egypt, who had no son of their own, though they had a daughter named Hatasu, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

On the death of Amosis, his son Amenoph the First succeeded to the throne of Egypt, B.C. 1724. We have nothing of importance to say about him. We are told that he led an expedition into Nubia, and that in this expedition Aahmes Pensuben was a general; and this Pensuben was, in all probability, Moses' instructor in the art of war. Amenoph the First died in B.C. 1711.

Thothmes the First—or, as we might call him in Greek, Her-mogenes—succeeded Amenoph the First in right of his cousin and wife Merit-Ammon, the "daughter of Pharaoh." She would be at this time about forty years of age, and Moses would be twenty-three. We read of a campaign in Ethiopia in the first year of this king, and of another in Naharain or Mesopotamia in his second year. This is a proof of the increasing influence of Egypt in Asia. Egypt had become aggressive against the Shasou. Thothmes the First died B.C. 1704. His wife survived him; and he left a daughter named Hatasu or Ramakar. The government was carried on by his widow Merit-Ammon, who continued to reign till her own death, or till her

daughter's marriage, B.C. 1698, when Moses would be thirty-six years old.

Let us now trace the life of Moses during these years. First, however, we may be allowed to quote a contemporary monument, which was erected by a man who must have been an acquaintance of Moses, and probably intimately connected with him. This is Aahmes Pensuben or Pai-en-Sowan—He-of-Suben, Sowan, or Eilithyia. On this monument he speaks of the honours he had received from his royal masters, and enumerates his campaigns. His name illustrates the way in which the children of Egyptians were often called by their parents. The name of the king regnant would stand first; and then, for distinction's sake, there would be added the name of the father, or the name of the mother, or the name of the child's birthplace. We do not mean to say that this was the way in which Pensuben received his names; we only state a fact suggested by his names. He was Souten-si, or hereditary (?) Viceroy of El Kab, the Egyptian Sowan, the Greek Eilithyia. The decorations which he received from the sovereign are those which were conferred only on men of the highest rank. He must, at the time of his death, have seen at least sixty-seven years of military service; for, according to his own account, he served in the first year of Amosis, B.C. 1749, and in the first of Thothmes the Third, B.C. 1682.* Pensuben was thirty years older than Moses.

Moses grew up the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, the Princess Merit-Ammon. He was ten years old when her father died. Between his eleventh and twenty-fourth year the brother of his adoptive mother was king; and this would be naturally the epoch of his education. We know, on the authority of St. Stephen, that he was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians (Acts vii. 22). We may imagine him, therefore, devoting himself diligently to all the Egyptian literature within the reach of a princess who had all at her command; and as we ourselves have studied the principles of morality in the works of Aristotle, so Moses, while nurturing in his heart the lessons of true religion which he had learned from his real mother, would have applied himself to the lucubrations of Phthahotep, who had composed his moral treatises three hundred years

* He says of himself, "I served the King Ra-neb-peh [this is the throne-name of Amosis: see *The Month*, December 1865, p. 598]; I served the King Ra-ser-ka [Amenoph the First]; I served the King Ra-aa-cheper-ka [Thothmes the First]; I served also the King Ra-aa-en-cheper [Thothmes the Second]; I served also the Queen Ra-ma-ka [Hatasu]; I nursed her daughter the Princess Ra-nofreou, deceased." Lastly is mentioned his still living and serving the King Ra-men-cheper [Thothmes the Third].

before.* The youthful Moses would have more satisfaction in his mathematical and astronomical studies. To Joseph, in all probability, was due the correction of the Egyptian calendar; and the Hebrew student's heart would glow with an honest pride when he heard quoted the observations of Osarsiph, even though his Egyptian professors might accompany their allusions to the viceroy with sneers at his having been of barbarian extraction, and the favourite of one of the hated race of the Shasou. But Moses' education would have been incomplete without the knowledge of arms; and here again his adoptive mother, the Princess Merit-Ammon, would secure him the most favourable opportunities of study; and whom would she choose but the military chief of Eilithyia, Aahmes Pensuben, who, when Moses was seventeen years old, would have been forty-seven, and would have seen more than thirty years of active service, beginning with the busy days of Amosis, the founder of the dynasty? Pensuben was a general in the Nubian expedition of Amenoph the First; and likely enough the Hebrew cadet fleshed his sword as aide-de-camp to this warrior, and followed him with battle-axe or scimeter, or bow and arrows, in the two-wheeled Egyptian war-chariot, as we see the son of Rameses accompanying his father in an expedition against the Ethiopians in the copy of the paintings at Beit Ouaily, which may be found on the wall of the Egyptian saloon (upstairs) in the British Museum.

When Moses' adoptive mother, Merit-Ammon, ascended the throne with her cousin-husband Thothmes the First, B.C. 1711, Moses would be in his twenty-fourth year, and "Pharaoh's daughter" would have no cause to regret the interest she had taken in the exposed Hebrew babe: he was now in the flower of his youth, an accomplished courtier, a learned scholar, a gallant soldier; and with all the favour of the court and the unlimited influence of his mother a brilliant career of worldly glory was opening before him. One gift was denied him—he did not possess eloquence, or fluency of speech; but this was compensated by the winning amiability of his manner, his unpretending affability, and an unexampled meekness and gentleness; forbearing when injured himself, he was all on fire at the sight of wrongs done to others; generously rejoicing at the advancement of others, he was incapable of jealousy; penetrated with the sense of the presence of the true God, he feared not, when the time came for braving it, the wrath of the king. Merit-Ammon was proud of her foster-son; and her royal husband, for her sake, would treat him as his own; and so much the more as Merit-Ammon had been denied

* We have already given an account of these treatises, as the "oldest book in the world," in the December Number of *The Month*, 1865.

the blessing of a son and heir, though she had borne a daughter, the Princess Hatasu.

Two campaigns are mentioned in the reign of Thothmes the First: one in his first year, B.C. 1711, in Ethiopia; the other in Naharain or Mesopotamia, in the year following. Pensuben was engaged in these expeditions, and no doubt Moses accompanied him as one of his staff. In that case Moses caught a sight of that Promised Land, to the frontiers of which he was to guide the children of Israel, though when that time came, he was not permitted to enter it.

Thothmes the First died B.C. 1704, and Merit-Ammon was left a widow. She is dignified with the titles of Royal Wife, Divine Spouse, Lady of Both Countries [Upper and Lower Egypt], and Great Royal Sister. Thus left with the cares of royalty weighing heavily upon her, she would need all the aid she could derive from the veteran Pensuben, now sixty years of age, and from her foster-son, who had now reached the age of thirty. She was left with a daughter who was still very young, and who was heiress to the throne. Should death carry off the mother suddenly, her daughter would be left helpless and unprotected to cope with the difficulties of her position. What means could she adopt against such an emergency? Prudence no less than affection pointed out the only road. There would be danger in uniting Hatasu with a collateral of the royal family, who might be more anxious to aggrandise himself than consult the dignity of his spouse: there was one in her court in whose honour and virtue she could implicitly confide, to whose age, and wisdom, and prudence, and energy, and love she could, without a drawback of suspicion, trust the youth and inexperience of her daughter. She could relieve her anxieties in her daughter's behalf by gratifying her affection for her foster-son; and Moses was destined in her mind to become the husband and the protector of Hatasu.

We may well imagine the perplexity into which Moses was thrown when his adoptive mother first proposed her wish to him, and the surprise of Merit-Ammon when, for reasons he could not explain and she could not understand, Moses denied himself to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God than to have the pleasure of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the Egyptians; for he looked unto the reward (Heb. xi. 24-26).

There is a Jewish fable related by Josephus, which refers to that part of the history of Moses with which we are now occupied. He is said to have gone into Ethiopia with the command of an army. This is likely enough; for we have already had occasion to notice several campaigns in Ethiopia, and Moses may have taken the lead

either in conjunction with Pensuben, or, in his absence, singly; and the southernmost parts of Ethiopia were still independent, or if conquered, they might rebel. But it is added, that as he was in the enemy's country the king's daughter fell in love with him, and purchased his hand by betraying her father's capital to the Egyptians; and this account of his Ethiopian marriage—for that he had once married an Ethiopian woman is attested by himself in the Book of Numbers (chap. xii. 1)—falls to the ground before the much more probable explanation which is hinted by contemporary Egyptian monuments (Palmer, *Egypt. Chron.* p. 199). He refused indeed to marry the Princess Hatasu herself; but he was permitted to choose one of the ladies of the court, many of whom would naturally be Ethiopians, as the attendants on Queen Nofri-ari and her daughter, Merit-Ammon; while Hatasu was united to Thothmes, her cousin or half-brother, and ascended the throne with him on the death or abdication of her mother, Aahmes Merit-Ammon, B.C. 1698.

Thus was Moses deprived of his chief support in the court of Egypt. He was now thirty-six years old, and our memory reminds us that very few years are to elapse before he will be obliged to seek safety from the wrath of the king in flight. His noble qualities, his influence with the deceased queen, his chivalry in war, his irreproachable virtue had raised up against him plenty of secret enemies in the pagan court, and men began to recal to mind his Hebrew and "Typhonian" origin, and to speak of him as a foundling and an adventurer. Still for a time his position in the court of Thothmes the Second and Hatasu was such, that he thought his brethren would understand how that by his hand—so soon as he stood up in their behalf and showed himself ready to defend them—God would deliver them; but they understood it not (Acts vii. 25).

It is intelligible that the king himself, Thothmes the Second, would not be unwilling to listen to words spoken in disparagement of one whom the queen-mother had destined to be her daughter's husband instead of himself; and Hatasu, the queen, may have remembered with pique the fact of his having declined the honour of her hand. What part old Pensuben would have taken in the matter is not plain: he was, we know, firmly attached to the court, and on terms of familiarity with his sovereigns; for he speaks of his "nursing" the little Princess Ra-Nofreou; and as he continued in favour all through this reign, and died to all appearance still in court-favour early in the next, he would probably be one who would not expose himself to disgrace for the sake of a Hebrew *parvenu* thirty years younger than himself.

A change, then, is coming over the fortunes of Moses. In the

fifth year of the reign of Thothmes the Second and Hatasu, when Moses was in his fortieth year (Acts vii. 23), it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel. Hitherto he had dwelt in the court, and his oppressed countrymen, the objects of the contempt and oppression of the Egyptians, would be out of his sight. Their home was Hawur or Avaris, to the east of the Delta, in the land of Goshen, far away from Thebes, where the court resided; and such of them as were spread over the country or in the neighbourhood of the royal city were subjected to the most menial service; living in a state of serfdom, they might be ill-treated with impunity. The visit of Moses to his brethren disclosed to him the full reality of that misery which he had only known by hearsay; and the spirit which had been stirred to martial ardour in the wars of Egypt was kindled into burning indignation at the sight of the injustice shown to one of his nation: he saw an Egyptian striking one of the Hebrews; he smote him to death, and hid the corpse in the sand.

His act had been witnessed; and on the morrow, when he offered to interpose between two of his brethren, the aggressor, who had seen or heard of what he had done the day before, assailed him with "Who hath appointed thee prince and judge over us? Wilt thou kill me as thou didst kill the Egyptian yesterday?"

And it came to the ears of Pharaoh; and Pharaoh Thothmes the Second, the husband of Hatasu, Moses' sister by adoption, was the king that "sought to kill Moses" (Exodus ii. 15).

Moses fled, B.C. 1694, and took refuge beyond the Egyptian frontier in the land of Madian. There he dwelt, as a stranger in a foreign country, the guest of Jethro, or Raguel, priest of Madian, and soon after his son-in-law. He married Sephora, and became the father of Gersam and Eliezer. Here he spent forty years; and during this period Thothmes the Second died, B.C. 1682, and was succeeded by his namesake and cousin, Thothmes the Third, who was also half-brother to Hatasu, and had already been associated in the royal authority. The accession of Thothmes the Third as sole king took place twelve years after Moses' flight, and he died a year, more or less, before the return of Moses and the Exodus.

We will leave Moses for a time in his new life, occupied in superintending his father-in-law's flocks in Madian,—a life different indeed from that which he had previously led,—and we will relate some of the events connected with Thothmes the Third in Egypt.

Thothmes the Third was one of the greatest builders and one of the greatest conquerors among the Egyptian kings. Under his sway Egypt rose to the greatest prosperity, and Israel was crushed with the most grinding oppression.

As to his conquests, we find him attacking the Asiatics (who had long lost their prestige of victory) on their own continent. He pressed them hard as far as Nineveh and the banks of the Tigris. Babylon too is named, and the list of the tributes paid to him by conquered countries has been in part preserved by the sculptures which are found on his additions to the great temple of Karnak, the north-eastern quarter of Thebes. A memorial of his victories is found in No. 168. Here Thothmes the Third is represented as kneeling on *nine bows*, emblematic of the foreigners he had overcome.

If we consider him as a builder, besides the additions just mentioned at Karnak, he built there a granite sanctuary, a temple at Semneh in Nubia, and rock shrines near Ipsambul. The magnificence of the buildings of Karnak may be imagined when we are told that the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris could be contained in one of the chambers there, and that the Column in the Place Vendôme would represent the size of one of its pillars. It was apparently in the neighbourhood of the granite sanctuary that the monument No. 12 in the Egyptian Gallery was found. It represents, in syenite or red granite, king Thothmes standing between two deities, Munt-ra and Athor, who hold him on each side by the hand. The group is repeated round the central shaft. The name of the king may be read on his belt in front, and this is the usual place to look for it. It is, however, his throne name, not his family name—not Thothmes, but Ra-men-cheper. The *circle* stands for the sun's disk *Ra*, the beetle or scarabæus is in Egyptian *cheper*, and the other sign stands for *men*. He raised a sitting statue of Thothmes the Second, his predecessor, which is still preserved; and there are three obelisks which belong to his reign—one at Alexandria, one at Constantinople, and the third close by St. John Lateran's in Rome. The last bears also the name of Thothmes the Fourth, who was next but one in succession to him, and in whose reign the obelisk was completed. A fragment of the fallen obelisk at Alexandria—called also Cleopatra's Needle—may be found at the end of the Egyptian Gallery in the British Museum, on the right. At the top of the stairs may be found plaster-casts, coloured as red granite, taken from the apex of the fallen obelisk at Karnak, which, with its fellow, stood before the granite sanctuary, and was erected by queen Hatasu, coregnant with Thothmes the Second and Third, in honour of her father, Thothmes the First. Hatasu appears always in a position of superiority when contrasted with the kings, and her masculine preëminence is indicated on the obelisk by the decoration of a beard on her royal chin.

The colossal head of red granite, No. 15, represents Thothmes the Third; and the immense arm, No. 55, which belonged to the same statue, shows that it represented the monarch standing. The hand once held the *cross with a handle*, the symbol of life, which is repeated over and over again in the Egyptian monuments. Belzoni has immortalised himself by cutting his name in the granite, on the back support of the head, with the date A.D. 1817, as he has on the base of the sitting statue of Memnon, No. 21. It may be remarked that Thothmes is here represented as wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, white and conical, and that in front of it are the remains of the royal uræus or asp.

We have said that the oppression of the Hebrews reached its climax under Thothmes the Third. It is said in Holy Scripture, where mention is made of his death (Exod. ii. 23), that the children of Israel, groaning, cried out because of the works. Their cry went up to God for the works; and in a tomb of the time of this king at Thebes, in which the making of bricks for the Temple of Ammon is represented, the labourers (mixed with native Egyptians of the conventional red colour) are light-coloured bearded Asiatics, having officers of their own, who are seen measuring the daily task, while task-masters much darker than the red Egyptians—of a purplish or chocolate colour, showing a Nubian connection—stand over them in the attitude of command, or sit by with rods in their hands. The scene is at Thebes; but there is no reason for doubting of its representing the Hebrews, of whom, being so numerous in the Delta and all reduced to this slavery, some might well be found also at Thebes, and certainly some of them rather than any other more distant Asiatics. It was after his death, in his son Amenoph the Second's time, that all the Hebrews were collected together and concentrated at Avaris, when the king was vacillating whether he would let them go or not.

We may perhaps connect with this oppression of the Hebrews, as well as with the king's foreign conquests, the scarabæi which may be found in the Egyptian Room upstairs, numbered 3999, 4000, and 4041. The name of Thothmes III. may be read on each; and he is represented in the first as a sphinx treading on an Asiatic, in the second as a bull trampling a foreigner under foot, and in the third he is described as the good ruler and smiter of foreigners.

It was our intention to have closed our articles on *Egypt in the British Museum* in the present Number of *The Month*. We must postpone what remains of the history of Moses to our next Number.

✕.

In Old Man's Hendecasyllables.

Senectute lætus.

OBREPENS tacito levique passu,
 Non ingrata nec invenusta prorsus
 Pulchritudine sed tua decora,
 Succedis domui, Senecta, nostræ.
 Salve, sanctior hospes, et mearum
 Posthæc quotquot erunt comes dierum !
 Quid, quod me renuit choræa dulcis
 Et cætus juvenum procaciorum ?
 Quod sit mens hebeti retusa sensu,
 Abruptisque sodalibus relictus
 Stem mecum meditans, ut alta rupes,
 Quæ circumspiciens maris tumultus
 Noctu, sola, silens, videtur alnum
 Expectare novæ jubar dici ?
 At non omnia perdidi, nec omnes :
 Me cœli facies, novoque vere
 Tellus innumero implicata flore,
 Me mulcet volucrum cadente sole
 Submissum arborea melos sub umbra.
 Mulcent me unus et alter, eriguntque,
 Quos mecum pueros senesque mecum
 Dulci firmus amor ligat catena.
 Atqui, ô si potero, Pater benigne,
 Pro tantis meritas referre grates,
 Conjux optima restat, et propago
 Vitâ carior, et corona vitæ.
 Nec me certa latet comes senectæ
 Humano metuenda mors timore :
 At sperare licet, licet decetque ;
 Fidentesque Deo ibimus per umbras,
 Ibimus per iter tenebricosum,
 Quo tu, Christe Redemptor, anteisti,
 Mortem morte domans, tuoque amore
 In cœlos homini viam recludens.

1864.

Archbishop Manning on the Reunion of Christendom.

"BUT our trust in the Almighty is, that with us contentions are now at their highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause of despair is there?) when the passions of former enmity being allayed, we shall, with ten times redoubled tokens of our unfeignedly reconciled love, show ourselves each towards other the same which Joseph and the brethren of Joseph were at the time of their interview in Egypt. Our comfortable expectation and most thirsty desire whereof what man soever amongst you shall any way help to satisfy (as we truly hope there is no one amongst you but some way or other will), the blessings of the God of peace, both in this world and in the world to come, be upon him more than the stars of the firmament in number."

In these beautiful words does one of the greatest and most religious of the writers of the Anglican Establishment express his desire for peace with other Christians. It is true that Hooker does not address them to Catholics, but to Presbyterians; to the disciples of the foreign Reformers who exercised so baneful an influence on this country in the days of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. As for union with Catholics, it would scarcely have been safe to express any such wish at that time, even if it existed. Hooker was probably in advance of his contemporaries in this also. It used to be said at Oxford many years ago, we do not know with what truth, that this great divine had been characterised in certain theological lectures to candidates for ordination as "the first writer who had been indiscreet enough to hint at the possibility of our [Catholic] forefathers having been saved." At all events, in his day the attempt made by the Anglicans was to coalesce with Presbyterians and foreign Reformers against the Catholic Church. We are not now concerned with the history of those attempts, nor with their controversial bearing on the true character of the Establishment. We look upon them rather as a proof of that craving for unity which is a native instinct of every Christian heart, and which has always been powerful among so religious a people as our countrymen. What Hooker put into his own noble language was felt then throughout the length and breadth of the land, and we trust is felt still at the present day; or if it is not felt, it is a dormant impulse, working unconsciously, and ready to be

roused into life and vigour, as "the soul of music slumbering in the shell" till the master's touch calls forth its melodies. Tertullian speaks beautifully of the indeliberate evidences of "the soul naturally Christian;" where the grace of baptism has been given, it is not wonderful that there should always exist the longings for unity of the soul by birthright Catholic. The force of this impulse, when aided and strengthened by the indisputable witness of the New Testament to the duty of unity, as a condition indispensable for the enjoyment of the Gospel privileges, may be estimated by the amount of labour that it has been necessary to expend in order to persuade people that it cannot, under present circumstances, be obeyed. We shall be able to understand its power when we can duly estimate the whole statecraft of the Elizabethan courtiers and their successors, the artful way in which loyalty to the sovereign, national spirit, and patriotism have been identified with separation from the great body of Christians throughout the world, and all the glories of the history of England attributed to her Protestantism: and when we can fairly measure the whole extent of that wonderful system of falsification of history and fact about the Catholic Church which has even within the last few months been carried on with great applause by a writer who has only improved on his predecessors by adopting the name of a peacemaker. We do not, of course, claim for the English people any peculiar national gift which makes them lean towards Catholic unity. But we may fairly attribute to them, what foreigners who have lived among us are often loud in commending, a readiness to entertain religious thoughts, a disposition to piety and charity, which shows itself plainly enough in the many developments of active benevolence in which they have few rivals. They have a great reverence for whatever authority they acknowledge, a strong sense of duty, a conscientiousness and sobriety of temper, and an energy when action is required, which would make them foremost in obedience and service to the Church, if they were numbered among her children. Setting aside the great mischief which satisfied pride, material success, and unexampled prosperity have done to the nation at large, it cannot be expected that a people of so vigorous a character should be very gentle in dealing with what is represented to it in the most odious colours by men who profess to be teachers of truth and lovers of peace. But as surely as the precious spring is pent up within the rock, ready to reward the patient industry which resolutely labours through the intervening strata till it has been brought to light, so certainly in the depths of the Christianity of England does the spirit of unity still live, though it would seem to be beyond the power of any human effort to dig through the mass of superincumbent mis-

representation, and set it free. Miserable indeed is the lot of those who occupy themselves in adding to that mass! but the activity with which they ply their labour is an evidence how much they fear from the native force of the truth which they are obscuring. Meanwhile we may trust that the process of disillusion is going on silently, working from as many centres as there are Catholic churches and communities in the land. As Dr. Newman long ago pointed out, men's minds are disabused in proportion as the Church makes herself known, and each one of us has a duty and a power with respect to his own neighbours.

It is obvious that in the happy work of doing away with prejudice and banishing falsehoods concerning the Church, Catholics in a country like this can have no exclusive sympathies. They cannot limit their efforts, their hopes, their prayers, to the members of any one of the various religious denominations by which they are surrounded. Some of these may have preserved the semblance of an ecclesiastical organisation, and may possess more fragments of the deposit of truth than have fallen to the share of others: all equally are outside the pale of the Church, and all equally have to be drawn within it. The arguments used in discussion may differ in different cases; for we must always start from that which those with whom we are dealing have in common with ourselves. But argument is one thing, and charity another; and the instincts of Christian love are not modified by the intellectual condition of those for whose good they yearn. Those, too, whom grace has of late years brought home to the Church have not all started from the same point, or gone through the same stages of opinion before arriving at peace. It is not necessary that the Dissenter should become a Churchman, the Churchman an "Anglo-Catholic," the "Anglo-Catholic" a Tractarian, and the Tractarian blossom into an Unionite. The same simple truths are open to all, and their reception depends more on the heart than on the head. The Catholic Church, therefore, is open to the disciples of one school as well as of another, and her children have duties to all and welcome for all, and they pray for all. They do not find those who begin by being the furthest from them in opinion the most difficult to convince of the truth of the claims of Catholicism; and they often meet with the most ungenerous treatment and the most insolent rebuffs from those who profess to be the nearest.

No one, probably, in our own days has laboured more assiduously and devotedly to bring about the "Reunion of Christendom," as far as this country is concerned, than the late holy and venerated Father Ignatius Spencer. He had no resources at command but his own personal exertions, and he gave them to the cause at the cost of a

great amount of fatigue, ridicule, and contemptuous treatment. But he did not address himself to one denomination of Christians only in his attempts to kindle the spirit of prayer for unity and light; nor did his hopes and aims limit themselves to the conversion of the members of a particular party in the Establishment. In the true Catholic spirit, he addressed himself to all, earnestly begging of them to pray for themselves and others. With the true instinct also of a faithful child of the Church, he declined altogether to have any thing to do with the movement initiated by a small section of the extreme High-Church party, by which the members of three (supposed) "branches" of the Catholic Church were engaged to unite in prayer for unity, and enrol themselves in an Association for the Union of Christendom. We conceive that Father Ignatius, both in that in which he went beyond the originators of this Association, and in that in which he declined to join them, was guided by the same principles of Catholic action which have lately been enunciated by the Sacred Congregation at Rome in its replies to the address of the Unionites, and which have been now explained and insisted on in the Pastoral Letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. Catholics can recognise only two bonds of union which unite them to other men, inside the universal circle of a common nature and a common end. The one is that of Baptism, wherever and by whomsoever duly administered, which makes the soul which receives it a child of God and a member of the One Holy Catholic Church; though that right may never issue in the possession of her privileges, in consequence of heresy, schism, or other grievous sin. The other bond is that of visible communion with the appointed centre of unity, the See of St. Peter. We need hardly say that these two bonds are in principle and in the Divine intention but one: it is only in consequence of human misery and sin that we can speak of them as historically distinct. The tie of charity connects us closely with all who are within the sphere of either of these unities; and in the case of individuals who find themselves outside the visible communion of the Church it would be presumptuous for us to judge how far their misfortune is simply involuntary, or how far they are responsible for it. At the same time our duties to the great truths on which the visible unity of the Church rests forbid us to associate with them in any way which implies an admission of the legitimacy of their condition, whether it be willingly adopted and persevered in or not. Here we come across the imperative claims of the faith, to which nothing can be sacrificed, and to sacrifice which is directly contrary to charity itself. We can pray for those who are outside the Church; and it may be that there has seldom been a time when such prayers

have been more universally and more earnestly practised amongst Catholics, or with such signal encouragement from Heaven in the form of unexpected conversions. We can incite them to pray, in such ways as they think right, for their own ingathering to the Fold, under whatever name they may be inclined to call it. This was the great aim of Father Ignatius: to obtain prayers from Catholics for the conversion of Englishmen, and to get them to pray for themselves. Can we join in formal associations with them for an object which implies a statement contrary to Catholic doctrine, and a denial of the indefectible unity of the Church? This is asking too much: but if we could accede to it at the request of Anglicans, we might as well do so at the call of Dissenters. We might as well pray for deliverance from error as to the subject-matter of some of the infallible decisions of the Church, as for deliverance from a state of disunion existing in the Church itself which implies that the promises of our Lord have failed. As it would be a treason to Divine Truth to pray that the Church might regain the true faith as to the Divinity of our Blessed Lord or the reality of His sacred Humanity, so it is to speak against the Creed to pray for the restoration of the essential unity of the Church, which is guaranteed to her by the perpetual presence of the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the promise of our Lord.

All such proposals as that which we are considering are founded upon some supposed truth, as to which the parties who are invited to accept them ought to be agreed with those who make them. The Unionist proposals seem not to recognise Dissenters as within the pale of Christendom. They invite the members, lay and clerical, "of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Anglican communions," to join in an Association of Prayer. It is implied, then, that the members of these three communions are bound together by some peculiar tie which does not embrace others, and that this tie is of such a nature as to admit of their acting together for an ecclesiastical end. What is this but purely and simply to assert the Anglican theory of a Church which consists of three branches? What is it but to ask Catholics and Greeks to acknowledge, which they have never yet done, the claims of the Anglican Establishment to the character of a divine institution, to recognise her orders, which they have never admitted? Nor, as we have already said, is it easy to see how the object proposed to the Associates as the aim of their prayers can be otherwise understood than as a denial of a part of the Catholic doctrine as to the indefectible unity of the Church. No blame can be attached to the persons who make these proposals for expressing their own belief as to these matters. But they cannot be surprised if Catholics hang

back for the same reason which makes them press forward. Their belief on these points is widely different from that of Anglicans. As Anglicans implicitly assert their belief by joining the Association, Catholics by doing so would, in the same degree, deny their own.

The simple dogmatic reasons which forbid any loyal Catholic from joining an association such as that of which we are speaking will be found clearly and precisely laid down in the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Westminster. We shall not attempt to epitomise what is already as concise and compressed a statement as is compatible with the necessities of the case. The position of the Unionites is in many respects so entirely identical with that of Dr. Pusey, that it was natural that the Archbishop should consider many parts of the *Eirenicon* as setting forth the principles which are condemned in the official Reply of Cardinal Patrizi. Accordingly, the greater part of his Grace's Pastoral has reference to the elaborate work of Dr. Pusey, though that writer is never named, and the places referred to in his book are only indicated by allusions. This portion of the Pastoral begins by an examination of the theory of the "once Undivided Church," on which, of course, Dr. Pusey takes his stand. The Church was infallible once, when she was "undivided;" she is now broken up into three fragments, neither of which is infallible on present questions. Explanations may be given of their decrees and definitions which may make them more perfect, and bring them into harmony one with the other. The great name of Bossuet has been foolishly invoked by Dr. Pusey in behalf of his ideas. The Archbishop shows that Bossuet held the perpetual infallibility of the Church, the divine right of the Roman Pontiff, the infallibility and Œcumenical character of the Council of Trent, and that by the Catholic Church he meant "the whole body of the Churches which are united in communion with the See of Rome." So much for Bossuet. We may add, that the attempt to use his name on the Anglican side has naturally created much surprise and indignation in France. The ablest and most intelligent foreign criticism on the *Eirenicon* which we have seen (that of F. Ramière in the *Revue du Monde Catholique*) speaks in very severe terms on this subject (see that *Revue*, Mars 10). After quoting the condemnation of Du Pin by Bossuet,—who says of him, "enfin, on ne peut rien de tout alleguer en faveur de la tradition de l'Eglise, que notre auteur ne se soit étudié à le detraire,"—and the statement of Du Pin himself, that he acknowledges the primacy of the Pope "as the Greeks do, though they are separated from the Roman Church"—(a declaration which Dr. Pusey quotes, p. 234, and may have had in his mind when he declared lately that Anglicans "acknowledged

the primacy" of the Holy See),—Father Ramière remarks on the attempt made by Dr. Pusey to pass off the opinions of Du Pin as a fair representation of "the mind of the moderate Gallicans of 1719," as follows: "In order that Dr. Pusey might be able to see in this doctrine the expression of the sentiments of the moderate Gallicans of 1719, one of two things is necessary. Either he has never opened the works of Bossuet and the other Gallican doctors of authority, or he has the singular faculty of forgetting, when he is seeking to establish a thesis, that which he knows, and which all the world as well as himself knows, to be in manifest opposition to that thesis" (p. 685). He adds further, that it is perfectly easy to ascertain the opinions of Bossuet, as he was actually engaged in a proposal for pacification, and his letters are extant among his own collected works, and also in those of Leibnitz. "There Dr. Pusey would have found himself in the presence of a serious negotiation, which Rome had authoritatively avowed at its origin, and which would have furnished him with information very far more luminous than the dark intrigues of E. Du Pin. He would have heard the great Bishop of Meaux declaring to Leibnitz and Molanus, that in order to cease from being heretical and obstinate it was not enough to admit the doctrine of the Council of Trent and the official teaching of the Church, but that it was above all necessary to acknowledge with submission her infallible authority, and that nothing is more schismatical than to appeal from that authority—as Dr. Pusey also does—to a new General Council, which might revise the definitions of the Council of Trent." "By that," Bossuet declares, "anarchy is introduced, and every one is able to believe any thing he chooses. It is that in which consists the obstinacy which makes the heretic and heresy: for if, in order not to be obstinate, it were enough to have an air of moderation, fair words, and soft sentiments, no one would ever be able to know who is obstinate and who is not. But if we wish to know 'the obstinate man who is a heretic,' and avoid him, as the Apostle enjoins us, his incommunicable property and his manifest character is this—that he sets up for himself, in his own judgment, a tribunal above which he places nothing on the earth; or, to speak in simple terms, it is that he is attached to his own opinion to such a degree as to render of no use all the decisions of the Church."* Dr. Pusey, adds the French critic, "would do well to meditate on these words,"—which certainly seem written beforehand for his benefit as well as that of Molanus. He is recommended also to read the whole correspondence, and learn what Bossuet really would say to

* Bossuet, *Réflexions sur l'écrit de M. l'Abbé Molanus,—Œuvres Complètes*, tom. xxv. p. 578.

him. "If before writing," continues Father Ramière, "he had taken the precaution which the most ordinary prudence would have suggested, he would have avoided compromising himself by supporting by the authority of Bossuet a system which Bossuet has attacked with the most triumphant energy; and he would have taken care not to tell us, that in order to put an end to schism he was not asking of us any thing but to accept 'the terms which Bossuet would have sanctioned.'"*

The Archbishop proceeds to refer to the attempt made by Dr. Pusey to distinguish between the decrees of the Council of Trent and their current Catholic interpretations. Dr. Manning states the authority of the "living mind of the Church" as "the true interpretation of the dogma of faith," and distinguishes, so to say, its various degrees. Interpretations which proceed from Pontifical authority are certainly infallible; decisions given and doctrines taught by inferior tribunals and theological schools, uncondemned, publicly known, and in the presence of the supreme authority, may be presumed to be free from all error in faith or morals. With regard to theological and devotional works which the Church has not censured he speaks with careful moderation. They may at least be presumed innocent, though they may not always deserve it. No great mistake ever passes without being detected; but this does not make such teaching authoritative. But then if any one condemns it, as it is tolerated, he by so doing ascribes to himself the supreme discernment which belongs to the Church alone. Such, then, is the position of the self-assumed critic of the "popular system of Catholicism." Dr. Manning does not pause to examine in detail the truth or falsehood of the picture drawn by Dr. Pusey of this system; he deals with that writer simply as to the principle.† The habit of mind in

* See the *Eirenicon*, p. 385.

† We think that no one who has read the comments on the *Eirenicon* in Anglican papers can fail to have been struck with the quiet way in which the correctness of Dr. Pusey's statements about "the Marian system" has been taken for granted. At the same time, it must be remembered that, although abundant proof has been produced of his general inaccuracy, no one has yet taken to pieces his assertions one by one. Dr. Newman has simply stated his disbelief that the authors meant what Dr. Pusey says they meant. That part of the *Eirenicon* which contains the statements to which we refer is mainly made up of citations from four authors: Oswald, De Montfort, Salazar, and Bernardine de Bustis. Of these, Oswald, as Dr. Pusey knows, is on the Index, and he retracted his opinions; Salazar was a laborious divine of the seventeenth century, utterly unknown except to the more erudite of theologians, and with no more influence on the popular mind than some of the most forgotten of the Anglican divines of the same date; Bernardine de Bustis has been canonised by Dr. Pusey on his own authority, that

which Dr. Pusey seems to find it natural to live, expecting the Church to explain and interpret her decrees to his satisfaction and at his request, is characterised as open to three grave charges. It is the very climax and most luxuriant development of private judgment. It leads to proposals already gravely censured by several Pontiffs; and it obscures the true principle of divine faith, "that the enunciation of the Church of this hour is the test and evidence of the original Revelation." The only alternative is private judgment. As to this, the Dissenters are far more consequent and far more modest than Dr. Pusey and those who think with him. If the Church cannot tell us what she herself has always meant, she certainly cannot tell us what Scripture means. The Dissenter interprets Scripture for himself; Dr. Pusey professes to interpret Scripture by the Church, and the Church by—himself. And yet, after all, it is easier for human reason to understand the volume of Scripture by itself than the whole immense series of Fathers, Councils, and Pontiffs.

he may talk grandly about "the two St. Bernardines," and is also practically quite unknown; and De Montfort's work is only just making its way into notice. Neither, as is well known, has Dr. Pusey quoted these writers fairly, or taken into account the whole of what they say. It must certainly be a very poor qualification to any one to have produced an impression on the public mind on so false a foundation; yet we have not seen any retraction from Dr. Pusey even about Oswald. But his unfairness seems to us to reach its utmost height on the subject of the Immaculate Conception. A very cursory examination of the *Pareri* is enough to convince us of this. Besides the general impression given in his letter that the question at issue was whether the doctrine were true or not, the quotations are often miserably mangled. We shall limit ourselves to a single conspicuous instance out of many that we have marked. Dr. Pusey begins (p. 122) with a passage from the Pope's Encyclical, the object of which, in his pages, seems to be to give the idea that Pius IX. placed his hope in the Blessed Virgin to the exclusion of God and our Lord. It ends thus—we reproduce Dr. Pusey's italics exactly:—"For you know very well, venerable brethren, *that the whole of our confidence is placed in the most Holy Virgin*, since God [has placed in Mary the fulness of all good, that accordingly we may know that *if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any salvation, it redounds to us from her*, because such is His will who hath willed that we should have every thing through Mary.]" Now this passage is taken from the *Pareri*, i. 5, and Dr. Pusey must have had the book before him as he translated it. *Why, then, is the reader not told that all the words which we have enclosed in brackets, which constitute the strongest portion of the whole, and some of which Dr. Pusey has italicised, are a simple quotation from St. Bernard (in Nat. B. Mariæ de Aquæductu), and printed as such in the book, with the reference at the end?* There can be no more mistake about the fact to any one who opens the *Pareri* than there can be about the impression which Dr. Pusey has meant to produce on his readers,—for which it was unfortunately necessary that the latter should know nothing about St. Bernard.

The difficulties of their position have forced the Anglicans to invent a new kind of assistance rendered to the Church by the Holy Ghost—an intermittent, occasional manner of speaking infallibly, as to which no one can know when it is to come, and consequently no one can be bound to acknowledge it when it has been exercised. This new theory enables Dr. Pusey to call the dogma of the Immaculate Conception new, and to find fault with the Pope for having defined it. The Archbishop points out the singular unfairness with which the author of the *Eirenicon* has misstated the whole case as to the doctrine and its definition. And it surely is a matter for grave consideration, that a Prelate of the Catholic Church, in an important document like that on which we are commenting, should feel obliged to complain of so very fundamental a misrepresentation as that made by Dr. Pusey. That writer does not leave us any grounds for doubting that he is perfectly aware that none of the Bishops disbelieved the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. There can be no mistake about this, because in *his Appendix* he admits that all held it undoubtingly. But in the text of his volume he speaks of the doctrine as being “opposed by grave Bishops, even at the last” (p. 177). The Bishops of the present Catholic Church are brought in as witnesses at the end of a list of (supposed) authorities, adduced by Dr. Pusey as against the *doctrine*. There cannot be any question that Archbishop Manning has full ground for saying of the Bishops, “Some of them indeed doubted, before the event, *whether the time and the moment were come for the definition*. And *this has been used to create a rhetorical impression on the minds of those who do not know the facts of the case that they were opposed to the doctrine to be defined*.” We do not think that an ordinary reader of Dr. Pusey’s book would gather any other conclusion from his pages on the subject, unless he happened to light on the explanation which is relegated to the Appendix. How does this mode of dealing with matters of fact differ from the artifice of an unscrupulous advocate who leaves out and tries to hide the whole of the case against himself, while he puts in the most prominent light possible all that is in his own favour? Dr. Manning has to expend three or four pages in the barest enumeration of the great and prominent facts of the case on the other side, of which Dr. Pusey must have been as well aware as of those which he has chosen to put forward.

The Archbishop proceeds to allude to another equally strange charge made by Dr. Pusey—as to which, however, it is not very difficult to see that the latter has been misled by great confusion of thought, rather than any thing else. He does not seem in the least to understand the theological language which he uses. He

talks about "new matters of faith," "new doctrines being made of faith," and so on, in happy unconsciousness of the absurdity of his language. He has even gone so far, if we remember rightly, as to talk of a stipulation, to be agreed to by the Catholic authorities, that there are to be no more new matters of faith imposed on him if even he submits to her authority. This language shows as much confusion or ignorance as if he were to declare that he could make up his mind to receive seven Sacraments, provided that some one promised him that by and by there should not be eight or nine. He does not understand that an opinion may become infallibly certain by the authority of the Church at a given time, but that any addition to the articles of faith is an absurdity in terms. He talks of "a continual flow of *inspiration*, which may at any time change popular opinion into infallible truth." "Archbishop Manning," he says (p. 333), "anticipates a new era, in which the Pope should be continually declaring new matters of faith, to be believed, without authority of Scripture or tradition, on his sole authority, or to be supposed to have authority of Scripture solely because he declares them." Elsewhere he specifies the civil principedom of the Roman Pontiff as being made "matter of faith" (pp. 300, 301). This is very childish; for, as the Archbishop says, if by this is meant "a dogma of faith, it is a simple confusion arising from want of common catechetical knowledge. . . . It is hard to acquit such controversialists of a culpable want of knowledge, or of a rashness culpable in accusing" (p. 59). Moreover, the instance given by Dr. Pusey is no doubt selected with distinct reference to the Archbishop, who has written so much on the temporal power. Dr. Pusey, then, must have deliberately ignored the distinct and ample explanations given on the subject by the Archbishop, who four years ago, in order to provide by an excess of caution against all possible misunderstanding, most carefully and clearly explained that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope does not in any way constitute the material object of a "dogma of faith."

We must pass lightly over the concluding portions of Dr. Manning's Letter, closely and accurately reasoned as they are, and full of allusions the purport of which will no doubt be fully appreciated by Dr. Pusey. "To appeal from the Pope to an 'Eighth General Council' (*Eirenicon*, p. 238) 'of Greeks, Anglicans, and Romans, who shall put down Ultramontaniam, restore the Immaculate Conception to the region of pious opinions without foundation in Scripture and antiquity, declare the Pope to be fallible and subject to general councils which may err, reunite Christendom on the basis of the Russian Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the decrees of

Trent, interpreted not as they were intended, but by the rule of a Catholicism which the Catholic world has never known, elaborated by the criticism or illuminism of uncatholic minds nurtured in an anti-Catholic religion—all this is to us no harbinger of unity, no voice of peace, because *no sign of humility*, no evidence of faith' (p. 661). Certainly it requires nothing more in order to show the true character of the proposals lately made than to state them in naked detail. One other tendency of the Unionist movement the Archbishop notices, and we cannot doubt that it as truly characterises Dr. Pusey's position as that particular development of the principles of some of his disciples which has fallen under the warning censure of Rome. This tendency is to unmistakable indifferentism—to a sacrifice of truth, as comparatively unimportant, when an outward semblance of union may be gained. A strange instance of this was the proposal lately made at the conference between Anglicans and Russians—concerning which Prince Orloff has lately written—to leave all doctrinal matters to be settled hereafter, and to proceed at once to intercommunion by "celebration of the Lord's Supper."

There is, no doubt, at first sight a certain appearance of hardness about any one who receives coldly an overture for reconciliation, and who declines to join in a prayer for peace. It has ever been the lot of the Catholic Church to have her firm adherence to principle and her refusal to compromise truth thrown in her teeth. But the impression will, we are sure, vanish at once from the minds of the great mass of our countrymen when the facts of the case become clearly known. Englishmen understand perfectly well that authority may be indulgent and conceding in every thing but principle, but that it destroys itself when it compromises the right on which it stands and the organic laws of its constitution. We have to deal with a nation that is most likely in the end to condemn Dr. Pusey for not being ready to go further when he can go so far, and for sticking about a little more or a little less of the principle which he is ready to acknowledge. Englishmen who know the Church, even as her enemies know her, never really expect her to surrender her doctrines; if she were to do so, they would instinctively feel that she had abdicated her throne. The very eagerness which the Unionites have displayed in courting sanction from every possible quarter among Catholics, the triumph with which they parade the few incautious names that have been given in to their Association, shows how great an importance they attach to that recognition of their ecclesiastical position which such adhesions more or less imply. They have been for many years certain of the prayers of Catholics for the object which represents itself to them as the reunion of Christendom. They are not ignorant that

prayers have long been made throughout the Catholic world specially for the conversion of England. Their movement, as far as regards us, aims not only at getting us to pray, but also at inducing us to acknowledge their Catholicism by joining them in prayer. To others, it too often presents a dangerous excuse for delaying that individual submission to the Church which their consciences really require. The union they desire is one which shall spare them all submission, sacrifice, acknowledgment of error; which shall recognise their Orders, whitewash their Articles, and provide in some unexplained way for their position as the clergy of an Established Church under the royal supremacy. At least we hear nothing from them of any other interpretation than this of "corporate reunion." The idea of seceding in a body from the Establishment may lurk in the heart of some, but it is not avowed; and if it were so, it would destroy their only claim to be heard. We may fairly then remind them, as the Archbishop has done, how few they are, how utterly unsanctioned, and how widely separated in opinion from the mass of their co-religionists. We do not question their right to existence as a party in the Establishment; that is the business of the Anglicans themselves. We do not question their right to make proposals which involve the concession of all their claims, and assert implicitly the whole of their side of the question between us. Their position forbids them to make any other, and our position equally forbids us to accept these. But those who propose peace take upon themselves voluntarily and deliberately one great duty at least, which can never bring any thing but a blessing on those who discharge it. It is the duty of removing misconceptions, diminishing prejudices, cutting away the mass of false traditions which have so long overgrown the mind of our countrymen with regard to Catholicism. Those who assist in this great work deserve our heartiest thanks and our most grateful prayers. Those who aggravate enmities when they might soften them, and enhance misunderstandings instead of correcting them, cannot expect to be welcomed when they approach us in the garb of heralds of reconciliation, and renounce by their own act all share in the blessings promised to the promoters of peace.

7.

The Greek Tragedians.



II.

IN ascertaining many of the laws of the physical universe, inquirers labour under the great difficulty that their field of observation is so limited. Even allowing the great principles taken for granted by inductive philosophy, facts may well be scattered profusely in other planets than our own, which would indefinitely modify the general conclusions we arrive at from phenomena noticed solely on this earth. Much of this same difficulty must be felt by those who would investigate a subject like that now before us. We have only a small selection from works of very ample range; and, judicious probably as this selection is, we can well imagine that our inferences cannot but be precarious when materials have been swallowed up in the ocean of time which exceed many times in quantity all that remain to us. Still, we can but do our best; and we may at least feel certain that the mind of a man may be reasoned upon from a small number of facts with no greater insecurity than attends similar researches in the scheme of nature which surrounds us.

I have said that in the *Prometheus Vincitus* and *Eumenides* the mysticism of the mind of Æschylus predominates; in the *Supplices*, *Agamemnon*, and *Choëphoræ*, its moral and religious aspect; whilst in the two remaining plays, his personal and military associations strike us more vividly, though every where religion affords its prevailing colour to his poetry. It is proper here to distinguish between the religious and the mystical tendency, as here understood. Both imply belief and reverence; but in the former the ideas are more or less such as the reason can accept without great difficulty; in the latter they baffle and overwhelm it, inspiring fear, reserve, and secrecy. This contrast obtains even in those realms of the human mind into which faith does not enter. There is nothing in the laws of nature, discovered by a Newton or Laplace, to engender a sense of our own utter feebleness of intellect, or to bring a feeling of painful awe over the soul. The Roman poet, it is true, spoke with a sort of surprise of those who could survey without dread the mighty panorama of the rolling universe:

"Hunc solem et terras et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectant," Hor. *Ep.* i. vi. 3.

But he alluded precisely to those who believed they had ascertained the laws upon which it moves. What is awful to all reflecting minds are those apparently contradictory truths connected with space and time, and origin and end, which evidence the impotence of the proud reason of man. These present the mystical aspect of the philosophy of the human mind; the laws above mentioned would bear analogy to religion. Well, then, when Æschylus viewed a power in the world which brought sure retribution on crime; when he contemplated the great system of warnings by which the conscience not wholly deadened may be stopped from a career of guilt before it be too late, there was nothing that offended his reason, but, on the contrary, he went along with it, a kind of stern joy illuminating his sure path. But when he reflected on the mysterious beings in whom Greek mythology impersonated this law, on the Erinnyes, whose office in the universe rested on a destiny which overruled even the ruler of gods and men; when he meditated on the vast primeval events which pre-dated the system of celestial government he believed to be in present operation, he felt that the very grandeur of these events forced his reason to bend to them, and in this submission he felt he was obeying a yet higher and greater law than those which his reason could appreciate. And in these ideas his dark yet beautiful genius delighted. Although there are found in it spaces of the most tranquil repose, of the softest light, even as in the centre of the tempest, or in the savannahs of the forest, what most typified him were the imperfect and shifting rays of the lurid sunset, or the still white gleam of lightning—

“That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, ‘Behold!’
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.”

The Orestean trilogy, and especially the *Eumenides*, exhibits probably the most complete, as it is the latest representation of the mind of Æschylus in both these points of view. The *Prometheus* is less perfect, not only because we do not possess its development, since the remainder of the trilogy, of which it formed a part, is lost, but because it belonged to a much earlier stage of the author's mind. Still, as it takes us over a most interesting field of what may be called the Æschylean theology, and hardly yields even to the *Eumenides* in its singularity and impressiveness, we shall take it first in order of consideration, since, of the plays we have mentioned as peculiarly connected with mysticism and religion, it comes first in order of time. The following is an account of what may be gathered from the *Prometheus* of the legend in which Æschylus embodied his

ideas of certain great mysteries connected with the destinies of the human race, and of the superior powers which controlled them.

The present state of things, by which the supremacy of the universe is in the hands of Zeus, did not exist in the beginning. There has twice been a revolution in heaven; he is but the third occupant of the celestial throne, and his accession is more recent than the formation of man. Before him was Kronos, who was surrounded by the elder race of gods,—children like himself of Heaven, and Earth the universal mother,—and called the Titans. Faction arose among these gods; one party seeking to expel Kronos from the sovereignty, that Zeus might reign in his stead, the other adverse to the rule of Zeus. But, gods though they were, their knowledge was limited; and only one among them, the far-seeing and wise Prometheus, warned by his mother Themis, was aware that victory in this struggle was not to be gained by force, but by craft. He could not convince them of this fated decree, and accordingly, with Themis, placed himself on the side of Zeus, whose adviser he became in the mighty warfare which issued in his triumph. By the advice of Prometheus the conqueror hurled the dethroned king of heaven into the depths of Tartarus. Even more terrible was the fate of Typhon, who, having been on the losing side, was doomed to lie crushed under the roots of *Ætna*, in his convulsive throes vomiting the fiery streams of the volcano; or the punishment of Atlas, who was placed in the regions of the west, to prop up with his shoulders the column on which rests heaven and earth. Unhesitating as was the spirit of Prometheus,—like that of some unscrupulous party-chief in a Hellenic city supporting a successful pretender to the tyranny,—he pitied the Titan race when he beheld these calamities befall it. Soon, however, this merciful disposition brought him into direct collision with the unmerciful and tyrannical lord of the universe. Zeus, newly seated in his dominions, at once proceeded, still under the advice of Prometheus, to mark off to the various gods who thronged his court their functions and offices. The race of mortals, however, an ephemeral offspring of nature, he disdained in this new organisation, and meditated even to sweep them away, and plant a new order of beings to occupy the earth. They were, indeed, a feeble and pitiful brood, incapable of turning to any useful object the senses they possessed, living underground like insects in caves and holes, dreaming through life, which they knew not how to measure by the mighty orbs revolving around them. But the heart of Prometheus yearned over these mournful and neglected stepchildren of the world. Like Prospero,—a character of whom Prometheus sometimes slightly reminds us, with the thankless Caliban,—he “endowed their purposes with

words that made them known." He pointed out to them the risings and settings of the stars; he gave them the knowledge of numbers and letters, the mighty instrument of memory, the teeming mother of wisdom; he taught them to tame the ox and horse, that these animals might divide with them half their labours, or minister to their luxury; he gave them also ships by which to traverse the ocean, as in their chariots the land. Hitherto, when disease assailed them, they had wasted helplessly away; now they could ward off sickness by all manner of remedies, taught them by their divine benefactor. The future had been to them a blank; now they had imparted to them the power of foreseeing it by dreams, omens, auguries, and sacrificial signs. Prometheus revealed to them, moreover, the hidden treasures of the earth—copper, iron, silver, and gold. He was the author of all the arts by which their life was raised above its former misery; and to crown his good deeds, he instructed them in the use of fire, the universal instrument of the arts, which he stole for them from heaven, its original place, not fearing the jealousy of Hephæstus, the god who ruled over that mighty element.

But this patronage of a despised race naturally called forth the indignation of the stern despot who had thought of annihilating them, and also of the other gods, who, in their serene abodes, had scarce thought mortals of consequence enough even to disdain them. Zeus therefore commissioned two of his trusty ministers, Strength and Force, to seize the offender; and Hephæstus, the god whom he had most directly irritated, to fix him with adamantine nails and bolts to a rock in a wild ravine of Mount Caucasus. Yet the proud victim has an advantage even against his relentless oppressor. There is a power even higher than the lord of heaven—the threefold Fates, whose name is too awful to be more than hinted at by Prometheus; and they have decreed, though not, it seems, irreversibly, if Zeus could receive warning, that a son would be born to him of a certain marriage who was destined to find out lightnings yet mightier than those wielded by his sire, and to overthrow him, even as he had overthrown his father Kronos, whose curse is bringing on him this ruin. Zeus haughtily commands Prometheus to reveal what marriage he is to shun, under threats of hurling him on his rock down to Tartarus, there to be mangled by a vulture till some god would take upon him his pains as a substitute. Prometheus defies him in language yet haughtier than his own, and sinks, amidst earthquakes and tempests, with his rock into the regions below.

In all this we behold the mystical element of the mind of the poet at work. The strangeness and grandeur of the incidents, here

affording a hint of meaning, there baffling the thoughts of man by questions too deep for him, have a fascination to which he willingly yields. And yet the play, as compared with others in the remaining collection, presents considerable difficulty when we endeavour to draw conclusions as to the religious character of Æschylus. He has here exhibited Zeus as a relentless tyrant; elsewhere, as in the *Supplikes* and the *Oresteia*, he reverently adores him as the just ruler of the universe,—with fear indeed, but filial rather than servile. In the *Prometheus* we continually meet with epithets applied to Zeus of the most forbidding character,—“harsh,” “severe,” “unswerving,” “unyielding to entreaty,” “implacable,” “stern,”—as newly-made despots always are; whereas in the other plays he rather has the mild yet awful attributes of the legitimate monarch, the *basileus* as contrasted with the *tyrannos*. He is entreated by the suppliant maidens, as the god of newly-arrived strangers, to look down favourably on their coming from the far Nile to the abodes of their distant ancestress. They call him “saviour,” “guardian of the homes of the just and holy.” Even in the midst of black darkness all things are in the blaze of light to his eye. Every thing decreed by him falls out surely. His ways are dark and unspeakable; but the very dread of his power is comforting to the good, because it is against the proud and ambitious that his anger is directed, and whose utter destruction he effects by his remembering mind from his holy seats. He is addressed under the title of “King of kings, most blessed of the blessed, of might most perfect among the perfect.” He assigns things unjust to the vile, but to the righteous things holy,—a remarkable expression, but signifying very intelligibly the great law of retribution which is the most prominent among the ethical ideas of the poet. A famous passage from the first choral ode in the *Agamemnon* affords a very complete illustration of this contrast with the religious feeling which characterises the *Prometheus* on the surface. The following rough version will give the leading features of this passage:

“Who thou art, O Zeus, I know not, nor can tell,
 Yet by that name I call thee, if it doth please thee well;
 For power, save Zeus, though searching through the world, I cannot
 find,
 To bid me surely fling this burden from my mind.
 Not he that mighty was of old to me hath aught to say,
 And even his successor, overthrown, has passed away.
 Their conqueror they have met with, but whoso lifts his voice
 With hymns of victory to Zeus, shall win his dearest choice,—
 To Zeus, who marked out wisdom's path for man's benighted
 eyes,
 Who made a law that suffering should teach him to be wise.

In sleep and silence memory's pain doth trickle o'er the heart ;
 And virtue, though against our will, comes of that healing smart.
 Constraining is the favour, and terrible the love,
 Of the gods that sit so tranquilly on their awful seats above."

In the same spirit is the affectionate appeal of Orestes to Zeus in the *Choëphoræ*, to befriend his sister and himself, suffering as they are, like the orphan brood of an eagle in the coils of a serpent. He is held forth as the executor of the tardy vengeance due to treachery and crime, which appears in the form of blind folly hurrying the guilty to their doom. Justice is the virgin-daughter of Zeus. In short, his attributes, though tremendous, are still such as operate visibly according to the moral law.

How are we then to reconcile the two pictures, differing as widely as "the counterfeit presentment of two brothers" offered by Hamlet to his mother? Different explanations have been offered of the myth of Prometheus. Lord Bacon has adopted a theory which would refer it to physical views. According to this, the stern and relentless Zeus signifies the precarious and difficult existence Nature affords uncultivated man, the arts which minister to his comfort being, as it were, hidden and hard to come at; Prometheus, the inventive faculty which discovers these arts, but which is necessarily accompanied by uneasiness and anxiety, and the more so the deeper it goes in the investigation of causes. This would explain the sufferings and tortures of Prometheus on his rock. Mr. Keble, whilst admitting that the fable in its origin might have had this reference, expresses his conviction that a more profound and more sacred idea was in the mind of Æschylus himself. After showing, from various passages, that the poet held that the Fates and Erinnyes—powers superior to Zeus himself, of which more presently—were not led by blind necessity, but by a providential reason, he thus accounts for the air of sadness and gloom diffused over the play of the *Prometheus Vincitus* :

"It has undoubtedly this meaning, if I am not mistaken: to express to us a mind not uncertain about the divine government, but still extremely disturbed and disquieted because of these things which carry with them a semblance and show of that dire necessity. In short, Æschylus in a manner argued that the world was free, but was tortured and agitated by the fact that in so many parts of it were seen impressed the traces of the chains of destiny. He was at length almost led to the point of imagining the powers of the Supreme Being were separated from each other; so that neither He who was Greatest could justly be called Best, nor He who was Omnipotent was also Omniscient; whence it could not but be that strange disorders and confusion should arise, not only of mortal, but of divine and celestial things. . . . We say, moreover, that the ruin

and fall of man arises, according to Æschylus, principally from this, that the things which especially pertain to the perfection of the Supreme Being are not all of them found in one individual, but that of the number of the gods, one excels in goodness, another in wisdom, another (I mean Jupiter, fresh from his victory) in immense and infinite power only. Accordingly, even in the beginning of the poem, mention is made, as it were, of two factions, to one or other of which each must needs join himself, namely of Jupiter and of men."*

This view of Mr. Keble's is fine and striking. It opens the interesting question, how far the ancient Greeks can be said practically to have believed in one God, distributing as they did to so great an extent, according to their intellectual tendencies to symmetrical order, the divine attributes among different individuals or provinces of heaven. And if this were the case, we can well imagine an overwhelming sense of difficulty oppressing a religious mind at the incongruity which necessarily arose, just as those in our own day who do not thoroughly accept on faith the Unity of God and the great doctrine of His being the Creator of heaven and earth, must be disturbed at the seeming remorselessness of nature, at the severity of those laws by which the elements know no difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind, but equally destroy those who even by accident contravene them. Still, if I mistake not, this idea is on the whole too modern, and too manifestly characteristic of a mind conversant with the peculiar questions raised in Butler's *Analogy* to be exactly the key by which to unlock the mysteries of Æschylus.

In the severity of Zeus to Prometheus there is nothing to shock Greek feelings, if we recollect, as Haupt has ingeniously observed, that the morality of ancient Greece permitted cruel vengeance to be exacted from an enemy, and that Prometheus stood in that relation to Zeus.† In the *Iliad*, when Menelaus in the battle-field is inclined to spare the suppliant Adrastus, Agamemnon reproves his inclination to mercy, reminds his brother of what he had suffered at the hands of the Trojans, and says that none of them, not even the child in its mother's womb, should be allowed to escape the sword. Let them all, he urges, perish out of Ilium, unlamented and out of sight; "offering a reasonable remonstrance," remarks the poet.‡ We see that the extremity of vengeance by no means disgraced the chivalrous character in Homer's eyes, and we need not suppose that it was inconsistent with the ideas of goodness which prevailed centu-

* Keble's *Prælectiones Academicæ*, vol. i. pp. 322, 324.

† Haupt, *Æschylearum Quæstionum Specimen Primum*, p. 80.

‡ Hom. *Iliad*. vi. 62.

ries after his time. The great prominence also which is given in the *Prometheus* to certain physical notions, especially those connected with the invention of the use of fire, can hardly be evaded. The fable seems to bear much of its explanation on the surface; and to me at least Lord Bacon's explanation, stated, however, somewhat differently, appears the best. It is perhaps a feeling natural in every age, as it is a feeling founded on a just sense of man's imperfection, to receive discoveries immensely increasing his control over nature with a strange hesitation and fear. Steam-navigation, railways, telegraphic communication, have all in their turn called forth this sense of the possible increase of man's presumption as he becomes more and more independent of the forces that surround him. I might quote in illustration from the choral compositions both of Æschylus and Sophocles some deep and beautiful strains, which show that Greek civilisation was no stranger to this thought. But I prefer to explain what I mean by quoting (from memory) lines in which Father Newman, in early days, has imitated the very passages I allude to:

"Man is permitted much
To scan and learn
Of nature's frame;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
But o'er the elements
One Hand alone hath sway."

Lyra Apostolica.

Now there was surely a time when the use of fire was as great a wonder, as marvellous an invention, as that of steam was recently; there was a time when the simple use of letters seemed as great a triumph of human ingenuity as the telegraph does still; when one medicine after another, drawn forth by patient search and the happiest skill from the hidden stores of nature, was an invention not less remarkable than that of vaccination—the last of those belonging to the healing art which exhibits the features of almost primitive originality. We cannot doubt but that thoughtful minds were impressed by the sense of the seeming independence which these early successes of human ingenuity afforded mankind. The thought would arise, why lift up hands to Heaven to avert evils which our own resources can control? Hence the development of the arts as typified by *Prometheus* looked like a rebellion against the gods. This idea probably lay at the foundation of the whole fable of *Prometheus*; but we need not endeavour rigorously to apply it to every detail in which imagination might allow itself full range.

The primeval struggle between the elder and younger races which occupied the thrones of heaven appears to me to have oppressed the mind of Æschylus more than any obscure feeling of a conflict between opposite attributes. The idea of this struggle necessarily arose from the physico-theological theories of the early Greek intellect, which accounted for the existence of the universe, not by creation so much as by a series of developments expressed as successive generations of divine beings. But as one generation of men displaces another, it seemed only natural to suppose that the same law was followed in the genealogies of the gods. It may also easily have been the case that the elemental worship of the simpler Pelasgic tribes was superseded by the more personal worship of later cultivation, and that this change suggested, or was highly in keeping with, the idea of a succession in which later gods supplanted the earlier. However this may be, Æschylus loved to recur to those mysterious epochs in the abyss of ages, when forms more awful than the objects of the every-day homage of Hellenic temples swayed the universe. The latter seemed almost the creatures of man, familiar and, so to speak, vulgar, as things of recent origin are. The former were inscrutable in their causes, and overpowering to the imagination even in their eclipse. Moreover, in this class of primeval deities were included certain powers of a dreaded sort, distinct from those identical with the physical forces of the world, and which, from inmost recesses of the universe, controlled all things in the final issue. These powers, as they never appear in companionship with the others, cannot be said to have been dethroned in any celestial revolution, but retain their terrible activity throughout. These are the Fates, the Erinyes, the impersonations of laws which Zeus himself must obey, or of the great corrective energy, by which evil-doing is surely visited in the long-run by punishment. The name *ἐριννύς*, in its original signification, is thus strikingly interpreted by Müller (*Eumenides*, p. 186): "It is the feeling of *deep offence*, of *bitter displeasure*, when sacred rights belonging to us are impiously violated by persons who ought most to have respected them." The Erinyes would especially avenge wrongs done to the father, mother, or elder brother, or insolence offered to the lowly suppliant, or even the beggar, from those to whose charity his need gives him a claim. Parricide, or, on the other hand, the neglect of the duty of avenging blood, would call forth an Erinny. Müller goes on to say: "The sensible manifestation of the Erinyes is *Ἄρα*: the long-suppressed feeling of deep offence bursts forth in sudden imprecations, frequently on apparently slight provocation." These deities were represented as the daughters of Night; black, grim goddesses, chasing the guilty, as it were his embodied con-

science, from land to land, and singing over him their binding song, as they chain him in their pitiless fetters. Not theirs the bright light of Phœbus; not theirs the snow-white robes that gleamed in the festive procession.

We see, therefore, in the Erinnyes another phase of that struggle between elder and younger deities, and one even more violent, because Zeus had triumphed over his father, and reigned an undisputed lord. But the Erinnyes lasted always, an awful shadow from which the gods of Olympus shrank as the living shrink from the breath of the charnel-house. And yet the Erinnyes were indispensable, because justice must govern all things, and justice demands satisfaction when wrong has been done. Innocent blood cried for vengeance, and the Erinnyes were its ministers. Greek mythology seemed to have set itself a problem which it was unable to unravel. How Æschylus dealt with the former part of it—that, namely, between Prometheus and Zeus—cannot be precisely known, in consequence of the loss of the two plays which completed the Promethean trilogy. The great agent of the suffering god's release was Hercules, the descendant of Io, and son of Zeus. Now as Io, through her father Inachus, son of Oceanus, was closely connected with the elder race of the gods, she furnishes a point of contact between Zeus and his victim, which, as Haupt again has suggested, shows that her appearance in the extant play is no mere episode, but the very hinge upon which it turns.

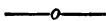
More attractive, however, to us is the remarkable hint preserved by Apollodorus (quoted by Mr. Keble, *Præl.* xix. p. 335), from which it appears that, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, Chiron, having been severely wounded by Hercules, voluntarily accepted his death as the ransom of Prometheus, and thus fulfilled the conditions whereon Zeus had promised his pardon, which was that an immortal should voluntarily die for him. Among the vague guesses or faint traditions to be found in pagan records bearing on revealed truth, this is one of the most interesting. And another trace of the ideas upon which the winding-up of the trilogy was constructed is highly curious and beautiful also, namely, that Prometheus was still fated to be bound, but his fetters were at last exchanged for a crown of olive binding his brows; as though suffering, when its work was completed, vanished off into triumph, yet still left a sort of painless token of its former presence.

The play of the *Eumenides* makes us deeply regret the loss of the *Prometheus Unbound*, since in the former we see with what grace and tenderness the poet has brought out the gentler aspect of the stern Erinnyes, and enables us to imagine what must have been the

beauty of his management of the still subtler myth which was disentangled in the latter. In the *Eumenides* he had to deal with the mercy by which the judgment passed upon deeds of violence and wrong should always be qualified, and to combine the rights of conscience, unforgiving if left utterly to itself, with that equity which takes all the circumstances into consideration which can mitigate offended justice. Athena, as the impersonation of Wisdom, unimpassioned and self-possessed, appeases the awful deities of vengeance till they gradually change their fierce anger into the most benignant friendliness, release the now-purified Orestes, no longer frenzied, and heap blessings upon those who had harboured him, so as now to merit the milder name of Eumenides (the favourable goddesses), originally given them out of fear. Wonderful a conception as this is, it must be admitted that religiously it is a failure (as how could it be otherwise?), since the favour of the Erinnyes is mainly secured by a sort of flattery on the part of the goddess, who makes all kinds of promises for her people of the homage they shall render to their stern visitors; and we rather obtain the impression that the Erinnyes have been bribed to sacrifice the great ethical necessity which they represent. But the whole fable at least shows how powerfully the Greeks felt that punishment was required by the divine laws to follow crime, and yet that somehow or somewhere there ought to be a means of gaining pardon without disappointing justice.

De Profundis.

(Sequel.)



A VISIT from my good friend Father Laurence M——, as hard-working a priest as is to be found in England or Ireland either, has revealed to me the fact that some remarks made by me in the last Number of *The Month* were thought not quite fair by his worthy patron, Sir Phelim O'Toole. I was almost afraid that the latter was gravely offended at the expressions used about the dressiness of his good lady: but Father M—— assures me that all that part of the Article was passed over, as only evincing a certain not very wonderful ignorance as to the mysteries of female attire, too amusing to be seriously resented. "Muslins and ribbons, indeed!" said Father M——; "my good sir, do you take her ladyship for a tradesman's cook?" I humbly apologised for my unintentional error, and then informed the good father of what he was happy to hear, that His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster had sanctioned the reprinting of the Article in question, and had, in very weighty words of his own, commended the facts on which it dwells to the attention of the faithful. Father Laurence cordially congratulated me; "But I should very much like to know," said he, "what really *can* be done for the cause of these poor orphans for whom you plead. I am sure that if you *can* suggest any thing, Sir Phelim will do his best. You know there is the Reform Bill, and the Oaths Bill, and we expect a discussion on the Irish Church, and the University question; and then you seem to live in happy ignorance of the work that Members of Parliament have to get through in attending on Committees, and so on. It is not very easy, especially for private members, to find an opening for any attempt that is likely to be successful, and the poor-law system is a mighty power to attack; and sometimes these efforts of theirs have made matters worse than they were before. Now I really should like to hear you tell me what *can* be done."

I shall answer the question thus addressed to me—which, as it came from so sensible a man as Father M——, may probably have occurred to the minds of other sensible men—in my present Article. First, however, let me disclaim altogether any thought of wounding susceptibilities, which it would be as unwise in me to irritate as it

would certainly be against my intention. But if, without venturing to blame, it is allowable to feel a little impatience for more active exertion on the part of all the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland to redress a flagrant, long-continued, and ever-increasing oppression, the needless infliction of unspeakable misery, and the cause of ruin to multitudes of souls, it is natural, and I hope not disrespectful, to turn our anxious eyes in the first place to influential Irishmen; both because their attachment to the Faith is their greatest dignity, and because the victims of the oppression in question are mostly Irish children and Irish parents.

But to return to the main point, and to the chief reason for occupying more room in *The Month*. First, as I certainly hoped that I had quite sufficiently suggested in the Article, the very manner of putting the question shows that those who put it do not adequately feel the enormity of the grievance. If the Penal Laws were still in force, and were even occasionally set in action upon ourselves, should we content ourselves with saying, "It is a grievous shame, but what can we do?" Yet we must all acknowledge that no amount of personal insult to ourselves would be any thing like so great an evil, or would justify and demand as much indignation, as the forcible training of one Catholic child in heresy. If a law were proposed by which it would be permitted to drown all Catholic children not maintained by their own relations, how should we feel about it? Yet every Catholic believes that the destruction of the bodily life of a child would be unspeakably less of a crime, less of a grievance, than the corruption of his soul. Dying parents, whose faith is strong, would feel far less pain at leaving their children to be summarily made away with than at leaving them, as thousands now do, to be reared in unbelief.

The first thing to be done is to make ourselves feel. No injustice was ever remedied until some besides the victims of it began to feel it keenly. Two classes of persons, as I suggested, are bound by their very profession of principles to take an interest in the matter, to study it, and attend to it, till they do feel. All professed philanthropists and men of liberal sentiments, even though to themselves it might be a matter of little importance in what religious belief their children were educated, are bound in consistency to feel for those to whom the compulsory education of their children in opposition to their own faith is a heavy affliction and a grievous injustice, and to aid in making such an oppression no longer legal. Several Protestant papers, I am glad to be told, have acknowledged that if the alleged facts are true, the system ought to be altered, and only try to weaken the admission by accusing Catholics of intoler-

ance, or by hinting that there is probably exaggeration in the statements. It is obvious to reply that, on their principles, they ought not to persecute, whether Catholics have persecuted or not, and still more, that it is unjust to break the hearts of numbers of Catholics, who have never had the inclination or the opportunity to injure others, on the ground that other Catholics, in other ages and in other countries, have been guilty of intolerance. If all the fables in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* were historically true, how would that justify the execution of any individual Patrick or Bridget of the present day for the supposed crimes of Bonner? And, however strange the fact may seem to our liberal friends, to numbers of actual Patricks and Bridgets the apostasy of their children is a heavier penalty than death.

As to exaggeration, let them, if they will, make their own abatement on that score: they will not deny, however, that there are large numbers of Irish in London and in most of our great cities; that the majority of them are very poor; that for the most part they marry early and have numerous families; that the employments in which very many of them are engaged bring on diseases of the heart and lungs; and that consequently, in the common order of things, a large proportion of the boys and girls in such schools as those at Hanwell and Forest-Gate must be the orphan children of Irish parents. The very excess of contempt with which those who preside over these schools treat all applications on our part prevents our answering the demand for more exact statistics. In defiance of rules to the contrary, they either keep no registers, or enter the names of Irish children indiscriminately as Protestants, and refuse to Catholic clergymen, and to all whom they suspect of being likely to give trouble, both access to the children and inspection of the registers. A magistrate, using his authority to inspect the register of one of the London workhouses, selected thirty-five Irish names, all entered as Protestants, from amongst many others, and asked to see the children. Every one proved to be the child of Catholic parents, and was acknowledged by the master to be so. The master of the school at Highgate, in which children of Catholic parents were known to be, told the priest who made inquiries that he kept no register, but received all alike as Protestants, and educated them as Protestants. Father Laing was told at Cuckoo Farm, at Hanwell, where there are supposed to be three hundred Irish girls, and nearly as many boys; and where he went with full proof of the religion of two young boys, and a demand from the mother that they should be educated in it,—that “no priest should ever set foot in that establishment.” In schools like that at Kirkdale, where registers *are* kept and some

permission given to instruct the Catholics separately, their number nearly equals that of the Protestants. I would put it, then, to any honest mind, whether, out of the nine millions of paupers receiving relief in England and Wales, there must not be at least several thousands of Catholic children; and I would ask any compassionate heart to feel for the torture inflicted on the parents of each one, and on very many others who are trembling at the prospect for their own little ones when they are gone, and on all those of the children themselves who are old enough to have imbibed one set of religious ideas, and are forced by hard usage to do violence to them and pretend to adopt others.

Much more are all who profess to adhere heartily to the Catholic faith bound to feel strongly the enormity of this system of proselytising. They cannot say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They would rather themselves die than deny any article of the Faith: they can sympathise with starving mothers, who, with children crying for food, abstain from asking for it, because they can only prolong their bodily lives by handing over their children's souls to be corrupted. Can they, then, put away from them as a distasteful topic the declaration of those who have investigated the matter, that under the sanction of laws against which they do not cry out, and by the expenditure of money which they share in contributing, thousands of innocent children—children, as themselves, of the Catholic Church, of Jesus and Mary, are absolutely deprived of all Catholic teaching, and constantly forced to join in heretical rites—and to learn and repeat blasphemies? If any doubt about the facts, it is not hard to learn them. The "Third Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons," Poor Relief, Ireland, 1861," containing evidence laid before it by the Westminster Clerical Committee, is easily procured through any bookseller, and will furnish an abundance of well-authenticated facts which are but specimens selected from a much greater number. If Catholics in general could be brought to feel the outrage done to their faith, and the cruel injustice done to these little ones and their parents, I do not believe that a single session of Parliament would pass without relief. A really good cause and a considerable body of men keenly alive to its paramount importance can never fail. The poor-law guardian interest no doubt presents a strong mass of solid and stolid bigotry, and the Exeter-Hall interest can make abundance of noise. But what are they both compared to the opposition that was confronted and overcome by the advocates of the repeal of the Corn-laws, by the originators of the Anti-Slavery movement, and by the great champion of Catholic emancipation? What would be our position now, if Daniel O'Connell's cry of "Agitate"

had been answered with, "What can we do?" Only feel, and you must do something. We talk about what we feel strongly, and by talking we get others to feel—

Facit indignatio versus

Qualescunque potest, quales ego, vel Lady O'Toole.

Even my poor Article has led to the deliverance of one victim, and the comforting of one desolate mother. Kind readers were led to offer to contribute to Patrick's maintenance, and an able lawyer, the chief contributor, to effect his rescue; and he is already in a Catholic orphanage. Some might write, some might lecture and preach, all who felt would talk. My own early recollections are full of the ridicule and abuse heaped on Wilberforce and the small band who worked with him, and of the steady determination with which they went on talking and writing. Surely the effort to bring the positive provisions of the poor-law into harmony with its spirit, and to make its enactments in behalf of liberty of conscience incapable of evasion, in spite of Exeter Hall and Marylebone, is not more gigantic or less hopeful than undertaking to free the negroes in opposition to the then immensely powerful West-Indian interest, at the cost of twenty millions of public money and of the probable ruin of several of our colonies. The oppression of which we complain touches us far more nearly, and ought to be felt far more intensely. Loss of faith is a far greater evil than earthly servitude. The victims are English and Irish children. The scene of their oppression is at our doors. We have already ten times the sympathy that the Anti-Slavery Association had on first starting, and are less bitterly opposed than its members were. But we must be in earnest, as they were. They had a good cause, and were enthusiastic in promoting it; and so, after many defeats, they triumphed over much greater difficulties than ours. They were ready to sacrifice to what seemed to them a more important end even great political questions and personal predilections; and so ought we. The first time I gazed on the Liberator's noble countenance and massive form, it was on the platform in Exeter Hall, where he was determined to introduce the Irish question into the midst of Anti-Slavery harangues. Those beside me sympathised with him and with his cause, but they deemed their own object more important, and, at the risk of offending a friend, they extinguished him by a process that was found successful a few years ago in suppressing an enthusiastic missionary who persisted in beginning his sermon at the appointed hour, in spite of the continued quaverings of some *prima donna* in the organ-loft. The stops of the great organ were suddenly drawn out, and its burst of sound was too much even for O'Connell's

register to compete with. I am not, of course, endorsing their judgment, but pointing to their consistency and concentration of purpose as an example. If we really believe what, as Catholics, we are bound and profess to believe, we must acknowledge that no secular aim, however high, and no political question, of whatever importance, ought to interfere for a moment with the determination to stop the wholesale perversion of our children. With all respect to Sir Phelim and other politicians like him, and without the least disparagement of the objects in which they are interested, I cannot help suggesting that in the Catechism which they learned when young, and in certain questions for self-examination which the approach of Easter is perhaps causing them to study with more attention than usual, they might learn principles about the preponderance of the interests of the soul over those of the body, the guilt of oppressing the orphan and widow, and the participation by connivance in the sin of others, which would make them feel that it would be better that Belgrave Square should remain a century without railway communication, and even that eloquent speeches about tenant-right should never be delivered, than that innocent children should be forced into unbelief, and we look on in silence.

I think, then, that there is much to be done in the way of spreading information and awakening and increasing interest, in which all might join. Why should not we have Catholic Anti-Slavery or Orphan Emancipation Societies? Why should a few over-worked priests be left to toil alone, as if such a grievance as this affected the clergy only, and ought not to make every Catholic's heart burn with grief and indignation? Is it to the clergy, and not to each one of us, that very solemn and decisive words will be one day spoken about what we have done or not done to our Judge by doing or not doing it to His little ones? It is just the notion that this is a clerical question which gives audacity to Middlesex magistrates and London workhouse officials in their contemptuous disregard of all permissive legislation in favour of justice, and indisposes government from interfering in our behalf. Much is to be done by getting up petitions and urging Catholic members to speak upon them. Why should not every Catholic mother in Great Britain and Ireland join in a cry to the legislature against the oppression of children whose faith is as precious to their mothers as that of her own to her? Why should not every ratepayer protest against the employment of poor-rates and county-rates for the purpose of proselytising? Why should not every Catholic who has a vote make it clearly understood that he will never give it to any candidate, however united to himself in

political views, who does not support "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill" for prohibiting, under effectual penalties, the interference between any young child and the clergyman of his own faith, willing to instruct him in any workhouse, workhouse-school, reformatory, or industrial school, supported wholly or in part by poor-rates or county-rates? Much might be done by any one who, for the love of our Lord and of souls dear to Him, would undertake the duties of a guardian himself, or would qualify himself for the magistrature, and use the power that it bestows.

Moreover, all who have the means of giving might do well to reflect how needful money is for the rescue of these poor orphans, how much can be done with it, and how immensely the urgency of this call for self-denial and liberality predominates over most others. In old days saints sold even the sacred vessels and the altar-hangings to ransom Christian captives. These captives are in far greater spiritual danger than those who were in the hands of the Turks, and are more systematically forced to apostatise. We must, of course, open churches and defray the expenses of Divine service, even while the captives are enslaved; but surely it were better that a church should remain without additional decoration than that an orphan who could be trained to piety should be dropped into the pandemonium of a workhouse-school? While fashionable ladies are saying, "What can I do?" not only all the victims already secured are left in bondage, but fresh victims are laid hold of at the rate of at least two thousand a-year. Though but few can be got out of workhouses or delivered from perversion in them until the law is altered, the Catholic training of others is merely an affair of money. A sum of twelve pounds a-year for three or four years would often make the whole difference between youthful piety and confirmed unbelief. The "Immaculate-Conception Charity," established in almost every London Mission, has rescued hundreds, who must else have been consigned to workhouse-schools: why not thousands? Suppose a fine lady were to make a vow not to go to the Opera until the Catholic captives are set free, and meantime were to maintain adopted orphans with the price of her box; and suppose her husband were to withdraw from his clubs, and do the same with his subscriptions to them,—would either of them regret it at the hour of death?

Again, when the law is altered, it is very likely that the result will be that what was made permissive two years ago, but, as usual, derided by poor-law guardians, will be carried into effect, and our children will be offered us to educate, with the weekly expenses of their maintenance, but on condition of providing suitable schools to

receive them. Of course even this would be very unjust; for as the whole expense of the fabric of all the workhouse-schools is charged on the rates, we have a right to demand house-room as well as maintenance for our children; and the obvious plan would be to assign one or two of the present schools to Catholic children, as Parkhurst and Fulham were assigned to Catholic convicts. Still, if we could get no better terms, we ought to be ready with room; and a large sum of money would be wanted for this.

- With regard to children from reformatory and industrial schools, it is absolutely necessary to be provided with more accommodation, because the Government acts alike with Protestants and Catholics in their case. The building is prepared at the expense of the "religious persuasion," according to the usual phrase; the magistrate commits to the school of the child's persuasion only if there is a school approved by a Government Inspector ready to receive him. The only injustice at present, besides the monstrous anomaly of the Feltham School, where a special act has overridden other law, consists in the neglect of committing magistrates to ascertain the child's religion when no one is in attendance to establish it, and in the grant of sums of money by unscrupulous boards out of county-rates to Protestant schools, while it is refused to Catholic. Anyhow, as our
- reformatories are all nearly full, and we probably could not even shelter the hundred victims from Feltham if the Middlesex magistrates were shamed or forced into disgorging their prey, there is an urgent demand for money to provide additional room. It is thought that the cheapest plan would be to fit up a hulk on the Thames, in accordance with what has been eminently successful in Liverpool; and the two or three who are always ready for every good work have promised several hundred pounds towards the expense. Would that all were like-minded! the cry of broken-hearted mothers weeping for children far worse than dead would soon be hushed. Would that the rich gave in proportion to the poor, and that the shillings sent lately by poorly-clad Lancashire factory-girls, on reading the tale of workhouse oppression in the *Lamp*, towards keeping orphans from the same fate, had been accompanied by corresponding bank-notes from those who could have equally well afforded them!

It hardly falls under my province to hint at the duty of praying as well as talking, working, and giving. I allude to it only lest I should be thought to overlook the necessity and importance of it. But let us remember the rule of St. Ignatius, to pray as earnestly as if we could do nothing else, and to work as hard as if all depended on exertion rather than prayer, and we shall not long wait for success.

φ.

Literary Notices.

A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.*

OUR neighbours across the Channel have lately given much attention to the study of English institutions and manners, and many of their ablest writers have speculated on their peculiar character. The good feeling and intelligence with which these books have been written has been remarkable; and it would be a great gain if our travellers, either in Europe or in America, could be said to equal the French writers on England in these respects. It is most amusing, of course, to see how the everyday life, in which we move so unconsciously and unreflectingly, strikes an entire stranger of habits so widely different from ours, and to hear the interpretations that are sometimes put upon the most trivial matters. Amusement is not, of course, the only advantage to be gained from this kind of literature; but the picture has often seemed so absurd to us, that we have been unable or unwilling to look for more than the occasion of a hearty laugh. But as there is much truth in many an intended jest, so these unintentional caricatures may very often teach us something new about ourselves. At all events, a pleasant picture drawn by a friendly hand, though it may not go very deep into the philosophy of our national existence, must always be welcome, and frequently suggestive.

Such a picture is certainly that drawn of *Village Life in England* by M. Charles de Remusat. It professes to be an account of the author's residence in this country during the time of his exile, occasioned by the political changes in France which placed the present Emperor on his throne. We are unable to reveal to the inquisitive whether M. de Remusat is really telling his own story in what may be called the "plot" of this little volume; for the hero falls in love with one of the daughters in the English family with whom he becomes intimate, and the book ends in the orthodox fashion, quite as if it were a novel. There is also a cleverly-drawn group of characters: an old English lady of rank; a country gentleman and his family; a country clergyman to match; a young Puseyite incumbent, who also falls a victim to the attractions of another young lady; and the village

* *La Vie de Village en Angleterre, ou Souvenirs d'un Exile.* Par l'Auteur de la Vie de Channing. Paris: Didier.

is peopled with a fair number of the sort of folk requisite to give the ordinary amount of annoyance to a young clergyman of "orthodox views," who wishes to abolish pews, restore his church, and introduce a moderate amount of ritual. There is an Evangelical lady who criticises every thing, and a rampant Dissenter to give trouble to the sensitive young pastor at the vestry-meetings. Then, again, the narrative gives occasion for the introduction of descriptions of most of the "peculiar institutions" of English country life—charity-clubs, clothing-clubs, mutual-assistance clubs, haymaking rejoicings, Sunday-schools, children's tea-drinkings; and room is found for visits to the workhouse, for an account of the "Hants and Wilts Educational Society" (some also of the London charities are described); and, finally, as if to show that nothing is too high or too difficult for his literary ambition, M. de Remusat tries his hand at a cricket-match and a fox-chase. As to the latter of these two arduous subjects, however, he contents himself, as far as details are concerned, with a picturesque sketch of the meet. As to the former, we are afraid that we must say that he describes a grand match between two clubs as if it were a single-wicket game; but his account is quite as intelligible as that given by our great living novelist in *Pickwick*. Perhaps, as our French neighbours have won the Derby and Leger with the same horse, we may have them taking to rival us in cricket. M. de Remusat makes the good country clergyman (*not* the Puseyite) declare *qu'il n'y a rien qui moralise les hommes comme le cricket*; and indulges in reflections on his way home from the match, which are a good specimen of the general style of his volume. "It is curious to see how far England, even in her popular sports, is always to be found with the same principal traits of character conspicuous,—energy, discipline in action, perseverance, union of one class with another, and, above all, that collective pride which inspires and sustains them throughout; so that one may truly say that there is no country in the world where there is more distinction of ranks, and where, nevertheless, individuals have more occasion to meet and mingle with each other. It is remarkable also that this people, ordinarily so cold, so restrained, has yet contrived to such an extent to multiply the occasions for feasts and joyous meetings; while in France—whose temperament is naturally so given to enjoyment—almost all those festivals which used to bring our ancestors together, and which throw so great a charm over life, have disappeared one after the other. Individual, solitary, and egotistical enjoyments have with us every where, even in our villages, taken the place of pleasures shared in common with all; and this perhaps to the great prejudice of the social bond, and certainly of the general happiness" (p. 278).

Whether the work before us be a simple transcript from the author's journal in England or not, no fault can be found with the accuracy of the general picture by it. There is nothing at all that a French gentleman, who happened to light on his legs in such favourable circumstances as are here supposed, might not have seen in a Hampshire village. At the same time it must be confessed that the circumstances *are* favourable. Moreover, if there be any foundation in fact for what we have called the "plot" of the narrative, it is clear that the author had good reason for looking at every thing that he saw under a somewhat rose-coloured aspect. "Lynmore" is a specially favoured village, with its great lady to care for all its wants, and so good a specimen of the English country family to help her as that which inhabited "the Lodge;" and if we add to this the fairy influence of the young ladies who play the organ, teach in the Sunday-school, distribute books, preside over the women's and children's clubs, get up lending-libraries and lectures, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, and finally bestow their hands,—one on the young incumbent, the other on the fortunate French exile who has been admitted so kindly to the family circle,—surely all this is enough to make up a celestial state of things not only exceptional, even in this happy country, but also very likely to influence powerfully the judgment of the most philosophic of politicians in its favour.

At the same time it is clear that M. de Remusat has been able to give an unusually intelligent account of our country-life system, and to point out the true principle on which its order and happiness rest. We have preserved far more than the continental nations the love for country life, and the out-door sports and amusements by which its monotony is varied. No one willingly spends more than a part of his time in town; and while we are in town we are dreaming of the country; and the manly pursuits and healthy sports which are happily so popular among our higher classes have no doubt a great influence in keeping up the vigour of the national character. These, moreover, to a certain extent, force an intercourse between class and class; and the farmer may outstrip his landlord in the hunting-field, and the young squire may be bowled out at cricket by a village lad unless he knows well how to handle his bat. The influence of the resident gentry, when it is exercised in the manner described by M. de Remusat—as it is in the great majority of cases—may be called by the demagogue a relic of feudalism; but it is feudalism in its best form, and the country would be miserable without it. That part of our system which places the magisterial power in the hands of the landowners and other gentry seems, not unnaturally, very anomalous to a foreigner, especially when it is considered, as M. de

Remusat has remarked, to what an extent the power thus given them is exercised, and how it is usually supported by superior courts. Yet it is probably one of the very corner-stones of the system; and the power of the magistracy, as is proved by the unfrequency of complaints against it, is perhaps one of the last things of the kind which a wise statesman would think of discarding. But the benefits gained by our dislike of centralisation—of which this is an instance—depend very exclusively on the character of the class of men to whom so much local power is intrusted. It may be true that the inmates of workhouses and prisons are very often the gainers from the personal liberality and tolerant views which are more sure to be found among men of education and station than any others; but their case becomes indefinitely miserable when they fall under the mercies of small farmers and close-fisted tradesmen. Local government and local administration are by far the best, as they are the most congenial to our national character, when an enlightened, liberal, and public-spirited class of men can be found to undertake the burden. Unfortunately, in our great towns, but preëminently in London, the gentry and the higher classes generally have nothing practically to do with their poorer neighbours, and do not trouble themselves about matters of administration, which they would be ashamed to neglect in their own counties. Hence it is that London is so miserably preëminent in the misery of its poor, as in the wealth of its rich inhabitants, and that London workhouses are more cruelly managed, as it would seem, than any others in the country. And those who have had experience in these matters tell us that when it is a question of procuring proper spiritual assistance to Catholic paupers or prisoners, or of saving Catholic orphans from being forcibly brought up as Protestants, the cause of justice and humanity has far less chance in London than in any other part of England. Magistrates in Lambeth or Westminster will venture on excesses of bigotry that would not be tolerated in Lancashire or Staffordshire.

M. de Remusat himself admits that the English system fails sadly in London. He speaks, however, with enthusiasm of some of the benevolent works to which the last few years have given birth—the Ragged Schools, the Shoeblack Brigade, and the Association for the Blind established by Miss Gilbert. We can hardly tell whether he echoes the sanguine hopes of his clergyman friend and guide, that in half-a-century London will be entirely transformed by the operation of such influences. We should be glad to be able to feel that there was any prospect of such a result. It is well, therefore, to acknowledge the defects as well as the advantages of the manner in which the system in which our national character is reflected operates

on the various kinds and degrees of misery and indigence among us. It is a great thing to have a still healthy aristocratical influence in the country, and a race of gentry who recognise the duties and responsibilities of their social position with regard to their humbler neighbours. It is a great thing to have the different classes of the community so frequently brought into friendly and close contact one with another, and to have the rich occupied in working for the poor, and the poor continually attached to those above them by fresh ties of gratitude and affection. It is well to have our young gentlemen and ladies brought up to healthy country life, full of useful and rational occupation, instead of lounging away their existence in clubs and gaming-houses, or knowing no less poisonous excitements than those of the Opera and the ballroom. But there are some forms of social misery which require more cogent and more costly remedies to heal them than the benevolence described so pleasantly by M. de Remusat, and which can be dealt with only by the powerful action of religion and the heroic devotion of Christian charity.

“LA CARITA” AT NAPLES.

ITALY has at all times the very greatest claims on the interest and sympathy of the Catholic world; but at the present moment these claims are more than usually strong. No one who knows the country can doubt that the great majority of the people are firmly attached to their religion, and intensely hostile at heart to the revolutionary influences which an active and daring set of adventurers have made predominant, and which press so tyrannically upon all that is good and noble in the nation. But Italians have never been educated to public action; and it may take many years before they learn to help and defend themselves, and to assert courageously the rights of the Church and the family in the many ways familiar to the citizens of free governments. The Catholic party in the Parliament is as yet insignificant; and although the press has never altogether fallen into the hands of the Revolution, it has not perhaps been yet sufficiently used on the side of religion and morality. We welcome, therefore, every attempt in this direction with great interest, and we should be ready to criticise with great indulgence any publication emanating from the Catholic side, if such indulgence were required. As it is, the Neapolitan review, which bears the title of *La Carità*, rises above the average of such publications, and would at any time command great respect.

There is, however, another *Carità* at Naples, which is perhaps a still brighter sign of wholesome life in the reaction against licentious-

ness and immorality of every kind, and against the tyranny of influences hostile to religion. Of this *Carità* the Review of which we have spoken seems to be an offshoot. The original *Carità* is nothing more or less than a pious congregation of men and women, bound together by no ties but those of a common devotion and a common aim, who meet from time to time in a little church outside the town at *Tondo di Capodimonte* for prayer and religious exercises, and who support by their personal work and contributions some very interesting institutions of charity. The founder of this *congrega* is a Franciscan friar, Ludovico da Casoria, well known and highly esteemed in Naples for his fervour and zeal. One of his great devotions is for the conversion of Africa. We mentioned in our last Number the zeal with which the late illustrious German historian, Hurter, had exerted himself in his later years for this object, in promoting the success of a society formed for the purpose in Vienna. It appears that German missionaries, as indeed might have been expected, are usually unable to bear the effects of the climate in Central Africa. Fra Ludovico has for many years had the design of sending negro missionaries to labour for the benefit of their own fellow-countrymen; and for this purpose he has collected a number of children in Africa, who are brought up under the care of his religious brethren at Naples. There is thus a little college of negroes, the support of which is one of the cares of the *Congrega di Carità*; and Fra Ludovico has not limited his charity to boys of the unfortunate race for which he feels so much Christian sympathy. Altogether, boys and girls, he has a family of about one hundred and fifty blacks. Then there is a large community of simple beggar-children; the sort of children who would be running about our streets crying for bread, till they were consigned to some prison or reformatory by the magistrates, or left to starve, or brought up to the worst of trades. These are the *Accattoncelli*, of whom also the *Congrega* takes care. Some of them are deaf and dumb; others orphans; others, though they have parents living, would be in the greatest misery but for the provision thus made for them. Up to the age of twelve they live in a *convitto*, and are sent to school; after that age they are employed in workshops, the orphans alone being still boarded and lodged. They are taught various trades—among others, to bind books and to print; and the Review now before us, well and even handsomely printed and got up, is a specimen of their proficiency in this latter art. Altogether nearly a thousand children and young persons are thus provided for and instructed; and some religious women, *le Stimmatine*, from Tuscany, as well as an association of pious ladies, who call themselves after St. Elisabeth, have devoted themselves to the task of instructing

those of their own sex. Fra Ludovico is the founder of these good works, which seem to have been in existence long before the Congrega. He has to supply them with funds, drawn mainly from charity, and is a kind of living law and rule to them. The Congrega has come in greatly to his assistance, partly by alms, partly by employment of the children, partly by taking charge of individuals among them and placing them in educational institutions. Besides this, it has already established a hospital for poor sick children, and is now contemplating the provision of an asylum for the class of poor girls, multiplied very much since the change of government in Naples, who would be the objects of the charitable care of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd among ourselves. Moreover, several worthy and learned priests—conspicuous among whom is Father Alfonso Capecelatro, of the Oratory—who interest themselves in the Congrega and its development, have started the Monthly Review which bears the same name, and which is, as we have said, printed by the Accattoncelli. It has been in existence since last October, and has already contained many articles of great value in defence of religion and the rights of the Church.

Fra Ludovico himself has just returned from Africa, having successfully conducted to Schellal, on the extreme confines of Upper Egypt, the first batch of the black missionaries whom he has so long been training. It consisted of three—one already a priest, the other two lay friars. The account of his journey from Naples to Rome, from Rome to Florence, from Florence to Vienna, and thence by Trieste to Alexandria and up the Nile, and of his return home, is given in successive numbers of the *Carità*. He started without a coin in his pocket, and never touched money himself the whole time. Providence never failed him; and he came down the Nile from Schellal in the boat of Prince Hohenzollern, who happened to land in the immediate neighbourhood to inspect some ruins on the very day when the new missionaries were installed in their abode there. Altogether we cannot help regarding Fra Ludovico and his work at Naples as a refreshing sign among the many miseries under which that beautiful city is now labouring; and we heartily wish success to Father Capecelatro and his colleagues in their literary enterprise. Not the least of the misfortunes of Italy at the present moment is the corrupt and irreligious tendency of the press; and the labours of those who endeavour to counteract the evil by meeting it on its own ground are certainly not the least meritorious of all the services that the persecuted Church now asks at the hands of her devoted children.

LIFE OF BEATO ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.*

M. CARTIER, in giving his *Life of Fra Angelico* to the public, has not only made an interesting and instructive contribution to the literature of the day, but has at the same time done a real and very opportune service to the cause of art. At a time when, in the midst of great activity of mind and a marvellous multiplication of means, the true traditions of art have been abandoned for individual caprice or sordid and meretricious aims, till taste, wearied by its licentious indulgence and stung with remorse, is feeling back like a penitent for the laws it has violated and the image it has disfigured, a biography of the saintly painter of Fiesole comes to us like a new manifestation of some divine law. M. Cartier possesses erudition and gifts adequate to the task he has undertaken. He has found in this country an interpreter who, if he has not succeeded in avoiding some of the faults from which a translator is rarely free, has been faithful to his text and devoted to his object.

The name of Fra Beato Angelico is one dear to every student of Christian art, and his works will ever mark the apogee of religious painting. Beauty, which, as Plato says, is the "splendour of the true," and which is an irradiation of the Divine nature reflected in material forms, may be, and generally is, the sole end of the artist; but, while it is so, the artist substitutes a *means* for an *end*, and assumes an attitude analogous to that of the philosopher who rests in second causes, or the Pantheist in religion. So long as he seeks merely to imitate and idealise the beauties of nature, his own caprice becomes the law of his art, the pleasure experienced by the senses its standard of merit, his genius will be enfeebled by isolation, and progress will be made only in that downward tendency which terminates in decay. When a painter becomes a saint, art, in his person, is carried back to its legitimate order and office; a type which is eternal and divine moulds and impregnates his genius, which becomes prolific by his faithful and loving adherence to that type. As God and revealed truth are the highest objects upon which the human intellect can be exercised, art can only be said to have reached its highest dignity and fittest application when it uses beauty simply as a means of expression, when it retains the good as its end, and truth as its guiding and controlling principle. Then it is that the human artist is associated with the Supreme Artist in the glorious liberty of absolute conformity to His eternal laws, and mani-

* *Life of Beato Angelico da Fiesole, of the Order of Friar-Preachers.* Translated, by a Member of the same Order, from the French of E. Cartier. London: John Philp, Orchard Street, Portman Square, 1865.

feasts to men the invisible things of God by the things that are made.

M. Cartier introduces his subject by an able essay on the philosophy of Christian Art, well worth the attention of those who wish to become possessed of its first principles. The materials of the biography are chiefly drawn from the works of the artist-saint; for we happily possess the dates of many of these, as well as the knowledge of the places at which they were painted. From his associates and friends also, whose names have passed into the public annals of his times, and from contemporary history, facts have been gathered concerning him; but, after all, we know too little of the personal history of the man and the incidents of his life. Fra Beato Angelico was born in the year 1387, at Vicchio, a village in the Apennines, in the province of Mugello in Tuscany, only a few miles distant from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto, the chief representative and master of another and earlier phase of Italian painting. Though in easy if not affluent circumstances, his piety led him early in life to enter the cloister. In the year 1402 he entered the Order of St. Dominic, and was received by Beato Giovanni Domenici, then superior of the convent of that order at Fiesole, where he made his novitiate and passed the first years of his religious life. In the year 1408, owing to the political disturbances caused by the rival factions of Florence, the Dominican family were forced to remove from Fiesole to Foligno; and here his talent, which had received its first impressions from the school of Florence, was fostered by the study of the masterpieces of the elder painters which enrich the shrine of St. Francis at Assisi. The grand church of St. Francis had then become a museum of art, in which the great masters of the day came to offer their noblest productions on the tomb of the saint. Here the genius of Beato Angelico reached its maturity. History does not tell us who was his first master, though some mention Gherardo Starnino, some Pietro Cavallini. Miniature and the illumination of manuscripts appear to have been his first occupation and real school. But it is certain that, though conversant with their works, he formed himself independently of the artistic movement of the schools of Florence. Local influences exercise great power on the intellectual growth of an artist; and here, in the midst of the works of the great masters of the school of Giotto, Pietro Cavallini, Taddeo Gaddi, Giotto, Buffalmacco, and above all Simone Memmi,—the grace and character of whose style may be traced in Fra Angelico, while he surpasses his teacher,—the spirit of the young painter was fed by the pure atmosphere and calm though varied landscapes of Umbria, which the school of Perugino have rendered on canvas, and which served the

muse of Milton to paint his Paradise. From Foligno Fra Beato was moved to Cortona, where several of his works remain to us; and from thence, the political horizon being now more clear, he returned with his community in the year 1418 to his convent at Fiesole. At this epoch he was occupied in decorating the churches, convents, and public institutions of Florence, only a few miles distant from Fiesole; and when in 1436 Pope Eugenius IV., in conjunction with Cosimo de Medici, granted the convent of San Marco in Florence to the Dominican Order, he took up his abode there, and painted on its walls the frescoes which remain to this day. In the year 1445 Fra Beato was called to Rome by Pope Eugenius IV. to decorate the chapels of the Vatican, where he became the intimate friend both of this Pope and his successor Nicolas V. Such was the reverence with which his virtues inspired the Pope, that not only did he offer him the archbishopric of Florence, which fell vacant at that time, but, on his declining it, he accepted his suggestion in nominating his friend and brother in religion St. Antoninus to that see. In 1447 he was summoned to Orvieto, where the decoration of the Duomo, that great gem of Christian art, was in progress, and where his work may still be studied. From thence he returned once more to Rome, where, on the 18th of March 1455, he died, in his sixty-eighth year; and his remains were entombed under the simple stone which marks his resting-place in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

The real life of such a painter is written in his works, for a complete and artistic account of which we refer our readers to the lucid pages of M. Cartier.

16.

FATHER FABER'S NOTES FOR THE MYSTERIES AND FESTIVALS.*

BESIDES the large number of readers both at home and abroad who have learnt to set a high value on every thing that Father Faber wrote, he had, as it were, an inner circle of admirers, and we may almost say disciples, in those who frequented the beautiful and thoroughly popular services at the church of the Oratory at Brompton. Famous as he was as a preacher, it was seldom that he was to be heard except in his own church; and it was there that he preached so many of those series of sermons which he afterwards worked up

* *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects.* By the late F. W. Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Vol. I. "Mysteries and Festivals." London, 1866.

into the books which made his name so widely known. He does not appear to have written his sermons; but they were carefully prepared in his own mind, and the notes or "skeletons" from which he preached have survived him. These form the greater part of what are now published as his *Notes on Doctrinal and Spiritual Subjects*. At first sight they appear scanty and jejune, especially if the memory of the reader is able to recall the flowing and graceful eloquence of Father Faber in the pulpit, where the only difficulty felt was that of the redundancy of matter. But we think that those who heard his sermons will be very thankful to the Oratorian Fathers for these scanty notes, which appear to give, at all events, the outline and argument of the sermons founded on them. Their memory will be able to fill up the outline in great measure. It is very interesting to see how carefully so copious and so seemingly inexhaustible a preacher prepared the matter for his discourses; and the arrangement of the volume will greatly enhance its value. The sermons are grouped according to their subjects, the order followed being as nearly as possible that which was selected by the author in the arrangement of his Oratory hymns. The dates at which they were preached are also usually added.

Besides the sermon-notes, the editors found among Father Faber's papers others which seem also to have been used for sermons; but which were, beyond that, the germs of at least two volumes of the long series which he had projected. One set of these treats of the Holy Ghost; the other would have grown into a long and elaborate treatise on the Passion, entitled "Calvary." We may easily gather that these two volumes would have been among the most popular of all his works. The only part which seems to have been written out at any length is the opening of the work on Calvary. There is also in another part of the volume an almost complete sermon on St. Thomas of Canterbury, preached at the opening of the Church at Fulham.

A volume like this can hardly expect to be popular, except among those who treasure highly even the least complete remains of a much-loved teacher. But it is in reality very valuable to any one who will give himself the pains to use it as a text-book of suggestions, either for meditation or preaching. Another volume is to follow, which is to contain the remainder of the notes, with a life of Father Faber by Father Bowden. We sincerely hope that this last part of the work may be made as copious as possible. Father Faber was a character eminently deserving of a full and detailed biography.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER XVI.

LELIO'S STORY.

NEXT morning Judith denied herself to all visitors, and sent for Lelio. He was a little, dark, vivacious Italian, with flashing Roman eyes, and the most thoroughly national *disinvoltura*—the word is simply untranslatable. She gave him her hand kindly.

"Well, Signor Lelio, have you risen from the dead?"

"Ecco! that is exactly what I have done."

"Have you really been dangerously ill?"

Lelio's "O!" implied that the danger was beyond his powers of description.

"But, Lelio, you must not confine yourself to shrugs and sighs; I want to hear your adventures. You know what interest I take in you."

"Thanks, signora, I do. I only fear two things."

"And what are they?"

"That I shall have a difficulty in expressing myself, and you in understanding me."

"That is a serious difficulty," said Judith good-humouredly; "but come, begin; we must do our best."

"Dear signora, do you remember Petrarch's complaint: '*Non te conosce il mondo, mentre te ha!*' and he was only speaking of a mortal woman."

"But you do not mean to say that you have met with an immortal one?"

He went on.

"Six weeks ago, in Venice, where you had an engagement at the Fenice, I asked you for a month's holiday, that I might keep an appointment with some political associates in Switzerland, and afterwards go to Ratisbon to study the Gregorian Chant, which is done there to perfection. Well, signora, somehow I did not feel the old enthusiasm for the aims and projects of my political friends, and I took to a walking tour in the Forest Cantons. One day, coming down the Righi, I fell in with a crowd of travellers, men and women,—some with bundles on their backs, many with their rosary-beads in their hands, many guiding their steps with a staff,—all going in one direction. Sometimes these parties were large, sometimes small. They said their litanies and rosaries as they went, and often knelt before the crucifixes, which are so numerous there that they seem to grow. To the question I put as to their destination, they all replied

'To Einsiedeln; to the Angels' Consecration.' Yes, I thought; here is a scene out of the farce which the Catholic Church is always playing. In due time I reached Einsiedeln. The grand monastery rises before you, backed by dark fir-covered mountains. There is a broad space in front, separating it from the houses of the hamlet; and in the centre stands an image of our Lady, with a fountain at its foot. All round are little unpretending shops for crucifixes, medals, rosaries, and such objects of piety. Do you follow me, signora?"

Judith nodded, with a quiet smile and a slight shrug of her shoulders, and Lelio went on; but with a manner so suddenly serious, that her face involuntarily became serious too.

"Thirteen hundred years ago lived a young man named Benedict, whose heart was on fire with a love which is incomprehensible to the world,—the love of God, of the Incarnate, suffering, crucified God. He was young and noble; but for the love of Him who came from heaven to the stable-cave of Bethlehem, he hid his youth and his expectations in a lonely cavern. His only Love led a suffering life, and Benedict would do the same. That is the law of love,—to share all with the loved one, to be like him, to be with him. It is a necessity of the heart which all feel: which is shadowed forth in the lovely Grecian legend of Castor and Pollux. Pollux was the son of a god, Castor of a mortal; and as Castor had to die, and go to Orcus like other mortals, his friend, the immortal, would go there alternately with his beloved brother, that he, in exchange, might have his share of the joys of Olympus. That is true love; the Greeks imagined it; Christ practised it; only, as He was God, He did it for *all*; and Benedict would be like Him in this too. He knew that the happiness of man lies in the true knowledge of God; so he gathered round him a band of kindred spirits, and the first lesson he taught them was to conquer their carnal nature by self-denial, prayer, and labour; the second was to do good to their neighbours. And God accepted great services from these scholars of Benedict. All the civilisation which Europe has it owes to them. From Italy they went northwards; they lifted up the pure ideal of Christianity in the midst of the rotten Roman civilisation, which was just covered with a whitewash of religion; and they kindled, as on a beacon-tower, the light which was to be a safety-signal for all who were tossing in the storms of the times. They preached Christ to the wild Gaulish and Germanic tribes. Farther still they went, into the Scandinavian forests, among rough strange men, who hated, persecuted, martyred them; but they persevered; and after giving them eternal life, they made the life of this world easier to them. They were woodcutters, labourers, artisans, as well as apostles; and so forests were cleared, fields cultivated, marshes drained, and vineyards planted. So, in time, savage hordes were changed into Christian communities, and villages and towns arose. It was the work of centuries; but Benedict's scholars were a patient race, for they laboured not to reap the fruits of their work, but to set God's work going among men: '*pertransivit benefaciendo.*' The wilder and

fiercer the times, the more zealous were these men. They gave a mother's care to the tender child; they were the teachers of the young, the guardians of learning; for all that was not spent on the poor, the sick, the pilgrim, went to form vast libraries of manuscripts; and a great part of the work of these humble and laborious men was the collecting, completing, and transcribing of these. They did not desire the paltry honour of seeing their names on these manuscripts; they only desired the glory of God and the good of their brethren. And what they were then they are now."

"But who are they,—these men of mighty deeds and humble hearts?" cried Judith.

"Benedictine monks, signora. And all this is the preface to my story. Einsiedeln is a Benedictine abbey; and the good monks, instead of clearing out the woods and draining the marshes, now pour light into men's souls, and draw them out of the slough of sin. Now for the story of the place. In the ninth century Meinrad, the son of a Swabian count, came there to lead a hermit's life, taking nothing from his home but a little image of the Mother of God. He was very severe to himself, and very tender to all who came to him for help and comfort. But bad men did not like saints any better in the ninth century than they do in the nineteenth; and some of these, to whom Meinrad had given shelter, murdered him. The legend says that two ravens, the saint's companions in his solitude, followed the murderers with wild screams wherever they went; and so they were seized in an inn at Zurich, which is still called the 'Three Ravens.' So Meinrad's cell became a place of pilgrimage; and in course of time a rich and pious man named Everhard bought the land, built the monastery, and became the first abbot. When the church was finished, Conrad, the Bishop of Constance, came to consecrate it solemnly, and he passed the night before in prayer and vigils. Suddenly he heard a wonderfully sweet sound of singing, which seemed to come from the church. He hastened thither; the sweet voices grew louder and clearer: then he opened the door; a flood of light filled the church, and in it he saw forms which our dim sin-darkened eyes cannot discern. The altar was blazing with light, and on it stood the Mother of God; and there, in pontifical vestments, our Lord Himself was offering the holy Sacrifice. The four Evangelists assisted; St. Peter held the crosier, St. Gregory the mitre; St. Ambrose offered the wine, and St. Augustine the incense; St. Stephen read the Epistle, and St. Laurence the Gospel; while the office of Consecration was sung by the Archangel Michael, with all the heavenly host bearing palm-branches and thuribles."

"That is very beautiful, Lelio. It is like a picture by Fra Angelico. Well—"

"Next morning Conrad told what he had seen, and refused to consecrate; but he was looked upon as a pious visionary, and he was forced to yield. The function began, when a voice, heard by all and known to none, cried out, 'Stop! It is consecrated.' So runs the tradition; and it is certain that God has given great graces and

granted many prayers to the pilgrims to our Lady of Einsiedeln. They flock thither in vast numbers on the anniversary of the miracle, which is called the 'Angels' Consecration.' The evening before this day I reached Einsiedeln. It was a strange sight: pilgrims from every Catholic canton—from Bavaria, Swabia, and the Oberland; from Alsace and Tyrol. All sorts of voices were speaking Italian, French, and German, and there were faces and costumes of every sort. They were all quiet and orderly, and filled with the same idea. What was it? Not a carnival, nor a race, nor the opening of a railway, nor the entrance of a royal personage. They simply came—to pray. Signora, I confess that I was struck, especially as certain patriotic fêtes came to my mind which took place six or eight years ago in Rome. The comparison was *not* in their favour. But I did not choose to be impressed, so I went about with my hands in my pockets and a cigar in my mouth, and stared at the people. At last I went into the church: it was crowded, but perfectly still and quiet. Numbers were kneeling in the Lady Chapel, for there stands the little ancient image which belonged to St. Meinrad, and the altar over which it stands is the one where Bishop Conrad saw the vision. Well, I went lounging about the broad nave and looking into the side-chapels. A solitary woman knelt in one of them. I noticed her because something in her figure reminded me of my mother: she was about her age, too; but she had the remains of such striking beauty that I felt quite angry to see such a noble-looking creature going through the stupid process of saying her rosary. I stood before the altar and stared at her."

"More shame for you!" interrupted Judith. "How could you tell what great sorrow her prayer might console her in?"

"But, signora, we, the apostles of enlightenment, must try to dispel such darkness. I summoned up all my audacity, and said in Italian, 'Why, you are a perfect Magdalen!' She lifted two large soft, sorrowful eyes, and answered, with a smile of indescribable gentleness, 'Not in my penitence, figlio mio. Will you say a Hail Mary for me?' Judith, I felt something like Don Giovanni when the statue of the Commendatore speaks, only I was as much ashamed as startled. How I got out of the church I do not know. I felt as if all eyes were upon me."

"I am glad of it," said Judith; "you deserved any punishment."

Lelio continued: "I reëntered the church during Vespers; afterwards the lights were put out; there only remained the sanctuary lamp and the one before our Lady's image. The pilgrims were clustered round the confessionals; all was peace and stillness; the only sound was the quiet movements of the people coming and going. Suddenly a sound was heard, at first a whisper like the breeze in the branches; then it rose, and swelled and deepened, till it was like the roll of the sea—unmelodious, yet full of a supernatural harmony. It rose from all parts of the vast church—from benches, chapels, altar-steps; it rose and fell, and rose again—a torrent, a very tempest of prayer from the hearts and lips of ten thousand pilgrims.

They prayed, each in his own way—weeping, sighing, rejoicing, imploring; in supplication, in thanksgiving, in peace, in anguish: now it was a Pater, now an Ave, now a Miserere, now a De Profundis, now a Salve Regina, now a Te Deum; and some prayed with tears, some with sighs and broken words. It was a mingling of all human sorrows and pains and wants, of struggles and temptations, of love and hope; it was the voice of humanity turning for refuge with unutterable longing to the uncreated Heart of God. And I, too, longed to join them, but I would not be overcome; besides, one cannot pray if one does not believe. Then I remembered that woman, and her soft 'Figlio mio, will you say a Hail Mary for me?' So I made a compromise with myself, and settled that I would do so, as she had asked me and I had been so insolent to her. Thus I half-satisfied my longing, half-satisfied my honour. Then I left the church. But I could not rest all night; and when, at three o'clock, the bells began ringing, I sprang up and hurried to the church. The first Mass was at four, and Holy Communion was given to thousands. Later in the day a strange idea possessed me: I went into the sacristy, and asked leave to play the organ. I said I was a musician from Rome, and indeed it had been my parents' wish that I should study church-music, only I got drawn in another direction by so-called friends; but the organ continued my favourite instrument, and this one *was* magnificent. I was alone. Through the windows the clear September sky looked down on me. As I sat down, those wonderful voices of prayer were in my soul, and I called forth from the organ, tones that told the same tale of pain, and longing, and passionate supplication, till at last, without my knowing it, they all floated, as it were, into Pergolesi's divine 'Stabat Mater.' Do you remember singing it, signora, in Holy Week, at Paris? It was in the chapel of the Filles de Sion, and you sang it—generous as you always are—for the object of the order, the conversion of the Jews. I accompanied you. Since then I had never thought of it; but now it was as if the Cross rose out of the mass of human sorrow, and all earthly cries of pain were silent before the mighty silent anguish of that sword-pierced heart at its foot.

"I played on; I revelled in these heavenly harmonies; through them I wove a thread of my own fancies. Now the anguish of the earth, now the despair of hell wailed forth, but ever and anon floated in the stream of heavenly sweetness, and that divine 'Stabat' glided like a calm silver-white swan over the heaving sea of confusion and pain, and there rose the Cross high and gleaming over the broken heart of the Mother of Sorrows. At last a lay brother came to tell me I must not stay longer, as the procession would begin as soon as it was dark. I hurried out of the church, intending to get among the mountains out of the way of this tedious procession; but I saw preparations for illuminating, and it made me think of that delight of my childhood, the illumination of St. Peter's; so I stayed. The darker it grew, the denser became the crowd; and as I am rather short, I mentally reviled the tall sons of the Alps among whom I was wedged. Now the organ pealed out, all the altars were

lighted, and with solemn chant and clashing bells the procession moved forward. First came a double row of priests and monks, each holding a candle, and then the Abbot bearing the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy, round which clouds of incense floated. At the moment of his appearing outside the church, a huge cross of light flamed over the porch, and torches were kindled at regular intervals round the square. On came the procession; and as the waves of the Red Sea parted when the children of Israel passed through, so these human waves rolled back on each side, and all fell on their knees when the little bells and the incense-clouds came near, rising again when their God had passed by. I did not kneel, of course, but stood with folded arms, and my eyeglass up, and my hat on my head, while all around, beside, and opposite me fell on their knees. My hat went off, though!—a grave, dark-eyed Tyrolese took it quietly off, with the manner of a father showing his little boy what is right and proper. I snatched it angrily from his great sinewy hand, and pushed my way to the other side of the square, where an altar had been erected which gleamed like a meteor through the darkness. It was covered by a canopy supported on pillars, and ornamented with brilliant little lamps looking like strings of diamonds. Flowers were there in profusion; and a picture formed the background, representing St. John's vision of the Woman crowned with stars, and with the moon at her feet. Towards this altar the moving line of light came on. It was all very striking; I could not help feeling that: the dark world sprinkled here and there with groups of light, the gleaming Cross above, the torches and the altar in the foreground, the vast living mass quiet, silent, and serious, and in the background the mountains rising in their majesty black against the sky. Then the swell of the organ, the song of the choir, the pealing of the bells, mingled with the wind blowing from the glaciers, which went sighing through the trees, and waved the boughs of the pines like banners. The Abbot had reached the altar now, and those wondrous Eucharistic hymns began, which were written by saints, and perhaps are sung by angels. Then he lifted high the golden house where the Eternal God is veiled beneath the Sacred Host, held it so for some moments, and then slowly made the sign of the Cross with it over the prostrate multitude. Then no prayer, no hymn, no organ was heard, only the thunder of the cannons and the clear chorale of the bells. Every head was bent to the ground; for not the priest of God, but God Himself, was blessing His people. And I—I stood while the Abbot raised the monstrance, while the cannons thundered, and the crowd fell on their knees, and the Abbot made the two first movements. Then he turned it to my side, and I prepared to look at it coldly and steadily; then—I cannot tell—I only know that I fell on my knees, that my soul was in heaven, that I lay in the dust—adoring!”

“What was it, Lelio?” cried Judith in eager excitement.

“Signora, it was the grace of God!”

“I do not understand you,” she said coldly.

Lelio smiled: “Did I not say that you would not?”

"But go on with your story."

"Signora, it is finished. I stayed at Einsiedeln, examined my conscience, and now I am come to carry out my resolutions."

"I suppose you found out your *inconnue*?"

"O no; when I get to heaven I shall know her again. Now I must do what I have to do."

"And what is that?" asked Judith eagerly.

"Something very simple: I am going back to my parents to ask their pardon for the years of sorrow I have caused them, and to try to be a good son."

"What, Lelio, will you leave me?" she said sadly.

"'Stabat Mater,' dear Judith. *My* poor mother, too, is standing weeping by her cross. What would a resolution be worth that only lasted for a moment of excitement? I must start for Rome this very day. I shall see you there in the winter; and I have no doubt I shall easily find some one there for you in my place."

"Well, Lelio, will you pray for me?" And she held out her hand.

He pressed it warmly, saying: "I will; and I will get better prayers for you than mine."

"Well, then, pray that I may succeed in becoming Countess Windeck."

He flung her hand away, as if a serpent had stung him, and cried: "Do you not know that he is married?"

"Yes, but not happily; and unhappy marriages are dissolved often enough."

"Judith, only death can dissolve the marriage of a Catholic. Do not venture on what you are contemplating, Judith. You must not."

"Well, *au revoir* in Rome! God speed you, dear Lelio! I shall spend a few weeks in Genoa or Nice, and then go to Rome. *A rivederla*."

CHAPTER XVII.

CORONA'S MARRIED LIFE.

IN a bright pleasant morning-room in Schloss Stamberg sat its mistress, Corona Windeck, with her little daughter Felicitas—a sorrowful woman and a happy child. Every thing about the room was both elegant and home-like: a perfect gallery of family-portraits covered the walls; her writing-table was in one window, in the other her embroidery-frame and two large baskets full of bright-coloured wools and silks. A child's table heaped with playthings, and the floor strewn with them, showed that Corona's boudoir was her child's playroom.

She seemed preparing to answer a letter which she held in her hand; it was dated from Geneva, and ran thus:

"I am thinking of going with some friends to Genoa for a little bathing, which will alter our plans a little, dear Corona. I shall not be able to return for you; which is, indeed, not necessary, as your father will be with you. I daresay I shall be in Rome by the end of November. Your best plan will be to go straight to Windeck, and

start from there when and as you like; only write first to Hyacinth to take rooms in the Piazza di Spagna or Via Condotti. I daresay your father will arrange about money-matters; the less you spend the better, as my expenses are enormous. I have bought two splendid riding-horses, which I shall take to Rome. Do not take a servant with you; your father's will be sufficient during the journey, and mine in Rome. Adieu, dear child. Let them know in the stables that Pallas must not be exercised more than a half-an-hour a day; and give Felicitas a kiss for me.—Your OREST."

So wrote the husband and father: he was the same Orest as ever. His one idea of life had always been to enjoy it to the full; and the consequence was that he was always *ennuyé* and wearied. His only guide was the impulse or the whim of the hour. At one time Corona's sweetness had so far touched his heart, that he married with the good resolution to see Judith no more; but soon after, travelling with Corona in the Bernese Oberland, he met Judith, and the bride of three weeks at once began the life of neglect which was to be her portion. She was too inexperienced and too innocent to understand why it was. She had married Orest without a spark of love, because it was her father's wish, and, she thought, the will of God. If ever her young heart had known a dream of love, it was not for Orest. But she married him with the firmest resolve to feel for him all that a Christian wife should. He made it very difficult for her: he did not in the least understand the sensitive delicacy, the childlike purity of her heart. His way of speaking and acting, his views of life were a constant cause of suffering to her. But she suffered in silence; it was very seldom that she made the faintest remonstrance; and when she did, it was so humbly and submissively, that Orest only grew more domineering and despotic; for his selfish egotism always made him more like a master than a husband. A quiet but very decided manner might have influenced him perhaps, as Regina's sometimes used to do; but this decision, which, with all her gentleness, was the foundation of Regina's character, was utterly wanting in Corona. She had obeyed her father; leant on her sister as on a wise and tender mother—she hardly remembered her real mother;—but she loved to hear from the Baroness and Regina how she had never opposed or argued with her husband, and how she had completely won him at last by her yielding gentle ways. She was always before Corona's mind as a model of modest retiring virtue; and it was in the effort to imitate her that the deep piety which had always lain folded in her soul opened into the fulness of beauty and bloom.

Poor Corona soon saw how much she needed help in the life that lay before her: no earthly help would avail, and indeed there was none for her. Her father had made up his mind that Orest and Corona must be happy; and the dutiful loving girl thought how he had been disappointed by Regina, Uriel, and Hyacinth, and resolved that, as far as she could prevent it, he should have no trouble through her. And so she set herself to the heroic work of a saint,—to be happy in a supernatural way.

One of Orest's most trying peculiarities was that he was always dull except in times of actual excitement. Military discipline had, while it lasted, been the saving of him: he was obliged to do certain duties; and the punctual fulfilment of the most commonplace duty brings a measure of contentment with it. But all this was over now, and Orest, unhappily for him, was able to do just as he pleased. He had exactly three occupations at Stamberg—hunting, riding, and reading. The hunting-season was his happiest time: then he could follow his sport from morning to evening; and when he came home, he was so tired that he went to sleep. Then as to the second occupation,—I mean by riding, breaking-in horses: he understood it thoroughly; and the more unmanageable the horse was, the more intense was his delight in “bringing the animal to his senses,” as he said. As soon as this was accomplished, his pleasure was over. Orest's reading was, perhaps, not the most improving of his pursuits: he would lie at full length on a low broad divan, smoking a Turkish narghileh, and reading the worst French novels by the dozen. As may be supposed, these studies did not tend to increase his domestic tastes. Then he grew cross, wearied of the books, and wanted his wife to amuse him. She had all the will in the world to do so; but poor Corona was not “fast” enough for Orest. “As a child there was plenty of life and fun in you,” he would say; “but somehow or other you have turned out thoroughly commonplace.” By way of enlarging her views of life, he brought her some of his favourite books as a present. She read the names of the authors, shut the books, and said: “A thousand thanks for your kind thought; but I cannot read these books. Uncle Levin spoke to me of their authors, and said their works were against faith and morals.”

“Uncle Levin! What a baby you are! An old man is likely to have different ideas on the subject from a young woman.”

“Different, but more just ones, dear Orest.”

“Corona, I do not want you to go on vegetating in this way. There! I have put them in your bookcase; some day or other you will peep into one of them, and then no fear of your not going on. Look, how nicely they are bound—dark-blue morocco! they are quite an ornament to your room.”

There the books remained. Orest looked from time to time to see if they were in their place; and from time to time he asked her if she had read any of them. Once when he had received the usual “No,” he said angrily, “Well, then, I will read one to you.” The book snapped together in his hands; it was only the cover, all the leaves were cut out.

“They are all the same,” she said gently: “you gave them to me, you know, so I had a right to do it; I kept the binding because you liked it so much.”

“You might have given them back to me, at least.”

“No, dear Orest, I will never give away a bad book; I would burn them all, if I could.”

“Quite a speech *à la Regina*!” he said mockingly.

Sometimes he tormented her from morning to night. She dressed

like an old woman; she sang tamely; her Italian accent was deplorable; and if she sang German, that was worst of all. All these pin-pricks were torture to Corona, her nature was so tender and so sensitive; and therefore, just because this was her weak point, the Providence that educates us all for eternal life took care that she should always have these trials. Yet it was hard on the pet and spoiled child of Windeck! Her father had exacted obedience, certainly, but he doted on her, and bore her through life, as it were, in his arms. And she had more to bear than the pin-pricks. Her heart's dearest wish was for Mass in the castle, and during their brief engagement Orest had promised to finish the chapel, and carry out all Uriel's plans; but there was never ready-money enough; and when Corona begged leave to use her own liberal settlement for this purpose, Orest objected that, even if she finished the building, the fitting-up would cost more than he could afford; as to a chaplain in the house, who formed part of the poor child's dreams, Orest at once declared he would never consent to such an arrangement. Corona shed some very bitter tears; then suddenly the thought struck her that she was utterly unworthy of so great a grace as this; and so she grew calm in her child-like humility, and advanced another step in the science of the Saints.

That winter Judith was to sing at the Italian Opera in Paris; and Orest informed his wife that he intended spending a fortnight there, during which time she had better go to Windeck. Corona was uneasy; there was very little pleasure for her in Orest's society, but she had an instinctive feeling that it would be bad for them both if he got the habit of leaving her, and living in a round of gaiety and excitement. Besides, she was not well, and wished to be quiet; so she said that she did not feel inclined to leave Stamberg. Orest insisted, however; and the fortnight grew into three months. At the end of that time he received a letter from Corona's father.

"I do not wonder," Count Damian wrote, "knowing your disposition, that you cannot give up all your bachelor habits easily; but I *do* wonder that you should contemplate leaving your wife alone at a time of trial which may cost her her life: it is neither considerate nor decent. I and her aunt take her home to-morrow, and we shall be anxiously expecting your return."

The letter took effect, and Orest came. On the Feast of our Lady Help of Christians little Felicitas was born. Corona's happiness was worth seeing; she was happy in her child—happy that God had given her in our Lady's month, and on one of her feasts; and, with a glad and grateful heart, she dedicated the child to her, and looked to her, as to a mother, for the care of her little one. Orest's first exclamation was, "Not a son, you see, papa!" Now the good Count regretted the sex of his little grandchild with all his heart; but, for all that, Orest's words struck him as so inconsiderate that he replied meaningly: "Comfort yourself; I can assure you daughters are a much greater comfort than sons."

Orest was kinder to Corona as long as her father remained at Stamberg; but no sooner were they alone together again than the old

miseries recommenced. Sometimes he was frightened at his own hard, bitter ways and words, especially when he saw how Corona felt them. She was never violent or impatient; but, like a child when it is sharply spoken to, she coloured all over, and her eyes filled with tears. Then he would be touched for a while, and say, "Krönchen, forgive me for plaguing you so! I am worried out of my life in this aimless, wearisome life." But when she gently hinted that his life need not be either, he broke out again into impatience, and said—what was true enough—that "she could not enter into his feelings."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VIA DOLOROSA.

THE next winter Orest took his wife to Paris. She agreed cheerfully to all his plans, hoping that he would become less irritable when he had plenty of amusement; for herself, she hoped nothing; in Paris, as at Stamberg, God must be her Comforter, Felicitas her joy. At first, her husband went with her into society, but gradually he got careless, and accompanied her so seldom that she refused all the invitations she could, making her health, which was not very strong, an excuse. Orest was well contented that she should remain at home, and leave him free to spend his mornings in Judith's *salon*, and his evenings at the Italian Opera.

There was one person who was bitterly indignant at the good terms on which Orest was with Judith. This was Florentin. Lelio had once said, "Judith does not trouble her head about such persons as you and me;" and his vanity was deeply wounded when he found how true it was. Another annoyance was that Orest should find him in so subordinate a position, after meeting him when he was in such low-water in London. "One is for ever stumbling on these Windeck people!" he muttered. No sooner did he know that Corona was in Paris than he felt a thrill of cruel triumph: she should know all; she should learn what was Orest's attraction there. He went to call on her: she would be sure to believe the brother and companion of her childhood. But when he reached the door he changed his mind: she might not be alone; he would write to her. And so he did, anonymously too. She read the letter, and burned it. "What wickedness," she exclaimed indignantly, "to write such a story to me, true or untrue! But O, if it is true!" She was quite crushed by the thought of such a possibility. She knelt, trembling from head to foot, by her child's cradle, praying for guidance, strength, and grace, that she might do what was right in the difficult and painful life before her. Orest never even noticed how much she was suffering; it was a martyrdom of heart and soul, but her words and her smile were more full of gentleness than ever.

She was at Windeck during the summer, and the visit was as much a pain as a pleasure. There was the peace and comfort of a loving atmosphere, but that is just what makes the heart melt and long to pour out its sorrows to sympathising listeners; and this she

would not do. As long as she could hinder it, neither her father nor her uncle should guess her wretchedness, and so she always took Orest's part whenever Count Damian found fault with him.

"Corona," he said once, "you carry humility too far. I believe you would thank your husband if he were to trample on you."

"Thyme smells sweetest when it is crushed," said Levin. There was no need of words for *him* to understand Corona.

"Upon my word, dear uncle," cried the Count, "that is rather strong. How much would you have a woman put up with from her husband?"

"Every thing—except sin. Every thing else, borne with humility, may be the means of bringing him back to God."

"Pray, dear father," said Corona beseechingly, "do not infer too much from Orest's way of acting. You know he always was in the habit of taking things lightly."

"O yes, I know it well enough," was the bitter answer. "The only important object in the world is his dearly-beloved self."

"Ah, papa," she said, smiling and shaking her head, "you have spoilt poor Orest all his life, and it is not your place to find fault with him now."

Orest had gone to Ostend for sea-bathing, as he said. He remained there two days, and then crossed to the Isle of Wight, where Judith was staying.

"Welcome, Count Orest!" she said. "You are really a brilliant exception to men in general: I am quite proud of so constant a friend."

"I can live, think, hope in your company!" he cried.

"Now I wonder," said Judith carelessly, "whether all that is real or acting."

"How shall I convince you of its reality?" he cried eagerly.

"Really, Count Orest," she answered coldly and proudly, "that is your affair, not mine."

The wildest ideas chased each other through his brain when she said that. Should he separate from Corona—ask her to give him his freedom? Perhaps his marriage might be dissolved; or was it possible to forget Judith? And he answered his own question, "No: every thing *but* that was possible." And so the shadows fell more and more darkly over conscience and duty.

Judith was to make a professional tour in Belgium till the Opera opened in Paris, and Orest wished to accompany her.

She said: "I really think you have taken leave of your senses, Count Orest."

"Florentin and Lelio accompany you?"

"Florentin and Lelio are in my service. You are talking idly. *Au revoir* in Paris!"

When Orest reached Windeck, Hyacinth was there. A more striking contrast could not be than that between these brothers: the one so absorbed in earth, the other in Heaven.

Corona had enlisted her uncle and cousin in the cause of the chapel and priest she longed for at Stamborg; but it was all in vain.

They both felt intensely for Corona; and Hyacinth once asked Levin whether it were not his duty to settle at Stamberg, as his uncle had done at Windeck. But Levin said: "The cases are different: Windeck was the home of my parents, and I went there to my dying mother. I was in my proper place, as the son of the house; but you have no such rights at Stamberg; you cannot force yourself into your brother's house. It is a hard life for that poor child; but God is with her."

Directly after Christmas Orest began to speak of going to Paris, and Corona made no objection; but she was in delicate health, and her doctor utterly forbade her travelling.

"What a nuisance!" said Orest. "I shall have to go by myself."

"You will shorten your stay in Paris, of course?" said the doctor, a plain-spoken man, not given to mince matters.

"What for?" asked Orest.

"Because the countess is very unwell, and a solitary winter is dreary for an invalid."

"O, my wife gets on capitally by herself."

Corona had a hard struggle with her shrinking timidity. At last she took Felicitas with her, and went to her husband, who was packing his writing-case and in high good-humour.

"Ah, Lili!" and he took the child in his arms; "what must I bring you from Paris?—a doll as big as yourself, and a whole lot of bonbons?"

"Dear Orest!" Corona began in a trembling voice, "Lili and I are come to ask for something else."

"And what is it?"

"That you will stay with us, and give up going to Paris this winter."

"O, nonsense!" he answered; and then went on to the child, "You would like the bonbons, Lili?"

She clapped her hands delighted, and her father cried, "There! Lili is on my side."

Corona smiled a smile sadder than tears, as she said, "Dear Orest, if you knew what I am feeling, you would not go on joking with Lili."

"Now do not let the doctors make you fanciful, Corona."

"You mistake me, Orest. I did not allude to my bodily ailments, which will be at an end before long, but—to your soul."

"I wish you would leave the care of it to me."

"But, dear Orest, you give no care to it. You are yielding recklessly to some unhappy influence which is estranging you day by day from your home, your family, your natural interests and duties. What this influence is, I neither know nor wish to know; but I am sure that it exists, and that it makes you miserable."

"I have nothing to reproach myself with," said Orest gloomily: "it is no crime to find more amusement in one place than another. I am not cut out, I know, for the life of a hermit, or a husband, or the father of a family: it is monotonous and wearisome to me."

"You should have thought of that earlier, Orest; still I am sure you would be happier, even now, if you only made an effort not to yield to this evil influence. You would see things in a better light, and what now seems intolerable would become easier every day. Only a little resolution, dear Orest, and God will do the rest. That is why I do entreat you not to go to Paris, but to stay here. O, Orest, stay with us!"

Large tears rolled down her sweet pale face; and when Felicitas saw them, she hung round her father's neck, and said, "Papa, stay."

"I do not know"—and Orest put the child down—"why you are making this scene. I have already said I am doing nothing wrong; there is nothing more intolerable than jealous fancies."

"God sees my heart," Corona answered gently; "He knows that there is no unworthy jealousy there, and that I only desire to see you at peace with yourself and with God. You fly from your duties because you feel them a burden, and I know duty is often difficult; but we can bear the burden with God's help. Try, dear Orest; only try."

She sank at his feet with fast-falling tears; but there was no vehemence, no excitement in her way of doing it. She was weeping for him, as his angel guardian might weep, not for herself. But Felicitas broke out into loud crying, and Orest exclaimed passionately,

"I cannot and will not stand such scenes! And with all due gratitude for your kindness in playing the part of *gouvernante* to me, I would advise you to turn your attention to Lili, and cure her of whimpering. I shall start for Paris the day after to-morrow."

So Corona was alone. For weeks she kept her room, hardly able to occupy herself even with a little needlework. She was too ill to drive to Mass on Sundays; yet she never once murmured at the deprivation nor lost her patience. Sometimes she looked from her windows at the bleak winter landscape, so cold and white and corpse-like. "Like the winter of my life," sighed the young heart with its twenty years. "But the spring will come," she went on; "the everlasting Spring!" And with heavenly energy she lifted her heart up far above its twenty years and its earthly longings. Then her glance rested on Felicitas, and she said, "O, my God, how ungrateful I am! Have I not my snowdrop in this winter? have I not paradise in the soul of my child?"

Count Damian came to see her, and wrote at once to beg the Baroness to come to Stamberg. Imagine Corona's delight when uncle Levin came too. He had not left Windeck for years; but he thought, "Perhaps she is ripe for heaven; perhaps God is calling the sweet spirit, so early purified, out of this dark world; and she must not be without the help of the Church and the grace of the Sacraments." So he obtained leave from the Bishop to turn an unused apartment at Stamberg into a chapel, and to say Mass there.

"This day is salvation come to this house," said Corona, radiant with joy, when her uncle brought her the tidings. With her father she was bright and cheerful, and always ready to chat with him. She would not hear a word against Orest. The Count relieved himself by abusing him to Levin.

"I should like to break the fellow's neck."

"His heart rather," said Levin.

"He hasn't got one, if he cannot feel for his angel of a wife. I suppose it isn't the proper thing to go into raptures about one's own child; but I cannot help it. I can hardly bear to look at her dear sweet little face."

Corona spoke differently to her uncle and to her father. To the former she said,

"Dear uncle, is not God good to me? I was a little vain foolish child, disposed to be selfish and conceited, and spoiled and petted as no one ever was; and if this had gone on—if I had always had that soft, warm, easy life, who knows how bad and worldly I might have turned out?"

"Thank God, dearest child, that you see His hand in it all. Earthly happiness often makes us slack and cold in spiritual things. The heart is like a thurible full of incense, but from which no sweet perfume rises, for it does not burn; but when the hot coals fall on it, then the rich-scented cloud rises to the tabernacle in which our God is dwelling with us. Sorrow, my child, is that kindling fire."

She became very ill. Two physicians were in the castle, and a telegram was sent to Paris; but Orest was in Lyons, where Judith was giving a concert. At length there was joy at Stamberg: Corona was out of danger; and the little heir lived too, though it was but a frail flickering life.

"What must the name be?" asked Levin, before baptising him.

"Emmanuel," she said, with a radiant smile. "Was not God with us?"

Every thing about her was supernatural,—her ideas, her love, her joy, and her sorrow. A second telegram was sent, and missed Orest, who was still absent. The next day he returned to Paris; it was Holy Week; and Judith was to sing Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater' on Maundy-Thursday, in the Chapel of the Filles de Sion. Almost at the moment of his arrival came a third telegram, so that he received the three at once. He was startled, and opened the last first. It announced the death of his son. Orest was overwhelmed. He had had a son and lost him, and never seen him. Next day he was at Stamberg. There, wrapped in soft white coverings, and strewn with spring-blossoms, lay the little corpse; and Felicitas sat playing with flowers beside the coffin, as calmly as if it were the cradle of her little brother. Orest sank down fainting by the children; and thus somewhat disarmed Count Damian. But the old family-doctor growled out to Levin, "Just like him; he would not hear of shortening his journey by a day, say what one would; and now he will rave about the child's death, and very likely make us out to blame for it."

Corona had meekly given back her child to Him who sent it. Such a spirit suffers without bitterness; but it suffers still. She comforted Orest very sweetly, and asked him to have the little one buried at Engelberg. This was done; and soon the Count, the Baroness, and Levin left Stamberg. Corona recovered slowly; and

she was recommended to pass the next winter at Rome or Pisa. Orest decided on Rome; and Count Damian said he would go with them; he had long wanted to see Rome. He felt as if he could not bear to be parted from Corona. Hyacinth, too, was in Rome, for a year's study of theology.

Orest's attraction may be easily guessed. Judith was to be in Rome for the winter; and as Orest's grief for his child died away, his conscience fell asleep. He hastened to join her party at the Villa Diodati; and instead of returning to Stamberg for his wife, sent the letter which we saw her reading.

CHAPTER XIX.

COMING HOME.

"MAMMA!" cried Felicitas, and she pointed with her little finger to the door opening into the *salon*.

Corona looked up from her letter: there stood Uriel. She held out both her hands, but she was trembling too much to rise. She thought of their parting at Windeck; of all which lay between then and now; and she burst into tears.

"Crying, Corona! when I am so glad," said Uriel, taking her hands and kissing them.

"O, so am I," she answered; "only I was startled. Look, Uriel; this is Felicitas."

Uriel lifted her on the table, saying tenderly, "So you are Felicitas, you dear child? And where is Orest?" he asked, evidently expecting to hear that he was out, or hunting, or some such answer.

Her manner was a little nervous, as she answered: "He is away from home,—at Genoa, for sea-bathing."

"Orest! and sea-bathing!—if it had been you, now!"

"O no, I am quite well, and in want of nothing of the sort. But tell me all about yourself, you circumnavigator. What have you been seeing, doing, hearing, thinking?"

"I have seen how beautiful God made the world, and how ugly men have made it and themselves; I have heard more words than truth; I have thought that the human heart is larger than this earth of ours; I have done—nothing."

"You are a laconic *raconteur*," said Corona, smiling.

"I have given you the quintessence of my experiences: now it is your turn to give me a sketch of yours."

She laid her hand on her child's bright hair, and said, with indescribable sweetness, "Felicitas."

"But you are more laconic than I was," Uriel answered, touched by her manner.

"I have not been round the world," she said, laughing.

Then he asked after every one—every one except Regina; but Corona spoke of her: she told him that her name in religion was Teresa, and that they all went once a year to see her at Himmelsporten. "Behind the grille, of course, and she does not lift her veil: 'Till we meet in heaven,' she said on the day of her clothing,

when papa asked to see her once more before the ceremony. She looked like a queen in the white-silk dress which she was so soon to change for the brown habit of the Carmelites. The grille in the parlour was opened wide, and we were all there. Papa said a great deal to her, and uncle Levin a few words: she said very little; and so gently, so firmly—you know her way. Then she knelt down for papa's blessing and uncle Levin's; and, when she rose, she gave us, one and all, a look we shall never forget, and said: 'Till we meet in heaven;' then she was gone. Now when we make our visit to her she is, O so full of love!—as if she could pour out all her life to draw souls to God. This last summer, I said: 'Are you come from Calvary, that you are so full of love?' And she answered in her old way, lest any one should think there was any thing remarkable in her: 'No, only from my cell.' Then we go to the chapel, to hear her sing the Antiphon after Vespers. The Carmelites sing beautifully, in a sort of suppressed voice; that is their rule. St. Teresa said that a loud ringing voice is not suitable for religious, with whom every thing should bear the stamp of being dead to the world. I cannot tell you how Regina's voice sounds; people come from a distance to hear it: it seems to float over the rest, like a rich scent over flowers. Ah, Uriel, our Regina has chosen the best part."

"Yes, for herself."

"And for us too: she is our bedeswoman. Most of the members of a household look to its earthly needs and concerns; and they would become absorbed in this world, if there were not others in the family who take thought for its spiritual welfare. We are rich in this way, with uncle Levin, Hyacinth, and Regina."

"And what have their prayers obtained for you?" and he looked affectionately at her sad sweet face.

"That which is best for me, dear Uriel," she answered gently.

"And now tell me about Orest."

She gave him the letter to read. He was confounded by its contents, and by all he inferred from them; he began to understand Corona's sorrowful eyes now. They talked together all the evening, with the familiar confidence of brother and sister; but nothing more was said bearing on her married life. Uriel pitied her intensely, all the more for her sweet cheerfulness. Her childhood and early youth seemed to come back to her with Uriel's visit; it was such a pleasure to talk to one who had all her love for the old days, and to see how he remembered some childish scrape, or family jest, or pleasant excursion. Poor Corona! it was long since she had felt so happy.

They went to Windeck together, and Count Damian tried to induce him to go with them to Rome.

"I shall follow you there after a while," Uriel said; "but I must enjoy uncle Levin a little first."

So Corona started with her father and her child early in November.

"And you stay behind with us old folks," said aunt Isabella: "what are you going to do?"

Count Damian and Levin had asked the same question. It was

not easy for Uriel to answer it. In a quiet talk with his uncle he said: "You see I have been travelling to try to find what I missed here; but it has all been in vain. Then I come back to Europe, with a faint hope, perhaps, of being more favourably impressed; but I find the reverse is the case. Every thing seems false and hollow—every thing: the relations of one government to another, of rulers and people, are all without mutual confidence, without truth, without stability. The age is perishing of falsehood."

Levin listened to these words, and to others in which he went more into detail, in silence. He was thinking of that Divine Deliverer, who shed His Blood to save that perishing world. At last he said: "Poor storm-bird! so you have been trying to build your nest on the waves of time, and are tired out with the vain attempt. Well, you must leave those treacherous waves, and try to soar upwards. You are one of the seeking souls which have been from the first ages of the Church: they came from heathenism, from Judaism, from heresy, from lukewarm Christianity, from the barbarian as well as from the Roman world; and there were many storm-birds among them, who had vainly sought to find the fabled halcyon-days on the tossing waves of the world; but they found the one eternal revealed Truth instead: 'God is Love;' and they said with Philip, 'It is enough for us.' We must hope and pray that we too may be able to say so."

"O my dear uncle, do not speak so of yourself."

"Yes, of myself rather than of any one; for I know myself best."

"I know," said Uriel, "that there are great souls now, as in those early times; but they are in a sphere which is beyond me."

"Greatness of soul is confined to no one sphere of life: its essence is self-sacrifice, and that, with the help of God's grace, can be practised every where."

"But the great souls of whom I was thinking," Uriel said, "are under the habit of the monk and the cassock of the priest. One must see missionary priests among the heathen to get a reverence for human nature. As those first Twelve went forth, so do they. And to what a life of poverty, and suffering, and danger, and loneliness! It is a life which they endure only in His strength who dwells in them. And what is the death which crowns this life? Martyrdom, with its lingering torments; or perhaps the scalping-knife of an Indian, or the jaws of a wild-beast, or the weary sickness of imprisonment may do the work. And why, I once asked a missionary, is such a life, such a death, freely chosen? 'To follow our crucified Master in all humility,' was his simple answer. *That* is greatness of soul; but the world passes it by with indifference, or contempt, or blasphemy, as the Jews went by the hill of Calvary. The world knows of nothing greater than itself. That is just why I always envy such men as the missionary priests. They *do* serve a greater Master."

"Well, my son, I hope *you* will so serve Him."

"No, dear uncle Levin; I have neither the power nor the inclination for such supernatural heroism."

"To acknowledge it is the first step towards acquiring it."

"But the strong living faith is wanting," answered Uriel.

"Just so; you carry your faith about in ingots, so that it is something of a burden at times. You should get it coined, stamped, made current for daily use, for all the circumstances, all the needs, and against all the temptations of life. As you have it, it is a dead treasure."

"It is," was the gloomy answer. "My reason is convinced, but my heart is untouched; there is a partition-wall between me and God."

"It cannot but be so," said Levin; "for you have sought in human strength, and with human means, for what is greater than your heart; and so seeking, you could not find it. What is to be done, my Uriel, with this burden of a heart which clings to earth?"

"And does it cling to earth?" asked Uriel thoughtfully. "I have thrown the ballast of wealth out of my bark; I have never given myself up to the pleasures of the world, or to ambition; I have had no low aims, no petty designs; I have felt—O how keenly!—the nothingness of the world. Can it be, dear uncle, that I am clinging to it?"

Levin answered: "St. Augustine says there are many ways of joining the fallen angels; and so there are many ways of clinging to the earth. One may grovel in its dust, or be entangled in its thorns. One thing is clear: you have not found God. The Incarnate, crucified God is not the centre of your being. That things are not still worse with you, you may thank your love for Regina—next to God's grace; for a pure love is a divine thing, and it is able to excite noble impulses; but a higher and diviner love is needed for our perseverance. And so, my poor Uriel, you have not found the Eternal Truth, for you have never yet sought for it."

"And how—where shall I do so?"

"Where? In the Crib of Jerusalem, and by the Cross of Calvary. How? By prayer. Pray, Uriel; for you must not, cannot remain as you are: you are meant for higher things."

"Do not imagine," said Uriel eagerly, "that I shall ever become a missionary, because of what I said just now. I would not, on any account; and if such an idea ever entered my mind, I would pray *against* it."

"Be quite easy," answered Levin, smiling; "I have no such lofty hopes. I am only thankful that you have not turned gold-digger in California."

There was a strange charm about this old man of seventy-five years. He was so strong in his gentle cheerfulness, so indulgent in his deep piety; his mind was so clear, his heart so warm, his soul so bright, that Uriel often felt in his society as if the light of Tabor rested on his life—that life which had been in the shadow of the Cross for more than half a century. There was more peace for Uriel with uncle Levin than any where on earth; and he more than half regretted his promise to join Count Damian in Rome.

John Keble.



ALTHOUGH the name of the author of the *Christian Year* is probably unknown to a very large proportion of its thousands of readers, and although its influence as a book has thus been so entirely disconnected from personal knowledge and appreciation of the man whose writings have taken so powerful a hold on the sympathies of his countrymen, it is but natural that his rather sudden death should have been very widely felt as an irreparable loss, should have turned public curiosity to the details of his career, and have caused an eager craving for whatever might be forthcoming in the way of remains or memoir of one whose mind must have been so beautiful, so lofty, and so richly stored. In this age of multitudinous and multifarious literature it will hardly be natural if the life of John Keble should not be written before many seasons pass over. Moreover, as every one knows, he was for many years an active and powerful worker, in his own quiet way, in the great religious movement which sprung up more than a quarter of a century ago in the University of Oxford, and for which he had, as it were, sounded the rallying-call several years before, without knowing it or meaning it. It is a mistake to suppose that he was too much of a poet for practical action. He was unworldly, but full of prudence and sagacity, as well as vigorous and straightforward. In many respects, after 1845, his party lost greatly because he was not its real leader. His nature was entirely averse to agitation, though far more full of fire and impetuosity than might be gathered from his poems; and he was almost all his life a plain country-living man, either as the son of a clergyman, or as a clergyman himself, in charge of a scattered parish. His public appearances were, therefore, few and far between, and generally occasioned by some crisis of ecclesiastical politics, which was a disagreeable break in the ordinary routine of his existence. His weight and influence were thus far more often felt than spoken about. He may be compared, in this respect, to one of those important persons in the political world who seldom take office, and seldom make speeches in Parliament, but who possess in reality the master influence by which the course of legislation, the changes of ministries, and the policy of the country, are often modified or determined. Mr. Keble seldom took a decidedly leading part, and never, we think, acted as a leader

by himself. But the great authority of his character and reputation was of more real advantage to the side on which he ranged himself than all the activity of others who made themselves more prominent. His correspondence, therefore, if ever published, will probably throw a great deal of light on the history of the movement of which we have spoken. He was, however, one of those men who do not need adventitious circumstances to make almost their every word and action interesting. His bright, fresh, joyous, and affectionate nature was like an ever-flowing spring, always at play, always shedding a gentle, imperceptible, and recreating dew upon those who came within its reach. There was a Christian poetry about him, a natural gift, elevated and transformed by his consistent piety and religious earnestness, which gilded the commonest things and the most ordinary actions, and cast the radiance of an unearthly sunshine all around him. The boy seems to have been eminently the father of the man in him. He was "a home-keeping youth," as Shakespeare says, educated entirely by his own father till he went to college; and to the last he may be said to have lived in an atmosphere very much the same with that in which he had been brought up. Any account that fairly represented his career would be a perfect picture of the quiet domestic life of the happy, though somewhat strict, old English parsonage, moving on in its regular and unaltered course, notwithstanding the fall of empires and the rise of heresies, with its "trivial round and common task," exercising so much of high moral virtue, and gradually unfolding a very beautiful character. It was Mr. Keble's happiness to be surrounded throughout life by a circle of relatives and intimate friends, limited indeed in numbers, but all thoroughly congenial to himself, and bearing a kind of family likeness to one another. Without any unwarrantable intrusiveness we may say of them that they seemed naturally his companions—like him, without being merely his copyists and his echoes. He belonged, moreover, to a generation of letter-writers which is now, we fear, passing away. He corresponded regularly with old college companions, who had become his most intimate friends throughout life; and it will be possible for his biographer to make up a singularly interesting and attractive work out of his letters alone, with hardly any interference on his own part. We sincerely hope that it will not be long before we see his *Life and Correspondence* announced.

We have heard it said that his father, the sole educator, as has been said, of John Keble and his brother, brought them up on the principle of letting them read and study just as they pleased. If this was so, we fear the success of the experiment in the case before us can hardly be allowed to prove the soundness of the general rule

that might be deduced from it. But, at all events, it proves the studious disposition of the boys, when we find that in 1806, at the age of fifteen, John Keble could win the Gloucestershire scholarship at Corpus, and was so well prepared to begin his university career, that he found no difficulty in fitting himself for a place in both first classes in 1809. The little society at Corpus in which he moved has become in a certain sense historical; and the readers of Dean Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold* will easily recall the letter in which it is depicted by one who is now nearly the sole survivor of that happy set of young collegians. Such a society just suited John Keble. Corpus, with its small number of undergraduates, all on the foundation—with the exception of a very few "gentleman-commoners"—with its bachelor-scholars obliged to residence after their degree, its comparatively high standard of merit required for admission as scholar, and one or two other features which separated its members from the rest of the University to a rather unusual extent, was perhaps a singularly favourable home for a small knot of highly cultivated young men. But the smaller colleges at Oxford, and especially those which are the best furnished with scholarships open to competition, which lead in the end to fellowships, can frequently boast of circles which resemble that described in the letter to which we allude, if not in the ultimate celebrity of some of their members, at least in their literary tastes, their high moral standard, and their cordial affection for one another and for the foundation which has brought them together. The bright hopeful years of undergraduate and B. A. life embrace the period at which, in most cases, the great step from boyhood to manhood is really made; and the companionships of mind and heart then formed are the most intimate and the most lasting of all. The same old friend who has sketched the college life of Arnold has remarked that, in the case of Keble, his familiar friendships, which remained throughout his life, were mostly begun within the walls of Corpus. It is no wonder that when "the lad of nineteen" was elected Fellow of Oriel, and joined the most distinguished intellectual society in the University, he should sometimes have longed for the greater freedom and more congenial atmosphere of his old haunts. The natural thing for the scholar of a college is to ripen into a Fellow—if he remains in residence after his examination—on the foundation with which he has begun. If there is no opening for him there, as is very frequently the case, he feels like a transplanted tree when he begins Oxford life a second time as Fellow of another college. His position may be far more brilliant and promising, but his affections generally linger around the place where his earliest friendships were formed, and where the soothing,

enlarging, and elevating influences which still hang around the ancient shrines of Oxford or Cambridge first laid hold of his soul. Dr. Newman, who was himself transplanted, like Mr. Keble, from the college at which he had been scholar, to the society at Oriel—rich in great names, of which none will live so long as his own—has expressed in a few touching words his feeling of deep affection for his “first college, Trinity.”

However, the Oriel common-room at that time, and for a long series of years after, could muster the most brilliant society in Oxford, and the college was at the head of the intellectual and academical movement of the day. Possibly, if John Keble had remained at Corpus, he would never have “come out of his shell,” or made himself so great a name as he did. At all events, for a time he took root at Oriel, and it was as one of its Fellows that he distinguished himself so much as a college tutor and a public examiner. But he seems all along to have made up his mind not to lead a strictly University life. He received Anglican orders in 1815, and began at once to exercise his ministry, even while still resident at Oxford, riding over on the alternate Saturdays to the two small parishes of which he had the charge.* They were in the neighbourhood of Fairford, his father's residence, so that he kept up uninterruptedly his home-life, or at least was constantly under his father's eye. At this time he appears to have been maturing the series of poems which afterwards became the *Christian Year*. It was his own intention to keep them unpublished, perpetually retouching and improving them, and leave them to come forth on the world after his death. Of course this plan was discouraged by the circle of home and college friends to whom he made them known; and Mr. Keble in this, as in so many other things in his life, yielded to the pressure that was

* These were the parishes of Burthorpe and East Leech. We believe that their scenery is commemorated in the poem in the *Christian Year*, “Lessons sweet of spring returning.” (First Sunday after Epiphany.) It would be interesting if any writer of Mr. Keble's life would gather up what indications remain of the spots which may have suggested the different poems in his volume. We have been told, for instance, that the poem on Easter Monday, about the two streams, “Go up, and watch the new-born rill,” was written after a visit to Plinlimmon. The Severn, Wye, Ystwith (and another stream), all rise in the neighbourhood of that mountain; and an old Welsh legend represents them as sisters, who fell asleep on the hill-side, meaning to race down to the sea when they awoke. The Severn woke first, and went off north-east towards Shrewsbury, and then by long and leisurely windings found her way to the Bristol Channel. She was, however, caught up by the Wye, who woke next, took a shorter curve, and so joined her at Chepstow. The Ystwith found her sisters gone, and tumbled in great haste straight down to the nearest coast at Aberystwith.

brought to bear upon him. It would be a curious speculation to imagine what the *Christian Year* would have been, if it had been kept in its author's desk till the present day. We had, some months ago, occasion to remark on the many contrasts which are to be observed between this work and the later offspring of the same mind, published in the year 1846 as the *Lyra Innocentium*. And yet the latter volume is but the reflection of the change produced in many minds besides that of its author of the great movement towards antiquity and Catholicism, which was originated by the *Christian Year*, and the relationship between the two volumes is obvious to every eye.

Putting aside for the present Mr. Keble's influence on Oxford through his connection with the Tractarian movement, the only strictly academical production with which his name remains to be linked is the series of extremely beautiful lectures which he delivered as Professor of Poetry. Of this volume, also, we have had occasion to speak shortly in a former article; and we can now only pause upon it to repeat the wish that these *Prælectiones* may be given to the public in English. The interest which now attaches to every thing connected with Mr. Keble's memory may seem to warrant the hope that the translator's work would not be unrewarded. The real turning-point, if we may say so, in Mr. Keble's career was his failure to obtain the Provostship of Oriel at the removal of Dr. Copleston. When we say "failure," we do not mean to imply that the headship of his college was a post on which Mr. Keble had in any sense set his heart. The result of the election has been lately represented as a disappointment to him;* but it must be remembered at the same time that he neither put himself formally forward for the Provostship, nor exerted himself to obtain it. His own tastes were, as we have said, not academical; he would have accepted the post in question had it been the clearly-expressed wish of the college that he should do so, but he was not sorry to see the charge laid on the shoulders of another, and that one of his own old friends. Nevertheless, the issue of the election had, of course, an important influence on Oriel and on Oxford; and most of all, as we think, on himself, but rather in the way of fixing him for the rest of his life in the groove in which his own inclinations placed him, than in that of checking a career which he was anxious to pursue. We have heard many elaborate calculations as to the possible effect on the subsequent course of affairs in the University, and indeed in the Anglican Establishment generally, which might have been produced at that moment, had the majority of the Fellows of Oriel voted for Mr. Keble rather than for

* In the *Times*, April 6, 1866.

Dr. Hawkins. Such speculations are idle enough, for they are usually based on the fallacy of supposing that one element alone can be changed in the complex multitude of causes and influences out of the combination and clash of which the actual course of events is elicited, and that a calculation can be fairly made on the hypothesis that every thing else is to remain the same. In this case it used to be reported at Oxford, that the influence of the two Fellows of Oriel, whose names were afterwards most closely united with that of Mr. Keble as leaders of the Tractarian party, had been used to secure the election of his competitor; who certainly turned out a thorn in the side of that celebrated triumvirate. There can be no doubt that the present excellent and respected Provost of Oriel has been one of the most influential men of his time at Oxford—and his time has been a long one, marked by events of greater importance than have ever occurred in any similar period of years since the foundation of the college. In one matter of great moment, the question relating to Dr. Hampden, he has the credit of having determined the course of action of the governing body in the University. But the Hampden business was but a slight ripple on the surface, if we compare it with the deep and far-reaching revolution of thought which issued from the Tractarian movement; and it can hardly be gravely maintained that the course of events could have been very different from what it has been in regard to that movement, supposing it once started, if one man had been Provost of Oriel instead of another. If the first college in Oxford, or if all the colleges in Oxford, had been unanimous and hearty in backing up the Tracts, it would have made but little difference as to the acceptance of No. 90 by the Anglican authorities and the British people. Oxford—or Oriel—might have broken itself against the Protestantism of England, instead of saving itself by casting out the obnoxious Romanisers.

It is more to our point to observe, that whether Mr. Keble might have made the best possible Provost or not, or whether his patronage of it might have made Tractarianism more successful than the opposition which it encountered from Dr. Hawkins, he could not have been fixed for the greater part of his life at Oxford, instead of in a country living, at a time of great religious movement in which he took a keen interest, without having made himself far more prominent and taken a far more active part in affairs than he did. Generations in the Universities succeed one another very rapidly; and any one who is old enough to look back over a few of them will be able to point out some men in each who have been highly distinguished, perhaps, as undergraduates or graduates, who have been successful tutors and brilliant examiners,

who have preached a few remarkable sermons and published one or two books during the time of their residence as Fellows, and who have then turned off from the academical career at the offer of a college-living and the chance of "settling in life," and have never more been heard of, except, perhaps, as the oracles of some small clerical party in their own neighbourhood in the country. We are far from saying that this process of the seeming extinction of intellectual and literary promise, this subsidence of mental activity into the apparent vegetation of domestic life, has not its redeeming features in the cultivation thus brought to bear upon country society, or that the highest minds do not sometimes find an adequate sphere for the unfolding of their powers in the quiet parsonages which are the fruitful centres from which so many great benefits are dispensed to the population that surrounds them. Still it cannot be denied that the splendid endowments, the rich libraries, the atmosphere of thoughtful leisure and scientific activity, which are to be found in the great English Universities to an almost unexampled degree, seem to be continually making promises of great results in the way of literary, philosophical, and theological maturity, which are too usually unfulfilled. The resident fellows, tutors, and professors of Oxford and Cambridge enjoy greater opportunities and have more ample means at their command for the noblest labours on which the human mind can be occupied than are to be found elsewhere, except perhaps in one or two spots in the world. It is a real loss when a man of high endowments and well-exercised powers, who has had the very rare advantage of continuing his University residence for ten or twelve years after his bachelor's degree, subsides into a country parson, and takes, in an intellectual sense of the words, to the cultivation of cabbages. Readers of Izaak Walton's life of Richard Hooker will remember the amusing yet touching passage in which he describes that learned man as he was found in his country living by two of his old Oxford pupils, Sandys and Cranmer,—looking after the sheep because his servant had gone to his dinner, and soon to be called away from his visitors because his wife wanted him to rock the cradle. Times are too much changed for the picture to be repeated in all its details, and we may hope that not many of the promising intellects of our own time fall, in the country-parsonage stage of their existence, into the clutches of such ruthless viragos as Miss Joan Churchman, the Xantippe of the good Hooker. Still it is a frequent disappointment to find results so scanty coming from men whom we ourselves may often have known as capable of really great intellectual productions, and to be told after the lapse of a year or two that our friend So-and-so, of a refined, subtle, logical,

and speculative mind—a man of “lips that might half heaven reveal”—has buried himself in the rich pastures of Oileymead under the squirearchy of Mr. Cheeseacre, or has taken to farming his own glebe in Devonshire, and become munificent in his presents of clotted cream.

It would be altogether untrue to suppose that these remarks can be applied in their full sense to the case of John Keble. Still those who knew him most intimately will, we think, bear us out in the assertion that his mental powers were not only far above those of the average of men even as successful as himself in their University career, but also far greater than might be gathered even from what he has left behind him. Dr. Whately, we believe, spoke of him as “an eagle in chains.” A French poet, not altogether unlike him in his religious spirit, has said,

“ Avant que de mes jours s'approche le terme,
Que je puisse épuiser l'hymne que je renferme !”

and it was given to Mr. Keble, in a certain sense, to pour out “the hymn that was in him” in the *Christian Year* and the *Lyra Innocentium*. But there were other things in him besides hymns. His mind was one of wonderful depth and grasp, his judgment sound, and his appetite for truth keen and loving. If we except Dr. Newman, he was almost the only one among the Tract writers who showed a really theological mind, as distinguished from mere erudition on the one hand or reverent sentiment on the other; and what he could make of his acquaintance with the Fathers was shown by the fragment of his Essay on Mysticism, which formed the last but one of the Tracts, and was never completed, in consequence of their abrupt close at No. 90. Now and then he could write a note,—such as that about the miracle at Cana in the *Lyra Innocentium*, which was drawn from him by adverse criticism,—in which he showed in how masterly a way he could gather up and combine detached morsels of tradition; and his most elaborate pamphlets of later years—those on the Divorce Question and on *Eucharistic Adoration*, both also forced, as it were, from him by the pressure of questions of the day—show the same power to a considerable extent. His writings are distinguished, we think, from those of the more eminent of his friends of the same school, with the one great exception, for intellectual power and logical clearness and precision. The Tracts on *Reserve* and on the *Prayer-Book*, for instance, and the volume of *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, by his friend and pupil Isaac Williams, beautiful and exquisite as they are, thoughtful, richly imaginative, and in the latter case penetrated with the teaching of the Fathers, show a comparative feebleness and want of accuracy

in the perception of dogma, as well as a more unrestrained luxuriance of sentiment and religious fancy, which was certainly not the result of a want of awful reverence to sacred subjects. Mr. Williams was quite at home in a work like his *Commentary on the Gospels*, into which he had but to weave, one after another, the gems of Patristic exposition—unfortunately, sometimes mingled by him with Jansenistic poison, the virus of which he did not perceive. Mr. Keble had a mind fit for the highest and most arduous questions of Christian philosophy, and might have dealt, had he so chosen, with the matters touched on in such volumes as the *University Sermons* of Dr. Newman, or he might have drawn out some great point of doctrine in all its bearings from the remains of Christian antiquity; and it may be that, if more activity of speculation had been made a necessity to him by the circumstances of his daily occupations, his mind would have hit upon the thread of thought which would have led him out of the imperfect system in which he had grown up, without suspecting its character, into the full light of Catholic truth. Certain it is that his great intelligence has given to the world nothing that can bear adequate witness to the gifts with which it was stored, in the degree in which his poetry testifies to the beauty, purity, and devoutness of his heart. He could be even weak and inconclusive in argument, as if he had unlearnt his logic, when he came, after 1845, to defend the Anglican position in the Preface to his *Academical and Occasional Sermons*; yet, after Mr. Newman's conversion, there was certainly no one left among the Tractarians from whom an argumentative and intelligent defence of their position might more reasonably have been expected.

Mr. Keble's settlement at Hursley,* which took place at no great interval of time after the vacancy in the Provostship, may perhaps have been the determining cause of what, in the sense explained above, we may call his subsequent unfruitfulness as to intellectual labour. It was not, certainly, that he was ever inactive, or that his mind was not working on the questions of the day. Few persons in his position could take a more lively interest in all that was going on; and the stirring times which followed might well have roused even a less energetic man from his retirement. Still, his seems to us to have been a mind rather disposed by nature to repose and con-

* Mr. Keble became curate of Hursley in 1825, before the date of the vacancy in the Provostship; but the illness of members of his family soon called him away, and he remained at Fairford till his father's death, in 1835. In the same year the living of Hursley became vacant, and he accepted it, marrying shortly after. He was then in his forty-fourth year.

temptation than to strain and conflict. He could see so much beauty in all around him,—he could be instrumental in causing so much good and happiness, and throw himself so unquestioningly into the daily occupations of the profession which he had loved as a child and followed from his earliest manhood,—that it did certainly require an effort to detach himself from the routine of his life, and something like a necessity to make him enter on abstract questions or fundamental investigations. This stimulus would probably have been supplied to him by his enforced residence at Oxford as head of his college, in the midst of great intellectual activity, and in constant intercourse with men of the highest and subtlest minds. As to this, and as to this alone, he was companionless in the country. We ought, however, fairly to take into account the succession of questions of the day, every one of them of great importance and a matter of keen interest to Mr. Keble, which has continued from the time of his final retirement from Oxford down to the present moment. The Catholic Emancipation question; the Reform agitation; the attack on the Establishment which followed; the Hampden controversy; and then the long battle of the Tract movement, with its manifold phases and frequent contests in the University first, and throughout the country afterwards; as well as a number of political or ecclesiastical excitements since, which have kept the Anglican mind in perpetual unrest, from the Gorham decision down to the judgments in the cases of the *Essays and Reviews* and Dr. Colenso,—every one of these was keenly felt and warmly discussed in the vicarage at Hursley. But in a certain sense the noise and clatter of the external world fell with a softened echo on the charmed air in which Mr. Keble lived.

“Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes
Deform the quiet bower;
They may not mar the deep repose
Of that immortal flower.”

These disturbances were breaks, keenly perceived and even resented, on his ordinary life of calm parochial work and unruffled domestic happiness: but they were only breaks, and did not make up the main substance out of which his existence was woven. Latterly, indeed, the clouds gathered thicker and thicker; for the course of events in the Establishment was from bad to worse, and mutterings were heard which seemed to threaten a sort of non-juring secession.* We doubt whether Mr. Keble ever made such threats himself; but we are quite sure that if he had made them he would have

* See Dr. Pusey's preface to his pamphlet on the *Legal Force of the Judgment of the Privy Council*.

ultimately acted on them. It is surely the most natural thing in the world to think that the circumstances by which Mr. Keble was surrounded at Hursley, to a great extent, however unconsciously, made him slower to wake up to the realities of the position of the Establishment than he might otherwise have been. Hursley was not quite an Elysium, or a terrestrial Paradise; but it was a well-worked, well-cared-for, happy parish, with one of the noblest specimens of the English country gentleman for its squire, where Church and State, squire and parson, coöperated in perfect harmony for the well-being of the population, with a beautiful church built under Mr. Keble's own eye from the proceeds of the *Christian Year*, and where he had every opportunity of carrying out into practice, if he could, that poetical idea of Anglicanism which had been the object of his fondest devotion from his earliest years.

A home and a sphere of action such as this was, moreover, a very different thing to him from what it might have been to others. When we are thinking of Mr. Keble, it is hardly possible to refrain from comparing him with another great Fellow of Oriel, who had not long since occasion to put on record his deep and affectionate admiration for his old friend. Mr. Keble's *History of my Religious Opinions* would have contained the account of few changes and no revolutions. He was through life what he was brought up to be. If his poetic fancy and devotional feeling invested Anglicanism with beauties and graces which did not in reality belong to it, it was by working out ideas and hints contained in the Prayer-Book, though forgotten and neglected by most of those who used it, and by quietly taking for granted that the royal attributes of the Spouse of Christ belonged to the Communion which he had always been taught to regard as his true mother. The *Christian Year* is wonderful, of course, in many ways; perhaps in none more so than in the evidences it contains of the author's consciousness of the many practical shortcomings of his Communion, blended with the calmest and most unquestioning confidence in its heavenly mission. He could even venture to be serenely indulgent and compassionate towards Catholics; to bid his readers "speak but gently of our sister's fall." Again, it was characteristic of Mr. Keble to vindicate the right of dutiful feelings and religious sentiments to control practical action, as indeed he certainly allowed their influence to an unlawful extent as grounds for faith itself. It cannot be said, of course, that he was indifferent to doctrinal truth; he put it first in theory, but he devoted himself to advocating and producing "a sober standard of feeling in matters of religion." A man like this, who had never changed, who had begun on the ground of traditional High-Church-

ism, and done his best to clear it of its hardness, its stiffness, its narrowness, and its comfortable mediocrity, and to hang it all round with the fairest creations of Christian poetry and devotion, was sure to be one of the very slowest of his generation,—we do not say to admit the force of the Catholic argument when brought home to him, or to act upon convictions once formed, however great the sacrifice which they might require,—but to allow himself to entertain the idea as a matter for practical consideration, that the Church of England could be a mere human institution. He had begun on the principle of her authority, he had never changed all his life: the circumstances of his later years, no doubt, forced on him ever more and more strongly the fear that her rulers might forfeit for her the deposit of Catholic truth and even the grace of the Sacraments; but the conviction of her fall into heresy would only have involved to him, as a direct consequence, the conclusion that he was without a Church at all. He grew as time went on, and as we learn from his second volume of poems, in appreciation of and love for many Catholic doctrines and practices which have little or no room in the Anglican system. But the fundamental doctrine of the visible unity of the Church was not one of those truths which thus took possession of his mind. We must ordinarily look for Mr. Keble's explanations of his doctrinal position in some one of the poems into which he has thrown his inmost thought. The *Lyra Innocentium* contains some sweet stanzas called the "Waterfall," in which, as it seems, his theory of unity is conveyed. It turns out to be exactly the same with that theory of a really divided Church which has lately been put forward by Dr. Pusey, and exposed so ably and clearly by Mr. Allies. Though Mr. Keble's exposition is in verse, and Dr. Pusey's in prose, the former is not only far more beautiful in language, but also far more intelligible and precise. After describing the broken waters of the fall, he says:

"Even so the mighty sky-born stream—
 Its living waters from above
All marr'd and broken seem,
No union and no love.
 Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied,
 One is their awful End.
 One their unfailing Guide.

* * * *

If of the Living Cloud they be
 Baptismal drops, and onward press
 Towards the Living Sea
 By deeds of holiness,

Then to the Living Waters still
(O, joy with trembling !) they pertain;
Join'd by some *hidden* rill
Low in earth's darkest vein."

We do not, of course, quote these lines to criticise the doctrine which they convey, and which is the teaching as to Church unity which Mr. Keble puts by the side of so many Catholic thoughts about the Sacraments, the Saints, Relics, and, above all, the Blessed Mother of God. But they serve to explain his position during the latter years of his life; and they tally entirely with that theory about the (once) "holy undivided Church" on which Anglicans have been compelled to fall back. Mr. Keble had little knowledge of, and, we think, little practical sympathy with, the Church abroad. He seldom left home, except from necessity; and we doubt whether he ever travelled at all in a Catholic country. He even lent his great name—we do not know whether he did not, after a time, withdraw it—to the petty mischievousness of what is called "The Anglo-Continental Society." He certainly did not practise that ignoble system of misrepresentation and cavil against us in which some of his co-religionists seem to find so congenial an occupation. Nor again was he, in the sense of the word so offensive to us, a "Romaniser:" he did not mangle or garble our books of devotion, nor parody our use of the confessional and of "direction" in a way which could never be tolerated where any authority existed to regulate a matter of so much delicacy. Ardent as he was in defence of what he came to think to be the true doctrine of the Eucharist, he did not even go the lengths of the ritualistic Anglicans in the celebration of the Communion Service, and contented himself with a plain surplice and hood in church, as with the ordinary costume of an English clergyman out of it. It was his character to make all religious questions, to a certain extent, personal: thus he could, for a moment, be stern and even fierce, at meeting a "convert," though his native rectitude of mind and generosity of heart made him very soon relapse into his old affectionateness. But this part of his nature was sometimes worked upon to make him forbear to read books written against Anglicanism; and we believe that he went to his grave with very little acquaintance indeed with modern controversy on the Catholic side. At the same time, though he was ready to give advice and charge himself with the guidance of those who were in doubt, he never, we believe, yielded to the temptations which such a position, to some extent, involves. It was of course true that his arguments were rather moral and even sentimental than intellectual or theological, though the point in question was one of fact and doc-

trine. But he admitted that moral considerations and arguments from probability, such as those which he has put forward in the Preface mentioned above, could only be fairly urged up to a certain point,—as long, that is, as on other grounds the person to whom they were addressed did not feel certainty. He was not one of those who take an unfair advantage of every little defect in character or conduct in a person consulting him to subdue him rather than satisfy him; nor did he attempt to overawe inquirers by a display of ponderous learning, or an assumption of some of the prerogatives of personal sanctity or peculiar illumination. Above all, when he did argue, he was fair, ingenuous, and generous; no one has ever detected him in a false quotation, a slipshod assertion, an assumption of theological knowledge which he did not possess, or a personal insinuation. In these respects Catholics have nothing to complain of in John Keble.

His writings contain very little indeed that is hostile to the Church or positively erroneous, though, of course, he often falls far short of Catholic doctrine.* He sometimes went beyond his friends,

* In our former article (see *The Month*, vol. iii. p. 269, September 1865) we remarked on the stanza in the *Christian Year* (poem on *Gunpowder Treason*) in which the doctrine of the Real Presence is denied. This stanza was actually quoted by a Bishop in some late debates in the Anglican Convocation on the ritual question, as an argument, or at least an indication, of Mr. Keble's doctrine, in the same sense in which it represented itself to us, and in which it is commonly understood. This called forth a letter in the *Guardian* (March 14) from a friend of Mr. Keble, pointing out that the latter had "been careful to state his exact theological meaning in his work on *Eucharistical Adoration* (p. xiv. note, 2d ed.). After saying that the language of Anglican divines—which is often alleged against the doctrine of a real objective Presence—is really directed, among other things, against the notion of 'a gross carnal Presence,' he subjoins: 'I may perhaps be excused for exemplifying this by the expression sometimes quoted from the *Christian Year*, 'present in the heart, not in the hands.' " It is of course fair to mention the explanation which Mr. Keble seems to have thought sufficient. At the same time, we think that even if it had been appended to the *Christian Year* in its later editions, which it never was, the Bishop would have had a good right for using the stanza as he did. There is nothing in the text about "a gross carnal Presence," by which, we fear, the doctrine of transubstantiation is meant. On the contrary, the words are, "There, present in the heart, Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest Will His *true self* impart." What is spoken of is the true Presence of Christ Himself. And what is said *not* to be present in the hands, is affirmed to be present in the heart. Is there any sense in saying that our Lord is present in the heart in "a gross carnal manner," and did Mr. Keble mean to affirm this? Of course he did not. In any case, the pamphlet on *Eucharistical Adoration* has probably never been heard of by one in a thousand of the readers of the *Christian Year*. The ninetieth edition, printed in this year, now lies before us, with the stanza uncorrected and unannotated.

and frightened them; but it was more in matter of devotional feeling and in the consequences of doctrines which they admitted as well as he did, than in his doctrine itself. And he yielded readily — often too readily — to criticism of a cautious temper, in a way which showed that the points in question were not matters of principle to him. The world has in this way lost one or two of his sweetest poems; unless, as we trust may be the case, they should now be published among the scattered remains of his genius which have not yet seen the light. One exquisite poem in particular lies before us now, which no admirer of Mr. Keble's poetry can bear to think of letting die. It has, we believe, been circulated privately, both among Anglicans and Catholics, almost ever since its exclusion from the *Lyra Innocentium*, and may therefore easily emerge into publication; but we cannot take the liberty of inserting it here, though it is not unfair to describe it, as a most perfect illustration of the height to which its author's devotional feelings towards our Blessed Lady rose, as well as of the uncertain and apologetic manner in which he felt bound to give utterance to them. It would have been one of the series called "Children's troubles," and was entitled "Mother out of sight." It was founded, we believe, on the simple incident of his seeing a child come into a room and look round with disappointment because its mother was not there. What, he says, if the child's mournful cry was echoed back by some burdened heart by its side? What if saintly and penitent souls in England are repeating that their "Mother is not here"? The child's trouble can be soothed by the promise that its mother will soon return; and in the same way there is a hope and joy for the "half-orphaned spirits" who long for the presence of the Church. They seem to see her by their side "in shadowy gleams;" not in her royal robes, but as a Sister of Mercy sitting by the bed of a favoured child, her form mixed up with its dreams. The sight is so sweet that the child would rather dream on than wake up; and so

"We for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will."

He then asks, Wills He not? is not His blessing on all who breathe "His Mother's even-song?" Then follows a burst of glorious poetry, invoking our Blessed Lady. Fain would he rest in her shadow, kneel unto her, call her blessed, "magnify the Lord with her;" and if she is not adored in England, yet he and his are seeking

"— day by day the love and fear
Which bring thee, with all Saints, near and more near."

The stanzas which follow are in our judgment as fine as, if not finer

than any thing that ever came from the author's pen; but though it might be fair to quote them, we would rather forbear. They put forward the inseparable connection between the Mother and the Son in the fullest way, and ground the devotion of Christians to her on that union. Whenever we kneel to pray, he says, we may *unblamed* "greet thy glories," and repeat the seraph's welcome, "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" Then, as if afraid of what he has said, he explains it as a greeting paid to *the Church*, figured in our Blessed Lady: and if we join the Ave to the Our Father, it is

"As children with good-morrow come
To elders in some happy home;"

and so, with another exquisite stanza, this remarkable poem concludes; indicating a great advance, certainly, on ordinary Anglican notions with regard to our Blessed Lady and devotion to her, yet by no means rising to a Catholic standard, and even, in some respects, painful to Catholic ears, as implying the necessity to apologise and explain away the simplest and most instinctive reachings of Christian piety. The Blessed Virgin is not a symbol or a personification of the Church: she is the second Eve, the Mother of God Incarnate; and our duties to her flow naturally from her position in relation to our Lord, to the work of His Incarnation, and to ourselves through Him. On another great doctrinal question, as to which Anglicanism was much agitated a few years ago, we shall find Mr. Keble equally hesitating and timid. His last appearance in print was, we think, a letter printed in the *Literary Churchman* in the course of last January. It was originally a private letter addressed to a High Churchman who was joining the agitation for procuring a legal alteration or interpretation of the rubric in the Prayer-Book, on which the ultra-ritualists rest in their use of Catholic vestments and ceremonies. With the main argument of the letter we have nothing to do. Mr. Keble, however, maintains, as of course he was bound to do, that the Anglican formularies are drawn up with the distinct purpose of recognising the Real Presence and the Real Sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist. We do not remember in his letter any clear statement on the question whether these doctrines are put forward with intentional ambiguity, or whether there are not definite statements in the Prayer-Book which plainly deny them; but he seems to admit the compromising tone of its formularies where he says that "a hair's-breadth *more* wavering on that point (the Sacrifice) would seem to them (East and West), I fear, an entire forfeiture of our position." What strikes us particularly about the letter is this: that Mr. Keble, believing, as he thought, in the Real Presence and in

the Eucharistic Sacrifice, could yet not draw the simple practical conclusion that to be present at the celebration of that Sacrifice must bring a special blessing and impart a peculiar power to prayer. Among the cautions which he addresses to the more extreme men of his party is one against urging the indiscriminate presence of all at the Holy Mysteries—"the rather," he says, "that there appears to be some danger of the idea gaining ground, which meets one so often in Roman Catholic books of devotion, of some special quasi-sacramental grace connected with simply assisting devoutly at Mass, over and above that promised to all earnest and faithful prayer."*

We need hardly repeat that we make these remarks without the slightest intention of attacking this eminent and good man, whose position it has simply been our object to define in his own words. Would, indeed, that he had allowed himself to follow out to the utmost that drawing towards Catholic truths and Catholic modes of feeling which seems to have been working upon him, more or less, from his earliest years! But it was not so; and we have abundant evidence that he had yet many a barrier of misconception and much inadequate understanding of Catholic doctrine to overcome, when his earthly career closed: that his principles were radically Anglican, however much his heart may have yearned for what Anglicanism could not give him. It may be permitted to us to regret, for the sake of one who seemed to have every quality that would have enabled him to enjoy, with an intensity even more than common, the blessings of Catholicism, that his circumstances were such as, when taken in combination with his character and training, to preclude him from seriously entering on the consideration of the claims of the One Church upon his Christian obedience. Homer ends his *Odyssey* with a touching but very natural scene, which has always seemed to us to be full of the deepest significance. Penelope has been faithful all those long years to the image of her husband; it has been the food of her thoughts and her dreams, and she has proved her constancy in the way which has made her so famous. At last Ulysses returns; the suitors are slain—all fear and peril are over; but she shrinks back from his embrace, and doubts her own happiness. She has the image in her heart of the hero of twenty years ago; and the care-worn, tempest-beaten, half-aged stranger that stands before her is so unlike that image that she does not know him. The parable is repeated, almost certainly, whenever something which we have long dreamt of, and around which our fondest affections and fancies have

* We quote this letter from *The Church Review* of Jan. 20, 1866.

clung, is presented to us in the reality which it wears in the world of truth and life. Mr. Keble had been baptised, as every one is baptised, into the Catholic Church; but he was brought up, unconsciously, outside her pale, and he had been taught and had accustomed himself to give his duty and his allegiance to a system alien to her. But his regenerate nature yearned for its true Mother; and he had gathered from ancient sources and the records of Scripture the details of her features and her character, and woven them into an ideal on which he had lavished all the love of his heart. It was certainly not so beautiful, so majestic, so tender, so divine, as the reality; rather, as was inevitable, it fell far short of it, in every element of grace and dignity, as the creature of human imagination when compared with heavenly verities. But it was a poetic Church, a Church for the refined scholar in his cabinet—a personification of abstract qualities and special attributes, rather than the “pilgrim of eternity,” the Church of conflict and action, which has been beaten by the storms of eighteen centuries—which has followed and tended our fallen nature in all its wanderings and degradations, as the Good Shepherd the lost sheep; which has made itself common because its mission is to the whole world, and has grappled with every thing human because it has to save the whole human race. The dream of a student can never be like the reality of the work of God. Some men would turn away from St. Paul and the other Apostles, as they now turn away from the Church; because they would present themselves not only “in the word of truth, in the power of God, by the armour of justice on the right hand and on the left;” but also “by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet known, as dying and behold we live, as chastised and not killed, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as needy and yet enriching many, as having nothing and possessing all things” (2 Cor. vi. 7-10). The Church cannot be understood but by her own children; and she would not be what she is if a stranger could know her, except by those external marks which it requires no learning to discern, and with which her Divine Spouse has so plainly stamped her, that “he that runs may read them.”

English Premiers.

III.—HENRY PELHAM AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE lives of Henry Pelham and Thomas Duke of Newcastle, his brother, do not, like that of Sir Robert Walpole, derive their interest in great part from the striking abilities they record. They were not by any means statesmen of the first order, but their memoirs are important and entertaining, because they were placed at the head of affairs at a critical period of English history, when the Stuarts were making their last effort to recover the crown, or failing this, to unsettle the public peace. They and the Duke of Devonshire, who was premier during five months, form an interregnum between the administration of greater men—Walpole and the first Pitt.

The Pelhams were proud of their descent from a noble family of that name, which settled in Hertfordshire at the time of the Conquest. At the battle of Poitiers their ancestor, John de Pelham, had assisted in taking prisoner John, king of France; and it was in memory of this deed that his descendants bore on their arms the buckle of a sword-belt and a piece of leather adhering to it, supposed to have been torn from the unhorsed king.

Henry Pelham was three years younger than his brother Thomas, whom he preceded as prime minister. He was educated at home under a private tutor, and then followed his instructor to Oxford, where he became principal of Hart Hall. At the time of the rebellion of 1715 Pelham seems to have served as a volunteer, and to have fought as captain in General Dormer's regiment against the Stuarts; and the remembrance of this martial expedition in after-life gave zest to his ministerial activity against the second Stuart rising in the North. His elder brother meanwhile was advancing from one high post of honour to another, with all the ease proper to one who inherits a dukedom at eighteen. He married the daughter of Godolphin and granddaughter of the great Marlborough. He was made Lord Chamberlain in his twenty-fourth year, and Secretary of State in his thirty-first. He was one of the richest subjects in England. In his politics he favoured Austria and her union with the maritime powers, in opposition to France: he had a high opinion of his own abilities, and listened well-pleased to the voice of flatterers. He

was jealous of his colleagues, not excepting his brother Henry; and though petulant, he often made amends for his bursts of ill-humour.

It was a great point for the younger brother to have so near a kinsman in close relation with the King and his ministers; and as he entered parliament in early life, he very soon reaped the fruits of it. Henry was called to the Treasury Board in 1721, and sat there under the wing of Townshend and Walpole, till, three years later, their welcome and powerful voices called him up higher. He became successively Secretary at War and Paymaster of the Forces, winning golden opinions by his discretion and frank demeanour. On one occasion, however, he quarrelled with Mr. Pulteney in the House, and a duel would have ensued had not the Speaker formally prohibited it. Duelling was then esteemed part of the character of a gentleman, and was in strict accordance with Lord Chesterfield's canons. It was Pelham's good fortune to earn a reputation for the accomplishment, without practising it. His courage was displayed to better advantage when the proposed Excise Bill brought so much odium on Sir Robert Walpole: Pelham was then and always his friend. They were passing together through the lobby of the House of Commons, when they were assailed by violent clamours of well-dressed persons, some of whom seized Sir Robert's cloak near the steps of Alice's coffee-house. The collar being tight, he was nearly strangled; when Pelham, sword in hand, struck at the assailants, pushed Sir Robert into the passage, and planting himself boldly at the entrance, cried, "Now, sirs, who will fall first?" Nothing more was needed, and Sir Robert was saved. Pelham had not served under Brigadier Dormer in vain; nevertheless, in his politics he was a man of peace. He supported Walpole's pacific system, and strove to avert the war with Spain: he stood by the Premier when many deserted him, and black clouds were gathering on every side. To him Sir Robert principally looked for support in the Lower House. He did his best to propitiate Newcastle, who had many disputes with Walpole, and used to write very wise and brotherly letters to the duke from Houghton. There he followed the fox and hare with "the landlord," as he calls Sir Robert, who, with all his passion for business, kept two packs of hounds; and at sixty-three, though he could not ride hard, kept out the whole time, and amused himself by getting in at the death through his knowledge of the country.

Under the administration of Lord Wilmington—which is commonly called that of Carteret, because the latter was the cleverer man—Pelham acted a subordinate part by his own choice. He continued in his post of Paymaster of the Forces, but would not be made Chancellor of the Exchequer, knowing too well the weakness

and divisions in the cabinet. Carteret was rising in the royal favour—for he espoused the King's foreign policy—and Carteret was one for whom the Duke of Newcastle had a mortal dislike. The brilliancy of his speeches, his learning and proficiency in German, made him an object of envy to his colleagues, while his overbearing ways at the council-board provoked still graver feelings. He had, Dean Swift said, carried away from Oxford more Greek, Latin, and philosophy than became a nobleman of his exalted rank; and except when he had taken too much Rhine wine, he knew how to make the most of his learning. Horace Walpole declares that no great man in England during his time equalled Carteret in genius; and Smollett says: "Since Granville (Carteret) was turned out, there has been no minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig."* So decided a genius was not likely to conciliate the steady-going Pelhams. They concurred with him, it is true, in defending that unpopular measure of paying 16,000 Hanoverian troops with British money, against which Pitt so indignantly stormed; but they differed from him widely as to the method of conducting the war in the Low Countries. Carteret was for invading France on the side of the Netherlands; Newcastle advised that Germany should be the scene of action, because he thought it more favourable to the interests of Austria. The fact is, they had no relish for Carteret's supreme sway. Their private feelings were often veiled under official politeness; and when George II. and the Duke of Cumberland had gained so brilliant a victory on the plains of Dettingen, Newcastle wrote to Lord Carteret in a strain of the warmest congratulation. Indeed, it was difficult to escape the enthusiasm which spread through all classes at the news of the King's prowess and intrepidity. Nations are not fond of stay-at-home kings, who cannot or will not lead forth their people unto battle; and the English, who always prefer deeds to words, heard with delight of their sovereign standing unscared within range of a French battery, with the cannon-balls whizzing within half a yard of his head. "Don't tell me of danger; I'll be even with them!" They were homely words, yet not unworthy of a king who was fighting for a queen. It was chivalrous, no doubt, in the monarch and the nation to vote finances and phalanxes for the Queen of Hungary; but thoughtful men inquired what positive advantage could result to England from her zeal in the cause of Maria Theresa. What could it signify to us whether the Elector of Bavaria or the daughter of Charles VI. succeeded to the crown of Austria, or whether they wasted their forces in striving for the mastery? The King, whose sympathies were all on the German

* *Humphrey Clinker.*

side, had his own ideas on the subject, and Carteret encouraged them; but the Pelhams could not be induced to second their schemes. In a letter dated October 14, 1743, Newcastle says, in reference to a private convention between Maria Theresa and George II., "It is a most strange, unfair, unpardonable proceeding in Lord Carteret; but what we must always expect from him."

In the year just mentioned Lord Wilmington, the First Lord of the Treasury and nominally the Prime Minister, died. The place was coveted by Carteret for Pulteney earl of Bath, but Lord Orford recommended Henry Pelham, and many things combined to point him out as the fittest man. The war had become unpopular, the army was inactive, Lord Stair—never much of a general—had resigned, and the Pelhams were needed to screen the King and his favourite minister from reproach. They accordingly closed with his majesty's offers, but never ceased to counteract Carteret's influence: he in revenge withheld from them all information, nor condescended to consult his colleagues on the most important affairs.

"All our accounts from abroad," says Newcastle, in a letter to the Lord Chancellor, "are from private hands. I can never write or think upon this obstinate and offensive silence without surprise and resentment." Lord Hardwicke in reply complained that he might as well be a private gentleman living in the country as expect any lights from my Lord Carteret. This state of things could not last long. Newcastle was for presenting a memorial to the King, and urging the removal of the obnoxious minister; but Henry Pelham, seeing plainly that this would only excite the royal displeasure, dissuaded him from the step. The Lord Chancellor refused to sanction the payment of a subsidy of 300,000*l.* to the Queen of Hungary, in virtue of the secret convention, "as long as the war should continue or her necessities require;" and Carteret, though very indignant, was obliged to submit to a limitation. His star was waning fast: the Opposition accused him of pandering to the predilection of "the Hanoverian king" for his own dominions, and of sacrificing the interests of England to those of the Electorate; clubs, coffee-houses, ballad-singers echoed the charge; Lord Chesterfield ascribed every disastrous measure to *the minister*; and Pitt thundered against him as "an execrable, a sole minister, who seemed to have drunk of the potion which poets had described as causing men to forget their country."

By the help of Mr. Fox Lord Carteret for a brief moment weathered the storm. He contended, in opposition to Pitt, that without the aid of England Austria would have been dismembered, and the preponderance of France would have made it doubtful

whether Britannia ruled the waves. A negative to the address of thanks to the King had been proposed in the Commons, after the example of that in 1685 under the reign of James II.; but the House, after a stormy debate, rejected it as contrary to parliamentary usage and insulting to the Crown. Mr. Pitt continued to persecute Lord Carteret with his philippics, insisted that the war should not be carried on without the immediate concurrence of the Dutch, and asserted that "the little finger of one man had for six months pressed heavier on the nation than the loins of a ministry which had lasted for forty years." The public welfare, he said, demanded the separation of Hanover from England. What other method could be devised for destroying the fatal preference for that country? Were no other soldiers but Hanoverian to be procured in Germany, that great mart of men? He would that the *Hanover-troop-minister* were present, that he might arraign him face to face; nor could he adequately deplore the connection of "the amiable part of the administration" (by which he meant the Pelhams) with that offensive statesman.

The popularity of Henry Pelham, however, was only increased by the Opposition, since their motions and amendments were almost always rejected through his prudent and temperate replies. The grants to the Queen of Hungary and the Duke of Armeburg were voted in spite of them, and thus the Austrian troops were put in motion and the seats of the ministers secured.

Of all exciting topics to English ears there is none equal to that of a French invasion.

"God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off!"

is the approved sentiment with regard to France; and every true Briton echoes it thus:

"God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad!"

This was the language of many throbbing hearts when the Brest squadron, counting twenty sail of the line, besides frigates, sailed up the Channel in February 1744. It was well known that the fleet was intended to coöperate with the chivalrous Prince Charles Edward, and that he was either on board with Marshal Saxe, or about to appear in the North amid Highland chieftains and clans fiercer than the torrents that rolled down their glens. The alarming news turned most of the murmurers into patriots, and even Pitt ranged himself on the loyal side, and supported the candid and moderate Pelham. The commercial policy of that minister was favourable to free trade; and he took a happy step in this direction by promoting and finally

passing a bill for limiting the exclusive privileges of the Turkey Company, and throwing open the Levant to merchant ships of every flag. Lord Carteret's repugnance to him increased when he and his brother obtained the King's consent to negotiate with the Dutch Republic without consulting with him. Public odium, on the other hand, was excited against Carteret when the Queen of Hungary was obliged to retire into her own dominions, and the Austrian army was driven from province to province by the combined forces of Prussia and France. In October, the Pelhams and the Lord Chancellor drew up a remonstrance to the King, set forth the grievances of the nation in reference to the war, and urged his Majesty to insist on the States-General making common cause with England against her great enemy, France. The memorial was returned in a few hours without the slightest remark. The chancellor respectfully declared that he and his colleagues must resign unless their demands were acceded to. In vain Carteret, now Lord Granville, appealed to the Opposition, promising them places, power, and a dissolution of parliament. His overtures had been anticipated. Chesterfield and Pitt resolved to join the Pelhams; and the Prince of Wales himself deserted the falling secretary of state. In despair, he besought Lord Orford to plead his cause; but the veteran statesman was Pelham's friend, and had little reason to care for Granville or to admire his policy. The royal consent was at last most unwillingly given, and the seals which had been held so tenaciously by Granville were placed in Lord Harrington's hands.

Henry Pelham was now really prime minister, but, considered intellectually, he cut a poor figure as the successor of Granville and Walpole. His merit consisted in his mediocrity; he was a safe man. No good stars had met in his horoscope, making his spirit of fire and dew. His mind was well-balanced, his financial statements were clear, his life was decorous; but he was timid, yielding, and fretful. He and Newcastle strove in vain to get places for Lord Chesterfield and Pitt in the ministry. The King was intractable, and declared—such is the fate of constitutional princes—that though he had been forced to part with those he liked, he would never be constrained to accept those he disliked. Every Tory was suspected of a leaning to the Pretender; and the Broad-Bottom ministry, which comprised Tories as well as Whigs, was liberal in the wrong direction from the royal point of view. Lord Hardwicke has left an amusing account of an audience he had of George II., in which he tried to reconcile him to the recent ministerial changes. It is in the form of a dialogue, and was communicated by the Chancellor to the Duke of Newcastle. The King was very sulky and very snappish; and when

Hardwicke observed that his ministers were only the instruments of his rule, he replied, smiling bitterly, "Ministers in this country are the king." Nor was he in a milder mood when, in May 1745, he departed for the Continent. He charged the duke and his colleagues with tricking and deceiving him, and refused to remove some more of his faithful servants at their request. To Pelham he was more courteous than to his brother; but he could not abide the shuffling, stuttering duke, who seemed to be jealous of every body, and was always busy when there was nothing to do. "The puppy!" he said, speaking of Newcastle; "he wants to be prime minister!"

Such was the position of the cabinet when the Earl of Orford died. In him Pelham lost a sincere and constant friend. The link between himself and the departed statesman's adherents was broken, and even Horace Walpole's friendship cooled towards him. Horace inherited much of his father's talent, but his spleen was all his own. It found full vent in his "Posthumous Memoirs," and he did not spare the memory of Pelham. The coalition of parties in the Broad Bottom was a benefit to the country, though it could not last long. It strengthened the hands of Government in a year marked by a series of disasters. It was the famous '45. In the battle of Fontenoy the French remained masters of the field; Tournay was taken; the allies abandoned Flanders; the Duke of Cumberland was recalled; the Genoese embraced the cause of the Bourbons, and rendered their arms victorious in Lombardy; and the rejoicings in England which followed the capture of Louisbourg from the French at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence were quickly succeeded by the appalling tidings of the Pretender's landing in the North. The account of this startling event occurs like a green spot in the dry plain of that portion of English history of which Macaulay says "common readers know the least." The details on which it dwells are suited to the poet and dramatist no less than to the historian; they light up the pages allotted to George II. with the most vivid interest, and combine every element most exciting to the imagination of youthful readers. The thrice-told tale seems always new; and the hero of the piece, though a good-for-nothing laddie, who afterwards became an incorrigible drunkard,* wears a halo of romance round his brave forehead, and secures to himself a certain amount of sympathy in the midst of his short-lived success, his sudden overthrow, his "hair-breadth 'scapes," and his weary wanderings.

The weakness of the Pelhams was manifest at the outset of the

* *La Comtesse d'Albany*, by St. René Taillandier. *The New Review*, October 1863.

adventure. The King was absent, and Carteret had still friends in the cabinet, particularly Lord Tweeddale, the secretary of state for Scotland. He laughed at the danger as a chimera, and impeded all vigorous preparations. Henry Pelham had great difficulty in obtaining an order from the lords justices for the recall of four regiments from the Low Countries. The friends of Government in Scotland were discouraged, as well they might be, when all but deserted by the officers of the crown. If our own rulers had betrayed similar imbecility a few months ago in Ireland, every river in it might ere this have been stained with blood.

Prince Charles landed on the shore of Loch Sunart at the age of twenty-five to claim for his father the crown of Great Britain. He had a handful of followers, 2000*l.* in his military chest, 1800 sabres, and 1200 firelocks. But in a few days 900 Highlanders joined his standard; and from the mountain-chain of the Grampians the clans poured in with shout and pibroch, till his army swelled like a torrent after rain. Edinburgh opened her gates to him, and pleasant were his dreams in Holyrood House. The ministry continued disunited and supine, taking no adequate means to prevent the threatened irruption. Never was there so strong an empire as ours with so small a standing army. The fate of England depended at this juncture on which might arrive first—the Dutch or the French battalions.* “Obstinate, angry, determined impracticability,” according to Mr. Fox, reigned paramount in the Downing Street of that day. The enemies of “James VIII.” licked the dust at Prestonpans, and the memory of their defeat is kept alive to this day in the Highland song:

“Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I wad wit?”

Prince Charles returned to Edinburgh in triumph, while a hundred pipers played before him “The king shall enjoy his own again.” The Government had offered a reward of 30,000*l.* for his head, and he repaid the compliment by promising the same price for that of “the Elector of Hanover.”

With such nonsense he fooled away the month of October; then, marching through Dumfries and Carlisle, he reached Manchester, and was welcomed with vivas and bonfires. The dormant spirit of the administration was at length aroused, and the main army, under the Duke of Cumberland, took the field. But where would have been the House of Hanover if nature had given Charles Edward brains? Filing off by Leek and Ashbourne, the Highlanders en-

* Mr. Fox,—Letters to Sir C. H. Williams.

tered Derby. The streets rung with the Gaelic of the conquerors, and dirks and claymores were flashed in the faces of the peaceful citizens. "James III." was proclaimed king, and his army was distant only two days' march from the capital. Panic was already there, and Pelham himself declared afterwards in public that if the reinforcements from the Continent had been detained by contrary winds, London could not have held out against the rebels.* With an insurrectionary army, delay is defeat. To march straight on to the capital is the high road to victory. While that is untaken, little is done; when that is captured, every thing else follows. Prince Charles was not wanting in courage, but in promptitude and discretion. He was easily elated, easily cast down. He waited for the royal forces to assemble, and then retreated before them without striking another blow on this side the Tweed. The victory he gained at Falkirk over General Hawley showed how much more he might have done if he had pressed his former advantages. The French might have soon effected a landing, as they intended, in Scotland or near Dover, and the Stuarts might have had another opportunity of marring or maintaining the British Constitution, as the case might be. But division was in the prince's camp, and Culloden in the scroll of fate.

Before the final defeat of the clans, a battle was fought behind the scenes between the King and his ministers. They thwarted him in his favourite scheme of war on the Continent, and he, with Granville's connivance, vexed them by encouraging the Dutch not to declare war against France, although they had entered into the grand alliance. They had few fortified towns, and were at the mercy of several German princes, who might join with France against them, if they became principals in the war. The ill-humour of his Majesty was greatly increased by the chief ministers urging the admission of Mr. Pitt to the post of Secretary at War; and he felt this last indignity so galling, that he actually charged the two most unpopular men in the kingdom—Lords Bath and Granville—to form a new cabinet. The Pelhams resigned, and the royal scheme proved laughably abortive. Thus Granville was foiled, Lord Bath outwitted himself, and the King, a little crestfallen, was obliged to beg his refractory ministers to resume their places.

At the battle of Culloden House, near Inverness, the Highlanders were signally defeated by the Duke of Cumberland. They could not withstand his well-directed artillery, which mowed them down like grass; while his bayonet-men, instead of attacking, as

* Speech in the House, Jan. 1753.

before, each the swordsman right fronting him, pushed each at the swordsman fronting his right-hand comrade. The Highlander thus assailed, and perplexed by a new mode of fighting, fell pierced in the side uncovered by his target. The carnage was great; the rebellion was extinguished; but the spirit of disaffection and Jacobitism continued unchanged. "If we had destroyed every man of them," wrote Cumberland, "such is the soil, that rebellion would sprout out again, if a new system of government is not found out for this country." It is thus with Ireland at this moment: periodical insurrections and suspensions of the Habeas Corpus are preferred to the simple plan of distributing even-handed justice without distinctions of creed or race. The defeated prince bore the frowns of fortune as ill as her smiles. His spirit was broken, and he refused to rally his followers. The royal troopers pursued his wildered bark from island to island. No succour arrived from France, and his only consolation consisted in the loyalty of his partisans, many of whom, though in the humblest class of society, concealed him from his pursuers at the risk of their lives, yet well knowing that they might by betraying him gain immense reward.

Victory was followed by the easy task of vengeance. The clans were disarmed, and the use of the kilt was restrained. Men were expected to become loyal when compelled to wear breeches. Schoolmasters were obliged to take the oaths of allegiance, and the Episcopalian clergy were sorely vexed. The Lords Cromartie, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino were tried by their Peers. The first was pardoned, the two last suffered on the scaffold at Tower Hill. Lord Lovat's execution followed, and that of many other rebels. They died in general with composure, and Lovat's last words were:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

Some of the magazines published an account of his trial, together with the Chancellor's speeches on the occasion; and as such reports had been strictly prohibited, the unfortunate printers were summoned to the bar of the House of Lords to answer for their misdemeanour. Being committed to prison for this grave offence, they expressed their hearty contrition, and promised amendment of their ways, whereupon the Chancellor was graciously pleased to reprimand them severely, and set them free on payment of no trifling fees. Yet the common sense of many revolted from this short-sighted justice; and when a proposal was made to Pelham to put a stop to the debates of the Senate of Lilliput in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he replied good-humouredly enough, "Let them alone; they make better speeches for us than we can make for ourselves."

It is strange that judges and members of parliament should have been so jealous of their proceedings being properly reported in a country which had transferred its allegiance from James II. to William III. in order to be free, had published by its representatives the Declaration of Right, passed the Act of Toleration, and purified the courts of justice. Nay, it was about the very time when the printers of the *London* and the *Gentleman's Magazine* were imprisoned that resistance was offered in the Commons to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act during three months longer, dating from November 1746, on the ground of its being "the great bulwark of our liberties."

The tone of public morality about this period may be guessed from the fact that, in the month just mentioned, Lord Chesterfield, who had been Viceroy of Ireland, was appointed Secretary of State. He was one of the most accomplished infidels of his day, the friend of Voltaire and of Montesquieu, whose *Lettres Persanes* and *Esprit des Lois* breathed a spirit of Deism akin to his own. His letters to his son contain many useful hints to a young gentleman entering into public life, but may be regarded on the whole as a code of laws for a man of fashion who loves the world and the things of the world, and has not the love of the Father in him. This assistance in forming the coalition of the Broad Bottom had recommended him to the Pelhams, and when the secretaryship of state again became vacant, they induced the King to offer him the seals. His Majesty made a feeble effort to restore Lord Granville, and then smothered his resentment against Chesterfield for having formerly inveighed so sharply against Hanoverian predilections. He was one of those who supported a bill introduced for the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions in Scotland. They were a remnant of feudal times, and vested in great families and lawless chieftains the administration of justice, which should have belonged by right to the regular courts of judicature. Regalities, shrievalties, baileries, and stewardries enabled these persons to harass their vassals with many vexations, and reduce them to abject dependence. The evils resulting from the power of Highland foresters and water-bailies, coroners and clerks, had not escaped the framers of the Act of Union at the beginning of the century; but it was reserved for Chancellor Hardwicke and the Pelhams to root up the dangerous privileges, which the Duke of Argyle for one offered to resign.

Henry Pelham had by this time become heartily tired of the continental war, and many members of the cabinet were of his mind. The Duke of Newcastle, however, Cumberland, and the King, steadily opposed him, and could not be induced to let the long dispute between the Emperor Francis and "Charles VII." (as the Elector of

Bavaria was styled by his adherents) right itself without their interference. Happily two of the principal combatants, France and Spain, were beginning to think that their commerce had been sufficiently ruined, and that quite enough carcasses of brave soldiers had feasted the eagles and wolves. The signing of the preliminaries of peace and the resignation of Lord Chesterfield, in consequence of a squabble between himself and the Duke of Newcastle, were the chief events marking the peaceful session of 1747-8. To their difference of opinion was added Chesterfield's offence in trying to tamper with the King by means of his favourite, Lady Yarmouth. "When he resigned," says Mr. Fox, "his Majesty was infinitely civil, pretended to be very sorry, and was very glad." At length the weakness and timidity of the Dutch converted even Cumberland and Newcastle to the side of peace; nor was the voice of Pitt himself raised in opposition. Austria alone refused her consent. While this tiresome business was pending, a strange altercation took place between the King and the Duke of Newcastle, who had accompanied him to Hanover. He had for some time been highly flattered by George II.'s gracious manner towards him, to say nothing of the civility of Lady Yarmouth, their recognised go-between in matters of business. The fascinations of court-life at Hanover had also helped to put him in good humour with himself; and in his correspondence with his brother Henry he speaks with delight of the royal dinners, the garden-theatres, and the French acting in the open air in presence of the King. But when George II. coveted the Bishopric of Osnaburg for his favourite son, the Duke of Cumberland, Newcastle felt bound to resist his Majesty's wishes. The treaty of Westphalia, by which the territorial, religious, and political state of Germany at large had been settled in 1648, made a singular provision for that bishopric, of which Charlemagne was the founder. It stipulated that the see should be held alternately by a Catholic ecclesiastic and by a Protestant lay prince of the house of Brunswick-Lunenbourg. Accordingly the Duke of York, brother of George I., had been invested with the temporalities, and from him they passed to the Elector of Cologne. His illness inspired George II. with the hope of making it an heir-loom in his family, and obtaining a princely establishment for a Protestant duke. It was Newcastle's obvious duty to represent to him the check which such an appropriation would cause in the proceedings for the conclusion of peace, and to remind him that the preliminaries agreed on guaranteed the treaty of Westphalia. The recovery of the Elector from the illness which threatened his life gave strength to Newcastle's arguments, and the project was relinquished as impolitic if not impracticable.

In this way the duke's influence increased, and on what it depended no man could tell. His ignorance was notorious, and his oddities were quizzed by all who knew him. He was, in fact, a living caricature, and Macaulay may well wonder that Sir Walter Scott never tried his hand upon him. "Effervescent nonsense" bubbled from his lips, while his grotesque attitudes and impulsive manners made him the butt of all the coffee-house wits. At one time he indulged in fulsome caresses, at another he was found in hysterics or bathed in tears. Horace Walpole describes him as bustling into the Duke of Grafton's bedchamber and kissing the sick nobleman's plasters. In Smollett we catch sight of him as he runs out of his dressing-room, and, with his face still covered with soap-suds, embraces the Moorish envoy. But cunning lay at the root of all his impetuosity, and he outwitted far abler men than himself. They had the satisfaction of ridiculing him, and he that of retaining the honours they aspired to in vain. When the Duke of Somerset died he was chosen Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, in opposition to the Prince of Wales, and at a later period held the highest place in the British cabinet. His chief fears, and those of his brother, arose from the Pretender's son. They drove him about from France to Switzerland, dodged and spied him wherever he went, and complained that "if the young gentleman should declare himself a Protestant, the Lord only knew how matters might end."

I have spoken of the duke's lack of knowledge, and I may here add that his brother, the prime minister, was not overstocked with that useful commodity. "I desire you," he says in a letter to Newcastle, "not to laugh at my Latin letter to the University of Göttingen. I thought, as I received a *very high one* from them, it was incumbent on me to make a return. *I got Roberts*, therefore, to *muster up his academical talents*; and I think, upon the whole, we have said enough, and not so much as to make it ridiculous. My letter to Baron Steinberg was in my own strain; and that to Münchhausen *I got Roberts to put into French*." There is a schoolboyish tone in this language which is quite amusing. In 1748 Henry Pelham had a severe illness, which, in writing to the duke, he describes with great precision. "I sent to Wilmot," he says, "who immediately determined (as indeed Dr. Harrington had said before) that it is what the learned call the *herpes*, and the old women the *shingles*." "For God's sake, my dear brother," the anxious duke replies, "take care of yourself; exercise and some temperance in eating will be to be observed. Believe me, I am the more touched upon this occasion, as I am sensible the situation of affairs (alluding to the negotiations for peace) and possibly the part I may have had

in them, or at least some warmth I may have used in justifying them, has been in a great measure the cause of the continuance, if not of your original illness. This good effect it has had, that you shall never more have one disagreeable word from me." Such promises are seldom kept strictly: and accordingly, before the impending treaty was concluded, we find the duke complaining that his services were not appreciated as they deserved, either by his brother or the lord chancellor himself.

The friendship struck up between France and England was fatal to Prince Charles's peace. He had no thought of turning Protestant, so far as history records, but he desired at least to remain unmolested at St. Germain's, and to go to the Opera when he pleased. What was his indignation when, on December 10, 1748, he was arrested by M. de Vaudreuil, major of the guards, seized by the arms and legs by six sergeants in plain clothes, bound with strong cords of silk, disarmed, and placed in a hackney-coach with the major at his side! Even his pockets were searched, and his pistols were taken from him.* In this manner he was conducted to the château of Vincennes, and subsequently to the frontier of Switzerland. Well might the unhappy prince cry, "Save me from my friends!" and foam at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.†

It is often observed that the Princes of Wales are sure to be Whigs, and to turn Tories when they succeed to the crown; and the example of George IV. is always adduced as a case in point. But in the days of Walpole and Pelham, though Whigs and Tories held on the whole the same principles as they do now, their relative positions were totally different. If any class could be called disaffected and revolutionary, it was that of the Tory squires and Tory members of parliament. If any party formed the bulwark of the throne, the reigning dynasty, and the cabinet, it was that of the Whigs, who vowed on the hustings that they never had been, and never would be "patriots." Each suffered a strange metamorphosis: the Tory ranged himself in the Opposition ranks, full of factious spleen, with the language of a demagogue on his lips; while the Whig from the Treasury benches lectured on the royal prerogatives and the duty of submission to the powers that be, in terms that might have suited a supporter of Strafford or a non-juring divine. It is true that since Walpole's fall the strife of parties had abated, and the Broad-Bottom administration included ministers of every shade of opinion. Yet the Prince of Wales found means to be in opposition still. It suited his disagreement with his royal father; and as he had coalesced

* *Chronique de la régence et du règne de Louis XV.*, tom. iv. p. 329.

† Article xix.

with Tories and made a truce with Jacobites against Sir Robert, so now he united with Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and a motley battalion of politicians who had deserted the Government. They were called the party of Leicester House, from the Prince's residence, where they met; and as they had stormed at Walpole for his conduct of the war, so they now hissed at Pelham for his conclusion of peace. There was no better reason for the opposition in one case than in the other. But when were Oppositions scrupulous about reasons? The cabinet ministers, one of them said, were "alike incapable of conducting a war and of negotiating a peace; and it was better to be governed by able rogues than by such weak fools." Such was the polite invective of Sir John Hinde Cotton, who had lately formed part of the administration against which he railed.

Some of the acts passed in the session of 1748-9, which Archdeacon Coxe calls "beneficial regulations," would in our time be denounced as vexatious blunders. "Strikes" were made punishable by law; frauds in the manufacture of iron and leather, hemp, flax, linen, and silk, were severely threatened; and the importation of foreign brocade and embroidery in gold, silver, and lace, was strictly prohibited. This was a retrograde step, and would never have been taken in Walpole's time. No policy could be more short-sighted; for if we bar our ports against foreign produce and fabrics, it is clear their markets will in revenge be closed against ours. In each case national prosperity loses, and humanity suffers to enrich a few selfish monopolists. The adulteration of manufactures, again, is a question which had better be left to the public, who are generally sharp-witted enough to discover where they can get the best articles for the least money. To multiply laws unduly is to weaken legislation; and a shop without customers, or a warehouse without traffic, is a better corrective than any act of parliament. One century has wrought a surprising change in our legal enactments. Manufacturers and merchants required checks a hundred years ago which now they would not endure; and labourers and artisans lay down then, desponding and slothful, unless strong stimulants to exertion were applied by the Government. What we do by companies our forefathers did by bounties and bribes. Thus, in Pelham's time it was impossible to get a supply of fish for the markets without granting the white-herring and cod fisheries a bounty of thirty shillings a ton for all vessels they might employ of from twenty to eighty tons burthen, and paying out of the Customs an interest of three-and-a-half per cent on the entire floating capital of the Free British Fishery. Our fishermen were then very inferior in skill and enterprise to the Dutch and the French on the coast of Normandy; and

the present low state of our fisheries, and particularly of our oyster culture, is in great measure owing to their backwardness in the last century.* I cannot pass over this subject without remarking that the pitiable injustice of one of Mr. Pelham's measures helped to alienate the colonies of North America from the mother-country. A bill was sanctioned to promote the importation of their pig and bar iron into this country, and to prevent them from manufacturing it themselves into locks, bars, and other utensils. In the same *protective* spirit, the enticement of artificers into foreign states was prohibited, and also the export of implements used in our own silk and woollen factories. Get all you can and give nothing, was the only moral to be extracted from such laws.

While the stage of Government in 1750 presented no spectacle but that of strength and peace, there was nothing but jealousy and cabals behind the scenes. The rivalry between the Dukes of Newcastle and Bedford attracted a host of combatants and schemers to one or the other side. Newcastle's immense family influence and profuse employment of secret-service money enabled him, with his brother, to govern the country with ease; but it was more difficult to overrule the King. The Duke of Bedford was in office; and, though sadly negligent of his duties, Newcastle could not induce his Majesty to dismiss him from his post of secretary of state. He had acquired favour with the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia, and was closely allied with the able and dissolute Lord Sandwich. He entertained a large circle of friends at his magnificent mansion at Woburn; and they were not extreme to mark his piles of unanswered letters, while joining in his cricket-matches or witnessing his private theatricals. Thus he continued to hold the seals while repeated efforts were made to displace him, and gradually formed around him that party of Whigs called the Bloomsbury gang, which, with the party of the Grenvilles, was destined, some years later, to strengthen the government of Newcastle and Pitt. The power of the sovereign had been so reduced at the Revolution as to be virtually null; that of the Commons was not yet developed; the ministry, by boroughs and places, had it in their power to secure a large majority among the representatives: and thus the nation was governed, in fact, by a powerful oligarchy consisting chiefly of Whig nobles. Constituents did not know how those whom they had chosen voted, nor what they said; and the sovereign's impotence may be collected from George II.'s reply to his minister, when Pelham solicited a place for Lord Harrington: "He deserves nothing, and shall have nothing," were the royal words. "The generalship of marines

* *Sea Fisheries and Sea Fishing*, by L. D. Young.

is to be the reward of all who fly in my face, I suppose! * You gave it to Lord Stair, and now you want it for Harrington. He shall not have it, *if I can hinder it.*" It is true that Pelham did not press the distasteful appointment, but the King's language is not the less significant on that account.

The removal of the Duke of Bedford from office became a cause of so much dissension] between the two brothers who ruled the land, that at last all private intercourse between them ceased. Newcastle urged the change strongly; Pelham asked for it reluctantly, and then remitted his efforts. Pitt and Fox, the fathers respectively of the two illustrious statesmen who afterwards bore those names, sided, the former with the duke, and the latter with the prime minister. Thus the camp was divided; and the two secretaries of state, Newcastle and Bedford, voted against each other in important divisions, to the scandal of right-minded men and the joy of all who assembled at Leicester House.

In the midst of his opposition schemes, the Prince of Wales was surprised by illness and sudden death in March 1751. He was thought to be doing well, when he exclaimed "*Je meurs,*" and expired before the Princess could get from the foot to the head of his bed. Her bereavement united the members of the royal family, and disappointed the late Prince's partisans in their political designs. Prince George, the heir-apparent to the crown, was confided to his mother's care; and Lord Bute, being made one of the lords of the bedchamber, was often consulted by the Princess Dowager. The favour he thus obtained led ultimately to his supplanting Newcastle as first lord of the Treasury, and rendering himself particularly odious. But who was to be regent if the young prince should succeed to the throne when a minor? The King wished it to be the Duke of Cumberland; but the ballads sung in the streets when the Prince of Wales died proved how unpopular he was, and how greatly his severity was detested. "O that it was his brother! O that it was the butcher!" was the burden of the popular song. The ministers, therefore, brought in a bill which nominated the princess regent, with a council, over which Cumberland was to preside.

Long after the principal states of Europe had given up the Julian calendar, England, strong in her prejudice in favour of established usages, refused to adopt the wiser system. The Duke of Newcastle would give no encouragement to Lord Chesterfield's desire of reform, but Pelham and the Chancellor acted in a more enlightened and scientific spirit. The public, of course, raised as many senseless objections to the new style as they do now to the introduction of the decimal system of coinage. Rents, leases, and debts were all to

be thrown into confusion ; and even the calendar of the Prayer-Book was to be desecrated by altering the saints' days and immovable feasts. Eleven whole days in the year 1752 were to be suppressed ; they were to leap at once from the 2d of September to the 14th ; and where was the man or woman who did not feel that it was just so much time deducted from his or her appointed term of years ? "Give us back our eleven days !" was the cry of the malcontents ; and years passed before they became reconciled to being even with the earth and the sun.

In 1752 the Duke of Bedford had resigned his office, and the Pelhams enjoyed a more quiet time. There was little, indeed, to vary the dullness except that the young Prince's education became a bone of contention to tutors and governors, Whigs and Tories. To teach his young ideas how to shoot in the right direction was clearly a matter of great importance, but each party unfortunately had its own notions as to where the right direction lay. Pelham and his brother had recommended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich as Prince George's governor and preceptor ; but the former was said to have the manners of a groom, and the latter was dry and pedantic. In fact, the subordinates, Stone, Scott, and Cresset were much better liked by the boy, and in much higher favour with the Princess his mother. One day a book was found in the Prince's hands which brought matters to a crisis. He—the heir to a Protestant crown, the pupil of a Protestant bishop—was actually discovered reading *L'Histoire des Révolutions d'Angleterre*, written by that wily Jesuit, Father d'Orleans, the chaplain and confessor of James II. ! It was evidently a foul conspiracy. Popery in some form must be in the plot. The book was a vindication of King James's policy and proceedings, and the well-known maxims of Bolingbroke were being craftily instilled into the tender mind of England's future sovereign. Which of those Jacobites—Stone, Scott, or Cresset—was the culprit ? Stone firmly denied it. It must be Cresset. *He*, they said falsely, had served Bolingbroke when Bolingbroke served the Pretender. But the crime could not be fastened on Cresset—no, nor even on Scott. It appeared indeed, on minute inquiry, that the book was lent to the heir-apparent by that naughty boy his brother Prince Edward, who had borrowed it of the Princess Amelia. Harcourt, however, and the bishop refused to hold their places unless Stone, Scott, and Cresset were dismissed ; and as this was not to be thought of, they resigned, and—to the great alarm of the Whigs—the Bishop of Peterborough and Lord Waldegrave were chosen in their stead. It was all of a piece. What booted it talking of Waldegrave's constitutional principles ? Did

not his grandfather accompany King James to the Continent and espouse Henrietta, his natural daughter? Did not his father profess the Popish religion till he was thirty-eight years old? Was not Mr. Murray, who interfered so often in the Prince's education, nearly related to the Earl of Dunbar, the Pretender's chief minister? Thus they argued, blind with fear, and presented a memorial of their anxiety to the King. In the following year the agitation was renewed, in consequence of a pettifogging attorney named Fawcett having asserted at a dinner-party where Lord Ravensworth was present that Dr. Johnson the Bishop of Gloucester was a Jacobite, and that he had often seen him drink the Pretender's health at the house of his cousin, a mercer on Ludgate Hill. Being examined subsequently, Fawcett prevaricated, betrayed great emotion, retracted his assertion respecting the bishop, but maintained that Messrs. Stone and Murray had certainly been guilty of the treasonable toast in the house referred to in 1731 or 1732. He declined making even this charge on oath, and it was evident to all that his testimony was worthless. The affair was brought before the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, but issued in the full exculpation of Murray, the solicitor-general, and Stone, who had been the King's private secretary at Hanover.

It is much to Pelham's credit that, in spite of strong opposition, he passed a bill permitting the naturalisation of the Jews. They had hitherto been excluded from this privilege, except on condition of receiving the Sacrament. They could not, according to law, possess lands or funded property but during the King's pleasure; and there were not wanting members of parliament who defended this cruel ban, approved the statutes of Edward the First, which visited the Jews with confiscation and exile, and lamented as national calamities the measures adopted for their relief by Oliver Cromwell and William III. The objections raised by these ultra-Conservatives were the more frivolous because all that Pelham asked was that any Jew residing in England might be able to naturalise himself, be placed on a level with Jews born in the country, or who had resided seven years in the colonies or followed certain callings in these islands during three years, and might have his property, landed or funded, as fully secured to him as to any Christian subject. The bill was carried; and it does not appear that Pelham grew any richer for his leniency towards the despised and scattered children of Israel. Certainly he did not make so good a thing of it as Oliver Cromwell, who received 60,000*l.* for granting them leave to build a synagogue in London; nor did the Jews offer him half a million sterling, as they had offered Lord Godolphin, if the Government

would permit them to purchase and colonise the town of Brentford.* But the bigotry of the multitude was only inflamed by the prime minister's reasonable concession. Protestant divines declaimed Sunday after Sunday against so flagitious a grant, than which, they said, nothing worse could have been proposed except the emancipation of Papists. Members of parliament were called to account by their constituents for having voted in its favour, and their attachment to Christianity itself was called in question. Bishops were mobbed for not having opposed it; and at Ipswich the Bishop of Norwich, who had approved it, was called upon, in mockery, to administer the rite of circumcision instead of confirmation. The timid Newcastle brought in a bill to repeal that of his brother, and a pliant parliament yielded to popular outcry.

An attempt was made about this time to obtain a census of the population. Political economy absolutely required the data it would furnish; but that science, which is conversant exclusively with the good of the public, is the last in order of time which the public can be induced to promote. Pelham supported the proposal with his usual liberality; but though the bill struggled through the Commons, the Lords rejected it. The minister's efforts to prevent clandestine marriages were more successful. They had become extremely frequent. Banns and licenses were constantly evaded, and clergymen could always be found in the Fleet and May Fair who married persons illegally in unlicensed buildings. Practices of this sort were so deeply rooted in Scotland, that it was deemed hopeless to extend the operation of the bill beyond the Tweed.

It is to Pelham's exertions that we owe the British Museum. By an act emanating from him the Crown was enabled to raise by lottery a sum sufficient to buy the Sloane Collection and the Harleian Mss. These, with the Royal and Cottonian Libraries, were placed in Montagu House, which was also purchased by the Government. It is clear that the Arts and Sciences were rising in public esteem. Sir Isaac Newton had been dead six-and-twenty years, Pope only seven; but the influence of their writings remained. Newton by continued thought had discovered long-hidden truths of the universe, and Pope in his *Dunciad* had unmasked the pretensions of literary quacks. Johnson lived and instructed mankind. The "seasons" of Thomson's life were over, but those of his pen lasted on. Gray had his lyre in hand, and freely flung off his spirited odes. Hume and Robertson in history vied with Fielding and Richardson in novel-writing. The pencil in the hands of Hogarth and Reynolds became a sceptre, and Handel, though a

* Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 215.

foreigner, rose to fame chiefly in England. The same is true of Rysbrach and Roubiliac, who, with Willis, stood foremost as the sculptors of George II.'s reign. Engraving boasted its Strange and Bacon, and architecture only, formal and confused, looked round in vain for some hand to restore in part the glory of her palmy days.

Like all statesmen, Pelham had his retreat; and, like most statesmen, he had poets to hymn its praise. His favourite seat was at Esher, near Claremont, which he embellished by the skill of Kent, the landscape-gardener. The author of the *Seasons* speaks thus of

" Claremont's terraced height and Esher's groves,
Where, in the sweetest solitudes embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose ;
Enchanting vale !"

Pope also has reminded us of

" Esher's peaceful grove,
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love.
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream."

In this retreat Pelham was distinguished for his social virtues, and enjoyed the affection and respect of his family and dependents. Here he devised numerous measures for the benefit of his country. They were marked indeed by little genius, but they contributed more to the general welfare than bolder and more ambitious schemes. He was a good pilot in calm weather, but he would not have been equal to heavy gales. His conciliating disposition led him to bear great annoyance in the Cabinet rather than dismiss a colleague from office. George II. invariably treated him with kindness and respect, though he and the minister were often at issue on the affairs of Europe. He died after a short illness in March 1754, and the Duke of Newcastle succeeded him as First Lord of the Treasury. Had his brother been wise, had he been willing to cede to another and more gifted mind part of his own authority, he would have chosen Pitt to lead the House of Commons. He passed him over: not only so, he offered the post of secretary of state to Fox, on condition that he, the duke, should retain in his own hands the disposal of places and the management of the secret-service money. It was beneath the dignity of any man to close with so degrading a proposal. Fox declined, and it was accepted by Sir John Robinson, a tame and confused debater, of whom Pitt said that the duke might as well have sent his jack-boot to take the lead in the House. "He had been bred," Horace Walpole says in his entertaining *Memoirs*, "in German courts, loved German politics, and could explain himself

as little as if he spoke only German. The King, with such a secretary in his closet, felt himself in the very elysium of Herenhäusen !”* Pitt and Fox became Newcastle’s foes, and the remainder of the duke’s career will be better noticed in a memoir of Pitt than by continuing to devote to him a separate sketch. Fortune, his great wealth, his vast family connection, gave him an importance his own talents would never have acquired, and enabled him to figure prominently in the numerous ministerial changes which occurred during the last years of George II., and the early part of the reign of his grandson George III.

* Vol. i. p. 337.

Damascus and the Lebanon.

On a lovely morning towards the end of April 186—, the travellers of whom we have so often spoken started from Beyrout along the beautiful road which the French have left as a valuable memento of their two years' occupation, and began to mount the steep range of the Anti-Lebanon mountains on their way to Damascus. Passing through the scented pine-woods, and leaving the beautiful village of Beit Miry on their left, they soon got into the region of clouds and mist, which speedily turned into rain so violent that their horses would not face it, and they were compelled to take shelter for some time in the rude hut of a "cantinier," whose merry little French wife proceeded to dry the cloaks of the dripping travellers and prepare hot coffee, while she chattered on about her "experiences of life" since she came to "ce pays de barbares," whither she had accompanied her husband four years before. The storm having slightly abated, the party remounted, and, after a somewhat wearisome ride, found their tents pitched in what the Americans would call a "dreary swindle swamp," some way below the road, which the recent heavy rains had converted into a sea of liquid mud. However keen may be one's appreciation of the pleasures of tent-life, it must be allowed that on occasions of this sort the best of tempers is likely to feel some irritation. The water dripping slowly through one corner or the other of one's tent, soaking by degrees one's carpet and one's bed, one's clothes all moist, one's shoes disappearing in a mud which is as sticky as a Wiltshire chalk-pit after rain,—are minor miseries which it is easier to laugh at afterwards than at the time. Our travellers, in consequence, made as early a start as possible the following morning; and after riding for about ten miles through a somewhat uninteresting plain, arrived at a beautiful mountain pass, which brought them down to the shores of the river Abana, a bright rushing stream, alongside of which the road winds all the way to Damascus, bordered on each side by poplar, walnut, orange, apricot and other fruit trees. It is impossible to say how beautiful the effect of this mass of green was to eyes so long accustomed to the barren tracts of Palestine. Five or six miles further on, the beautiful city burst upon our travellers like a dream of the Arabian Nights, with its graceful minarets, its domes glistening in the setting sun, and the

beautiful background of mountains, with Hermon in the centre, forming altogether a really unrivalled panorama. It was dark when the party reached the comfortable hotel, where friendly voices were waiting to greet them ; and a delicious marble-paved sitting-room, with a fountain playing in the centre, and raised divans on either side, formed a luxurious contrast to their discomforts the evening before. The following morning Padre L—— conducted one of the party through the dirty and crowded bazaars, and past the largest plane-tree in the world, to the Franciscan convent at the other end of the town, the sole remains of what was once the wealthy and flourishing Christian quarter. A temporary church has been erected adjoining the convent, where Mass is daily performed.

After the horrible massacres in the Lebanon during the months of May and June 1860, the European consuls became naturally alarmed for the safety of the 25,000 or 30,000 Christians who, at that time, were the richest and most peaceable inhabitants of Damascus. They went in a body to Achmet Pasha, the governor, to ask him, in the name of their respective Governments, if he would answer for the safety of the Christians. He reassured them with the most specious promises, pretending that the Lebanon massacres were only the result of a quarrel between two hostile nations, the Druses and the Maronites ; but that, under the protection of the Sublime Porte, they might rest in perfect security. In spite of these assurances, however, a general uneasiness prevailed. M. Lanusse, who was acting at the moment for the French consul, and M. Spartalis, the Greek consul, went to the principal chiefs among the Mohammedans, and endeavoured to ascertain from them what was the extent of the danger with which they were threatened. The principal sheik resorted to the same dissimulation as the governor, but his colleague was more honest : " You must, I fear, expect a rising," he said. " More than eighteen hundred guns have been distributed among the people in the last few days ; be sure these are not for your protection." This was on the 3d July. The following days were spent in preparations for resistance on the part of the Christians, and insults on the side of the Mohammedans, who entered the houses of the Sisters of Charity and of the missionaries, exclaiming, " Very soon we shall be masters here. Your churches will make beautiful mosques !" They traced crosses on the ground, and obliged the Christians whom they met in the street to walk over them amidst shouts of derision ; other crosses they tied round the necks of the dogs (who swarm in Damascus), so as to insult still further the sign of our redemption.

On the 9th July the massacre began, at the very hour when the cry from the muezzin summoned the faithful to prayer. There

was not a single Druse or Bedouin then at Damascus ; the outrage was purely Mohammedan. They entered in squadrons into the Christian quarter, pillaging, burning, murdering, and insulting every human being, sparing neither age nor sex ; and these horrors lasted for five days ! The Franciscan missionaries from the Holy Land were among the first victims. They had been advised to make their escape. " Why should we be afraid ? " they replied. " We have never done any thing but good to the Mussulmans ; their children attend our classes, and love us as their fathers. Besides, our house is under the protection of France. " An hour after the outbreak began their convent was surrounded and broken into. The Franciscans ran into their chapel, and knelt round the altar, with about fifty other Christians who had taken refuge there. They were given the choice of apostasy or death. All chose the latter. A Turk mounted into the belfry. They had agreed that at each stroke of the bell a Franciscan should fall. At the first stroke they called out, " The first Mass for the Emperor Napoleon ! " and the head of the first priest rolled on the pavement. The tragedy was continued for each. At the last the cry was, " Last Mass for those who have the habit of attending this cursed place ! " and the body of the superior fell on the steps and at the foot of the altar.

After the Franciscan martyrdoms were over, the assassins went on to the house of the Sisters of Charity and the Pères Lazaristes, a magnificent establishment, of which the construction had cost an immense sum, and which had been founded by the Rev. Père Leroy. But the noble Emir, Abd-el-Kader, who at the first sound of the massacre had hastened from his villa into the town with a body of faithful Algerian followers, had taken instant measures for the safety of both the Sisters and their spiritual Fathers. He and his noble band found them all, priests, sisters, and orphans, grouped in the chapel expecting instant death. The priests, hastily consuming the Sacred Host in the Tabernacle, followed their deliverers, with the Sisters of Charity and two hundred young girls belonging to their school, and arrived in safety at Abd-el-Kader's house. The murderers therefore found no victims on whom to wreak their fury, but revenged themselves by destroying the house, with every thing it contained. The venerable Père Leroy died of grief, a few days after, at seeing the destruction of the work to which he had devoted his whole life and all the efforts of his charity. Not a church or convent was spared ; they did not leave one stone upon the other. Eleven churches were rased to the ground. Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Maronite were equally the objects of Mohammedan fury. The houses of the Greek Patriarchs were pillaged and burnt. All this time the governor remained quietly in the

citadel, and, like Nero at the burning of Rome, watched the massacre from his windows, and caused military airs to be played to drown the cries of his victims.

Among the sufferers was a venerable old man named Francis Moussabeki, whose generous hospitality was known to all European visitors. He was a rich Maronite merchant, and had lent a large sum to one of the Mussulman sheiks. As soon as the butchery began, his creditor sent two men to murder him. They offered him, as usual, death or apostasy. "Let Abdallah keep my money if he chooses," said the old man. "As to myself, I shall not deny my Saviour. He has taught me not to fear those who kill the body, but those who would tempt me to lose my soul. I am a Christian, and so will I die!" Saying these words, he fell on his knees, and in a moment the faithful martyr had received his palm.

Abd-el-Kader all this time had not been idle. He had brought the European consuls and their families to his house as well as the Sisters of Charity and the priests, and now exerted himself to save all he could among the unfortunate Christian population. By night he and his noble band had made seven separate sallies into the town, and had rescued 11,000 men, women, and children, whom he placed in the citadel, besides 3000 who were already in his own house. He did this at the peril of his life: six or seven of his escort were killed fighting by his side. The following morning he hastened to the governor, representing the disgrace which would fall on the followers of Islam when such atrocities became known, and imploring him for leave to put an end to a scene so disgraceful. The leave was granted. Arms were sent, and Abd-el-Kader prepared, with his faithful followers, to avenge the murdered Christians, when contrary orders were sent by the governor. "*Do not meddle in this affair,*" was added, and the Emir received privately a notice at the same time, that even the Christians in his own house were not to be spared, 5000 bandits having been told off to attack it and slaughter the refugees. "We shall see," exclaimed the Emir in a tone of fury; and instantly arming the whole of his followers and all the Christians capable of bearing arms, he placed one body in the citadel disguised as Damascus Mussulmans; and gave orders that if his house were attacked, his Algerines should instantly set fire to the town in different quarters, and put Achmet Pasha to death. In the mean time a Druse sheik, friend of M. Spartalis, the Greek consul, arrived with 1500 men in answer to his urgent summons, and placed himself under Abd-el-Kader's orders. This reinforcement turned the tide in another direction, and the assassins contented themselves with completing the ruin of the Christian quarter.

The consuls, accompanied by the Père Lazaristes and the Sisters of Charity, then proceeded to the citadel, where the refugees were dying of hunger by hundreds. There a horrible scene presented itself: the dead and the dying were huddled pell-mell together, without food or water, or covering of any kind from the burning heat by day and the icy frosts and heavy dews by night. On the 13th July a new governor replaced Achmet, and order was established; but in the five days' carnage 8500 Christians had been massacred, 8800 houses had been burnt, and the pillage of merchandise and valuables was said to exceed in value 100 millions of francs.

The morning passed rapidly while listening to the details above mentioned. A fresh era has begun for the Christians at Damascus; the murdered Franciscan Fathers were so instantly replaced, that the Mussulmans almost believed that their victims had risen from the dead. The energetic French consul has rebuilt the house of the Sisters of Charity, whose return was hailed by all the poorer classes with thankfulness and joy; and the churches are rising again from the mass of ruins which still sadly marks the Christian quarter. How long it will be before a fresh burst of Mussulman ferocity again desolates this beautiful city, God only knows; but in the mean time the Christians have begun again, in faith and hope, their labours of love; and the seed sown and watered by the blood of martyrs is springing forth, and bearing fruit a hundredfold.

The following day our travellers paid a visit to the beautiful mosque, first a pagan temple, then converted into a Christian basilica, which it continued to be till the fifteenth century, when the Moslems wrested it out of Christian hands. Passing through a very fine brass gate, they came into a beautiful cloistered quadrangle, surrounded by Corinthian columns, with a Saracenic fountain in the centre. The marble pillars in the interior of the mosque, and the mosaics in the roof and on the walls, are still in perfect preservation, and teem with Christian emblems like those of the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, where the cross starts out of its gold ground in every direction, in spite of the Moslem attempts to hide or deface it. The head of St. John the Baptist is believed to be really in existence in this church, and is looked upon with great veneration by the Moslems. Over a magnificent portal the inscription still remains, engraven in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Strangely must the recollection of that silent witness to the truth have occurred to the minds of the martyrs for that kingdom in those five days of terror. The view from the minaret is perfectly

beautiful, overlooking the whole city, surrounded with its glorious gardens and orange-groves and cypresses, with magnificent ranges of mountains on either side.

From the mosque our party went to see the houses of the French and English consuls, as also of several Jews and Moslems. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful or more luxurious. They are all of the same type. Emerging from dirty long lanes, and passing through low insignificant doorways, you come suddenly into a court paved with marble, with a fountain in the centre, shaded by oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other exotics, beautiful roses (of the kind called in England the "monthly cluster," a highly-scented one, from which the attar is made), jasmine, and other flowers. From this court opens out a succession of rooms such as are described in the Arabian Nights, the walls covered with mosaic, the ceilings of wood exquisitely carved in the most delicate Saracenic patterns and equally exquisitely coloured with that peculiar blending of shades which none but Orientals understand. In the centre is again a fountain, and at each end of the room a raised divan covered with beautiful Persian carpets, the windows latticed and pierced in the most delicate patterns; beautiful china in niches and other Oriental treasures, enamelled narghilehs (pipe-holders), engraved bowls of silver and platina, into which divers patterns and passages of the Koran are elaborately worked, filigree coffee-cups all glistening with jewels. Such are the houses of the English and French consuls, and such, in a greater or less degree, is the Oriental idea of perfect luxury.

The bazaars at Damascus were also an attraction to our travellers; but, overflowing as they are with treasures, the indifference of the owners to selling or displaying them made the attempts to purchase any thing almost hopeless. The engraved metal bowls seen in all the rice, millet, and provision shops, are beautiful in shape and design; but they are heir-looms, and the people will not part with them. Incense is famous at Damascus. There is a peculiar kind prepared from flowers which is more fragrant than any other.

"St. George's" day broke on our party amid torrents of rain; but our traveller waded through the mud of the bazaars to the Franciscan church, her donkey on one occasion falling into the middle of a fruit-stall and upsetting the gravity of a venerable Turk, who was gravely sipping his coffee squatted on a bench at the back. Every Mass in that week happened to be of *martyrs*; and the words of the Gospels and Collects for each day seemed to come home to the hearts of the hearers with double force in that

very spot which had so lately witnessed similar glorious conflicts. "So confirm us by Thy grace in faith and charity, that we may deserve to be found faithful to Thy service even unto death;" the words seemed to have been written on purpose. After Mass, the tropical rain having ceased, Padre L. took our party by "the street called Straight" to the house of Ananias, which being buried, as it were, below the level of the existing buildings, escaped the surrounding destruction. It is fitted up as a little chapel, and Mass is occasionally said in it. Continuing along this street they came to the outer wall, and were shown the place where St. Paul is supposed to have been let down in a basket by his disciples, so that he might escape from his persecutors. There is no other religious interest attached to this beautiful town, which for history and antiquity is unrivalled, and deserves its two Arabic appellations of "pearl of the East" and "mother of cities." A few days later our travellers left Damascus, and riding through groves of fruit-trees and by the rushing waters of the Barada, came suddenly on a beautiful gorge of red-coloured rocks, which led them to the still more exquisite valley of Ain-Fijeh, the spot appointed for their noon-day's halt. They rested under the shade of some glorious walnut-trees, close to the largest spring in Syria, which forms the principal source of the Barada. The water leaps rather than bubbles up from the mouth of a cave, and forms a torrent five or six feet deep, clear and beautiful as crystal. Round this spring are the remains of a temple of Baal, built of very large stones, and of which the ancient pillars overhang the cavern, rather like that of Tivoli. Leaving this lovely spot with great regret, our cavalcade pushed on to Souk, the ancient Abila, winding through rocky glens and by the side of the Barada, with its waterfalls and picturesque bridges. The cliffs were covered with Roman tablets and tombs. After early Mass in the tents, the party left Souk for Surghaya, passing by the summer villas of the Damascenes, and through the picturesque town of Zebdány, which stands in a plain forming the centre of Anti-Lebanon.

From Surghaya a somewhat barren and uninteresting track led our travellers to Baalbec. They halted, before arriving at the temples, near a fountain to the right, containing the purest water in Syria, and close to the remains of a fine Christian basilica. Roberts's drawings and Carl Haag's can alone give an idea of the beauty of Baalbec. In point of position, richness of carving, and size of stones, no other temples can compare with them. Karnac may be grander, but it has not the exquisite tracery and beauty of Baalbec. The Emperor Theodosius converted this great pagan

temple of the Sun into a Christian church, as likewise the one below, now used as a mosque. There is a Greek bishop here, whose convent and church were destroyed at the time of the massacre, but have now been rebuilt. His flock are few and scattered; but the venerable old man seemed happy and contented with his post.

The following morning Padre L. said Mass in his church (the bishop belonging to the "United" Greeks); and after spending the morning in sketching and wandering over the ruins, the party started after luncheon for Deir-el-Ahmar, galloping across the plain, in which the only object of interest is a solitary Corinthian column about which nothing is known. The people at Deir-el-Ahmar pressed them to rest in one of their orchards, and were very kind and hospitable. The Jesuits have established two Sisters of Charity in this village, to teach in the school. They have about fifty children, and seem to be doing very well; but their life is a very hard one. They asked the party into their hut, which is almost bare of furniture, and gave them lemonade to drink out of a tiny washhand basin; but they seemed contented and happy. From Deir-el-Ahmar the road lay up and down steep glens, thickly wooded with pine and cypress and oak, till they came suddenly on the bleak little village of Ain-Atta, at the foot of the great Lebanon range, and tented close to a beautiful rushing stream in a little grassy glen just under the shoulder of the mountain. The ascent before our travellers began to assume rather formidable proportions. They were the first who had attempted it so early in the season, and dismal stories had been told them at Damascus of their probable fate if they chose to risk crossing the Lebanon before June. But the old Bishop of Baalbec had reassured them, and they determined to persevere. Rising at two the following morning, Padre L. said Mass in the tents, some beautiful white flowers having been found in the glen the night before for the altar; and at half-past three the ascent was begun. A slight shower of rain had increased the difficulty, having melted the outer crust of the snow. Very soon the bravest of the party began to repent of their undertaking. It was impossible to remain on horseback, the poor beasts sinking and slipping at every step, and finally refusing to proceed. Nor did the mules fare any better; so that they had to be unloaded, and their burden transferred to men's backs. But the sufferings of our travellers were repaid by the view which greeted them from the summit. The snow had ceased to fall, and the rising sun lit up what has been described by many travellers as "the most glorious panorama in the whole world." Mountains and sea; plains glorious in their vivid

spring green; towns and villages glistening in the sunlight by the blue Mediterranean or nestled in the mountain gorges; and Baalbec standing out alone and unrivalled, with the dark-purple background of the Anti-Lebanon range,—form, as a whole, a picture never to be effaced from the memory. In one little spot to the right stood a dark clump; they were *the* cedars. They seemed so near that our exhausted travellers flattered themselves that they would arrive there almost immediately; but they had three hours more of painful toil down the rocky slope, sinking up to their knees in snowdrifts at every step, and often rolling over altogether. As the snow diminished, beautiful Alpine flowers appeared; snowdrops blue and white, primulas and gentians, and a peculiarly large blue forget-me-not. At eleven o'clock the welcome resting-place was at last reached; and our worn-out pilgrims throwing themselves down on their plaids under the shelter of those glorious trees, fell fast asleep, regardless of the absence of horses, servants, or food,—all of which were still far away in that terrible snow.

By evening, however, the stragglers came in one by one. The tents were pitched, and it was then found that the losses amounted to a little foal belonging to the Bedouin guide, and a pet hare which had travelled on one of the baggage-mules and had been overturned and killed in the snow.

A Maronite chapel had been erected in the centre of the grove; but it was too wet for occupation, and so the temporary altar was again erected in the tents. “Justus ut palma florebit; sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur in domo Domini.” To those who have been in Syria the words of Holy Scripture come with a fourfold meaning. Our travellers spent the day in wandering among those giant trees, seven of which are unequalled in size and girth, and deserve their name—“the trees of the Lord,” so beautifully described by the prophet Ezechiel as “with fair branches and full of leaves.” “No tree in the Paradise of God was like Him in His beauty.” The Arabs call the cedars in their expressive language the “friends of Solomon,” and speak of their brides, in the language of the Canticles, as the Beloved, “whose eyes are like pools of water,” and “whose countenance is as Lebanon—excellent as the cedars.” On the Day of St. Philip and St. James, after a last Mass in that beautiful spot, our travellers started for Ehden, winding round a magnificent gorge with the village of Bischerreh, which is built on the rocky edge of the ravine, surrounded with cypresses, and the falls of Kadisha tumbling into the valley below on their left; while on the other side of the ravine was an equally picturesque village on a shelf of verdure and luxuriance. The people in the Lebanon are a hardy

and primitive race, but full of poetry and imagination. Their customs are peculiar, but very beautiful. When they want to express their pleasure at seeing you, in their hearty welcome they burn incense at the corners of the roads, and pour coffee on the ground, as a kind of libation, at your feet, meaning that what they have best is not worthy of being offered to you. Our travellers were welcomed in this way all along the road to Ehden, the men firing "feux de joie" over their heads (greatly to the disturbance of their horses), and the women burning incense and offering the most beautiful bouquets of spring flowers, violets, jasmine, primroses, and large blue forget-me-nots. For once, all offers of "baksheesh" were refused. They escorted our travellers in this way until they arrived at the house of the Lazarist Fathers, whose convent and church are built on a raised plateau overlooking the magnificent gorge on the opposite side, and shaded by the walnut-trees for which Ehden is so famous. The superior received them very kindly, gave them coffee and sweetmeats, and showed them his church. He was daily expecting the arrival of some of the Sisters of Charity on their way to recommence the Damascene mission. Certainly the lot of these Fathers has "fallen on pleasant places." It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful spot, with its group of cedars, relics of the ancient forest, and the lovely range of Lebanon mountains on all sides, which combine all that is grand in the way of precipices and waterfalls, with the most careful cultivation and the richest vegetation. The valley was thickly studded with little chapels and monasteries—the chapels with open belfries or bell-turrets gladdening the hearts of our travellers, so long deprived of sights and sounds reminding them of their Faith and their home. On leaving Ehden, with its beautiful and friendly people, their route lay along the Tripoli road, till they arrived at Jebel Arneto, from whence they turned off to the left to visit the fine old Maronite convent of Mar Antoun. Passing under a high arch on which was cut a large white cross, they rode through oak and juniper woods to the convent, perched on the edge of the rock, where the monks received them courteously, and conducted the ladies to a vine-covered trellis outside the building, into which no woman is admitted.

One hundred and forty monks are congregated here; but two or three of their number have sought a more austere solitude higher up the mountain, where they pass their lives in penance and prayer. One of the party scrambled up to the cell of one of these hermits. It was bare of all furniture save a water-bottle and a large crucifix fastened into the stone. There the old man knelt, and with fatherly kindness blessed his unexpected visitor. His only book, besides his

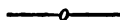
Breviary, was a copy of St. Alphonsus Liguori; but he seemed to have no wish beyond. His food was raw herbs and rancid oil, brought up to him once or twice a-week from the convent below. His sole occupation was prayer, and the endeavour to unite his soul continually with God. It is strange in this nineteenth century of bustle and excitement, and pushing and striving, to find souls like these—as devoted, as simple, as the anchorite of old—absorbed in the unseen life; or if their thoughts turn to those they have left in the world below, only to wrestle for them in prayer with the Great Intercessor. Also, their prayers are eagerly sought for by the villagers round, whose simple faith ascribes to them a wonderful efficacy.

After refreshing themselves with excellent honey, bread, and salad, kindly provided by the hospitable monks, our travellers commenced the descent towards Tripoli, passing through a succession of beautiful villages, in which the Lazarist Fathers have every where established schools as at Ehden. The road was rugged and steep in the extreme, winding between two high mountains covered with the white cypress, beautiful spring flowers starting out of every fissure of the rocks. After about three hours of painful slipping and sliding, they crossed a rapid stream at the bottom, and found themselves cantering through a lovely valley on a kind of smooth sward between high hedges of pomegranate and orange and sweet-scented yellow-ochre-coloured blossoms of what the Arabs call the "sweet olive," but the botanical name of which our travellers in vain endeavoured to ascertain. This shrub scented the whole air for miles. Another hour's ride brought them to Zugharta, a village shaded by mulberry and walnut trees, where they tented for the night, the Angelus-bell having first summoned them to a very tidy little church adjoining a convent-school served by the "united" Maronites.

After early Mass the following day, which was attended by a large and devout congregation, our party remounted, and, riding over a fertile plain for five or six hours, descended at last the steep hill leading to Tripoli, and tented on a small plateau overlooking the town and the sea, and close to the ruins of a picturesque castle. There are two Franciscan convents in this place, one by the seashore near the old castle built by Raymond de Toulouse; the other in the centre of the town. The Sisters of Charity are also established there, and have a flourishing orphanage and school. After spending some time with their old Franciscan friends, the travellers rode through beautiful gardens (full of oranges, apricots, and figs, and tangled over with ipomeas and other bright creepers) to the seashore, where the bright sand was covered with multitudes of shells.

The ensuing day, being that kept in honour of the discovery of the Holy Cross by the Empress Helena, is a great fête throughout Palestine. The four-o'clock Mass at the large Franciscan church was crowded with worshippers, and a portion of the true Cross was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The travellers soon after started along the seashore for Batrûn, passing round a fine headland mentioned by Strabo as the "Face of God," and tenting near the village, which contains nothing remarkable but an old Maronite church, with one or two curious Byzantine pictures. The peasants brought some golden orioles for sale, calling them "fig" birds, as they feed on the little insects which live on the fig-tree. The next day they were in the saddle by four o'clock, and galloped quickly across the plain to Jebeil, where they breakfasted, sitting under the vine-shaded trellis of a wayside kahn. There are very fine remains of large granite columns scattered throughout this town, which likewise contains a fine citadel and church. A six-hours' ride brought them to the picturesque village situated on the Nahr el Kelb, or Dog River, a favourite summer resort of the dwellers at Beyrout. The river winds up a wild glen to a fine old Maronite convent, perched at the top of a rock at the head of the gorge. On the opposite side of the river some very curious tablets are let into and carved in the cliffs, about the origin of which the learned are divided; but the general idea is that they are of Assyrian origin, and date from the time of Sennacherib. There are some later Latin inscriptions, to the effect that Marcus Aurelius first made the road up the glen. Our travellers dined in a pretty little kahn overlooking the rushing river and the picturesque single-arched bridge which spans it, and then remounted, and, swimming the ford, rode on by the village of Zook, where the silk and gold-threaded "Kaffirs" are made, to Beyrout, which they reached at half-past five, having been thirteen hours in the saddle. A few days later saw our travellers bidding farewell to Padre and all the kind companions of their Syrian travel, on the deck of the Carmel, which was to take them back to Europe.

Sealskins and Copperskins.



PART II.

THE French, who were among the first to profit by the discovery of Columbus and to settle as colonists in the new hemisphere, have in their conquests always planted the cross of Christ side by side with the banner of France. Though they have failed to retain the dominion of those colonies which they founded, yet, to their glory be it said, their missionaries have not only kept alive that sacred flame of faith which they kindled in their former possessions, but have spread it from one end of the American continent to the other, beyond the limits within which lucre leads the trader, and even among the remote tribes who as yet reject all ordinary intercourse with the white man. Monseigneur Faraud, now Bishop of Anemour and Vicar-Apostolic of Mackenzie, has published his experiences during eighteen years of missionary labour as a priest among the savages of the extreme north of America,* with the view of giving information to future missionaries in the same regions, and inspiring others to undertake the conversion of this portion of the heathen world. The proceeds of the sale of his book will be devoted to founding establishments for works of corporal and spiritual mercy among the tribes of Indians in his diocese. The narrative of his apostolic life is highly interesting. Born of an old legitimist family in the south of France, some of whose members had fallen victims to the Reign of Terror in 1793, and carefully educated under the eye of a pious mother, he offered himself to the service of God in the priesthood. Being of a vigorous constitution and of an enterprising spirit, he was drawn to the work of the foreign missions, and at the age of twenty-six he started for North America. Landing at New York, he passed by Quebec and Montreal to St. Boniface, a settlement on the Red River, a few miles above the point where it discharges its waters into the great Lake Winipeg. Here he fixed his abode for seven months, studying the language, and acquiring the habits and mode of life of the natives. At the end of this time the Indians of the settlement started on their annual expedition at the end of the sum-

* *Dix-huit Ans chez les Sauvages.* Voyages et Missions de Mgr. Faraud dans le Nord de l'Amérique Britannique. Régis Ruffet et Cie. Paris, 1866.

mer to the prairies of the west to hunt the buffalo—an important affair, on which depends their supply of buffalo-hides and beef for the winter.

For this expedition, which was organised with military precision and most picturesque effect, one hundred and twenty skilful hunters were selected, armed with guns and long *couteaux de chasse*, and mounted on their best horses. A long train of bullock-carts followed in the rear, with boys and women as drivers, carrying the tents and provisions for encampment, and destined to bring home the game. The priest accompanied them, saying Mass for them every morning in a tent set apart as the chapel, and night-prayers before retiring to rest in the evening.

In this way they journeyed for a week, making about thirty miles in the day, and camping for the night in their tents. Let the reader, in order to conceive an American "prairie," imagine a level and boundless plain, reaching in every direction to the horizon, fertile and covered with luxuriant herbage, and unbroken except by swelling undulations and here and there occasional clumps of trees sprinkled like islets on the ocean, or oases on the desert. After marching for a week across the prairie, they came upon the tracks of a herd of buffaloes. The Indians are taught from childhood, when they encounter a track, to discern at once to what animal it belongs, how long it is since it passed that way, and to follow it by the eye, as a hound does by scent. For two days they marched in the track of the buffaloes, and the second night the hunters brought a supply of fresh beef into camp—they had killed some old bulls. These old bulls are found single, or in parties of two or three, and always indicate the proximity of a herd. Accordingly, on the following morning the herd was discovered in the distance on the prairie, like a swarm of flies on a green carpet. The hunters now galloped to the front, and called a council of war behind some undulating ground about a mile and a half from the buffaloes, who, in number about three thousand, were grazing lazily on the plain. All was now animation. It would be difficult to say whether the keener interest was shown by the men or the horses, who now, with dilated eyes and nostrils, ears pricked, and nervous action, pawed the ground, impatient as greyhounds in the slips and eager for the fray. The plan of action was soon agreed upon—a few words were spoken in a low tone by the chief, and the horsemen vanished with the rapidity of the wind. In about a quarter of an hour they reappeared, having formed a circle round the buffaloes, whom they now approached at a hand-gallop, concentrating their descent upon the herd from every point of the compass. The effect of this strategy was that, though they

were soon discovered, time was gained. Whichever way the herd pointed, they were encountered by an approaching horseman, and they were thus thrown into confusion, until, massing themselves into a disordered mob, they charged, breaking away through the line of cavalry. Then began the race and the slaughter. A good horse, even with a man on his back, has always the speed of a buffalo; but the skill of a hunter is shown (besides minding his horse lest he gets entangled in the herd and trampled to death, and keeping his presence of mind during the delirium of the chase), in selecting the youngest and fattest beasts of the herd, in loading his piece with the greatest rapidity—the Indians have no breech-loaders—and taking accurate aim while riding at the top of his speed. In the space of a mile a skilful buffalo-hunter will fire seven, eight, nine shots in this manner, and at each discharge a buffalo will bite the dust. On the present occasion the pursuit continued for about a mile and a half, and above eight hundred buffaloes were safely bagged. When the chase was over, there was a plentiful supply of fresh beef, the hides were carefully stowed on the carts, the carcasses cut up, the meat dried and highly spiced and made into pies, in which form it will keep for many months, and forms a provision for the winter. The buffalo (which in natural history would be called a bison) is the principal source of food and clothing to the Indians who live within reach of the great western prairies. But the forests also abound with elk, moose, and rein-deer, as well as the smaller species of deer, and smaller game of other kinds, and the multitudes of animals of prey of all sizes which supply the markets of Europe with furs. The abundance of fish in the lakes and rivers is prodigious. The largest fish in these waters is the sturgeon. This fish lies generally near the surface of the water: the Indian paddles his canoe over the likely spots, and when he sees a fish darts his harpoon into it, which is made fast by a cord to the head of the canoe; the fish tows the canoe rapidly through the water till he is exhausted, and is then despatched. Besides many other inferior kinds of fish, they have the pike, which runs to a great size in the lakes, and two kinds of trout—the smaller of these is the same as that found in the rivers of England; the larger is often taken of more than eighty pounds in weight. The Indians take these with spears, nets, and baskets; but a trout weighing eighty pounds would afford considerable sport to one of our trout-fishers of Stockbridge or Driffield, if taken with an orthodox rod and line.

A fortnight was devoted to the chase; and between two and three thousand buffaloes having been killed, and the carts fully laden, the party returned to St. Boniface. The settlement of St. Boniface was

founded by Lord Selkirk, who sent out a number of his Scotch dependents as colonists, and induced some Canadian families to join them. It was originally intended as a model Protestant colony ; but the demoralisation and vice which broke out in the new settlement brought it to the verge of temporal ruin. Lord Selkirk then called Catholics to his aid, and three priests were sent there. Religion took the place of fanaticism, and ever since this epoch the colony has never ceased to flourish and increase, and has become the centre of numerous settlements in the neighbourhood of friendly Indians converted to the faith. This is one of many instances which might be quoted in which the noxious weed of heresy has failed to transplant itself beyond the soil which gave it birth. St. Boniface has been the residence of a Bishop since 1818, and is now the resting-place and point of departure for all missionaries bound for the northern deserts of America. It was here that Mgr. Faraud spent eighteen months, studying the languages of the northern tribes of Indians. Lord Bacon says that "he that goeth into a strange land without knowledge of the language goeth to *learn* and not to *travel*." This, which is true of the traveller, is much more true of the missionary, as Mgr. Faraud soon found by experience. He made several essays at intercourse with neighbouring tribes, like a young soldier burning with zeal and the desire to flesh his sword in missionary work. But the reception he met with was most mortifying, being generally told "not to think of teaching men so long as he spoke like a child." He applied himself with renewed energy to acquire the native language.

The dialects of most of the tribes of the extreme north of America (with the exception of the Esquimaux) are modifications of two parent languages, the Montagnais and the Cree. By acquiring these, Mgr. Faraud was able to make himself understood by almost any of these tribes after a short residence among them. Eighteen months spent at St. Boniface served as a novitiate for his missionary work, at the end of which time he received orders to start, early in the following month, for Isle de la Crosse, a fort on the Beaver River, about 350 leagues to the n.w. of St. Boniface. On his way thither he was the guest of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Norway House, where he was most hospitably entertained. Mgr. Faraud bears witness to the liberal and enlightened spirit in which the authorities of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as the government officials in Canada, render every aid and encouragement in their power to the Catholic missionaries ; and he quotes a speech made to him by Sir Edmund Head (then Governor of Canada), showing the high estimation, and even favour, in which

the Catholic missionaries are held by them. Whatever permanence and stability our missions possess in these vast deserts is owing to the protection and kind assistance rendered to them by the British authorities; while, on the other hand, it would be hardly possible for this powerful company of traders to maintain their present friendly relations with Indian tribes, upon which their trade depends, without the aid of the Catholic missionaries.

After five months spent at Isle de la Crosse, and three years after his departure from Europe, Mgr. Faraud left for Atthabaska, one of the most northerly establishments of the Hudson's Bay Company, whither the various tribes of Indians, spread over an immense circuit 400 leagues in diameter, come twice in the year, early in the spring and late in the autumn, to barter their furs, the produce of their winter and summer hunting. This was his final destination and field of apostolical labour. It is often said that it is the happiness of the Red Indian to be totally ignorant of money; and this, in a certain sense, is true. But money has no necessary connection with the precious metals or bank-notes; and any medium of circulation which by common agreement can be made to represent a determined value becomes money, in fact, if not in name. Thus the market value of a beaver's skin in British America varies little, and is nearly equivalent to an American dollar. The Hudson's Bay Company have adopted this as the unit of their currency, and the value of other furs is reckoned in relation to this standard. The following are some of the prices given to the Indians for the furs ordinarily offered by them for sale:

The skin of a Black Bear values from 6 to 10 beavers.

"	Black Fox	"	6	"
"	Silver Fox	"	5	"
"	Otter	"	2 to 3	"
"	Pecari	"	1 to 4	"
"	Martin	"	1 to 4	"
"	Red or White Fox	"	1	" and so forth.

Twice in the year the steamers and canoes of the Company, laden with merchandise, work their way up the lakes and rivers to these stations, where the Indians assemble to meet them, and receive an equivalent for their furs in arms, ammunition, articles for clothing, hardware, and trinkets.

Two of our countrymen, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, have lately published an account of their travels in British America, of which we give a notice in another part of this number.* The descrip-

* *The North-West Passage by Land.* By Viscount Milton, M.P., and W. B. Cheadle, M.D. London, 1865.

tion they give of the privations they endured and the difficulties they had to overcome in merely traversing the country as travellers, furnished as they were with all the resources which wealth could command, while it reflects credit on their British pluck and perseverance in attaining the object they had in view, gives us some idea of the obstacles which present themselves to a missionary in these regions, who has to take up his abode wherever his duty may call him, and without any means of maintaining life beyond those which these districts supply. The object of these gentlemen was to explore a line of communication between Canada and British Columbia, with a view to suggesting an overland route through British territory connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic,—a most important project in a political point of view, upon which the success of the rising colony of Columbia appears eventually to depend. The territory administered by the Hudson's Bay Company, reaching as it does from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the coasts of Labrador on the n.e., to Vancouver's Island on the s.w., contains an area nearly equal to that of the whole of Europe.

Mgr. Faraud remained fifteen years at Atthabaska. He found it a solitary station-house, in the midst of deserts inhabited by idolatrous savages; it is now a flourishing mission, with a vast Christian population advancing in civilisation, the capital of the district to which it gives its name, and a centre of operation from which missionaries may act upon the whole north of British America, over which he now has episcopal jurisdiction. Such results, as may be supposed, have not been attained without labour and suffering. In the commencement the mission was beset with difficulties and discouragements. His first step was to build himself a house with logs of wood, an act which was accepted by the savages as a pledge that he intended to remain with them. A savage, whom he converted and baptised soon after his arrival, acted as his servant and hunted for him; while with nets and lines he procured a supply of fish for himself when his servant was unsuccessful in the chase. In this manner he for some time maintained a life alternately resembling that of Robinson Crusoe and St. Paul. He soon made a few conversions in his neighbourhood, and in the second year, with the aid of his catechumens, built a wooden chapel, ninety feet long by thirty broad. He was now able, when the tribes assembled in the spring and autumn, to converse with them, and preach to them, and gradually an impression was made upon them. They invited him to visit them in their own countries, often many hundreds of miles distant; and these visits involved long and perilous journeys, in which he several times nearly perished. In the fourth year he began building a large church, surmounted by

a steeple, from which he swung a large bell, which he procured from Europe through the agents of the Company. It was regarded as a supernatural phenomenon by the savages when "the sound of the church-going bell" was heard for the first time to boom over their primeval forests. As soon as a savage became his catechumen, he taught him to read, at the same time that he instructed him in religion. The soil was gradually cultivated, crops were reared, and cows and sheep introduced. In the tenth year a second priest was sent to his aid, who was able to carry on his work for him at home while he was absent on distant missions.

There are thirteen distinct tribes inhabiting British America, and Mgr. Faraud devotes a chapter to the distinctive characteristics of each. But a general idea of these savages may be easily arrived at. Most of us are familiar with the lively descriptions of the red man in the attractive novels of Mr. Fenimore Cooper; and, though the stories are fiction, these portraits of the Indians are drawn to the life. We have most of us been struck by their taciturnity, their profound dissimulation, the perseverance with which they follow up their plans of revenge, the pride which prevents them from betraying the least curiosity, the stoical courage with which they brave their enemies in the midst of the most horrible sufferings, their caution, their cruelty, the extraordinary keenness and subtlety of their senses. The Indian savage is profoundly selfish; gratitude and sympathy for others do not seem to enter into the composition of his nature. The same stubborn fortitude with which he endures suffering seems to render him indifferent to it in others. Intellectually he is slow in his power of conception and process of reasoning, but is endowed with a marvellous power of memory and reflection. He has a great fluency of speech, which often rises to real eloquence; and there is a gravity and maturity in his actions which is the fruit of meditation and thought. Cases of apostasy in religion are very rare among the Indians.

A savage visited Mgr. Faraud soon after his arrival at Athabaska. He had come from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where his tribe dwelt, a distance of above six hundred miles, and asked some questions on religious subjects. After listening to the priest's instruction on a few fundamental truths: "I shall come to you again," he said, "when you can talk *like a man*; at present you talk like a child." Three years afterwards he kept his promise; and immediately on arriving he presented himself to the priest, and placed himself under instruction. On leaving after the first instruction, he assembled a number of heathen savages, at a short distance in the forest, and preached to them for several hours. This continued for many weeks.

In the morning he came for instruction; in the afternoon he preached the truths he had learned in the morning to his countrymen. Mgr. Faraud had the curiosity to assist unseen at one of these sermons, and was surprised to hear his own instruction repeated with wonderful accuracy and in most eloquent language. In this way a great number of conversions were made; and the instructions given to one were faithfully communicated to the rest by this zealous savage. The name of this savage was Dénégonusyè. When the time arrived for his tribe to return to their own country, the priest proposed that he should receive baptism. "No," he said; "I have done nothing as yet for Almighty God. In a year you shall see me here again, and prepared for baptism." Punctual to his promise, he returned the following spring. In the mean time he had converted the greater portion of his tribe; he had taught them to recite the prayers the priest had taught him; and he brought the confessions of all the people who had died in the mean time among his own people, which he had received on their death-beds, and which his wonderful memory enabled him now to repeat word for word to the priest, begging him to give them absolution. Dénégonusyè was now told to prepare for baptism; but he again insisted on preliminaries. First, that he was to take the name of Peter, and wait to receive his baptism on St. Peter's day—"because," he said, "St. Peter holds the keys of heaven, and is more likely to open to one who bears his name and is baptised on his Feast;" secondly, that he was to be allowed to fast before his baptism forty days and nights, as our Blessed Lord did. On the vigil of St. Peter's day he was so weak that he walked with difficulty to the church; but on the Feast, before daybreak, he knocked loudly at the priest's door and demanded baptism. He was told to wait till the Mass was finished. When Mass was over, the priest was about to preach to the people; but Dénégonusyè stood up and cried out, "It is St. Peter's day; baptise me." The priest calmed the murmurs which arose from the congregation at this interruption, and the eyes of all were suddenly drawn to the figure of this wild neophyte of the woods standing before the altar to receive the waters of regeneration. A ray of light seemed to play round his head and rest upon him, as though the Holy Ghost were impatient to take up His abode in this new temple.

Cases are not unfrequent of "half-caste" Indians reared in the woods as savages claiming baptism from the priest as their "birth-right." They have never met a priest before, nor ever seen their Catholic parent. They are not Christians, and do not know even the most elementary doctrines of the Church. Yet they have this strange faith (as they say "by inheritance") through some mysterious

transmission of which God alone knows the secret. One of these "half-castes" met Mgr. Faraud one day as he was travelling through the forest, and asked him to baptise him. "I have the faith of my father," he said, "and demand my birthright." Then, inviting him to his house, he added: "My wife also desires baptism." The priest accompanied him to his hunting-lodge, and was presented to his wife, a young savage lady of some twenty years. She was a veritable Amazon, a perfect model of symmetry of form and feminine grace; there was a savage majesty in her gestures and gait; she was a mighty huntress, tamed the wildest steeds, and was famed far and near for her prowess with the bow and spear. She welcomed the stranger with courtesy, and immediately presented him with a basket full of the tongues of elks which had been the spoil of her bow in the chase of the previous day. But as soon as she learned the errand on which he had come, her manner changed to profound reverence, and, throwing herself on her knees with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, she asked him for a crucifix, "to help me in my prayers," she said. The Indians do not pray. Her husband did not know one article of the Creed. Who taught her to pray?—to venerate a priest?—to adore the mystery of the Cross?—to desire baptism, and yearn for admission to the unity of God's Church?

The three principal difficulties in the missionary's work among the Indians are to "stamp out" (to use a recently-invented phrase) the influence of their native magicians, and the practices of polygamy and cannibalism—though several of the tribes are free from the last-named vice. The magician, as we might expect, is always plotting to counteract his advances and to revenge them when successful. When a man has been possessed of half-a-dozen wives, and has perhaps as yet barely realised to himself the Christian idea of marriage, it is a considerable sacrifice to part with all but one, and sometimes perplexing to decide which he will retain and which he will part with. Then the ladies themselves have generally a good deal to say upon this question, and combinations arise in consequence which are often very serious and oftener still very ludicrous.

At Fort Resolution, on the great Slave Lake, the missionary met with a warm reception from the neighbouring tribes of Indians; and as the greater part of them embraced Christianity, he set himself to work in instructing them. He explained to them that Christian marriage was a free act, and could never be valid where it was compulsory, and that in this respect the wife was as independent as the husband. This was quite a new doctrine to the savages, with whom it was an inveterate custom to obtain their wives either

by force or by purchasing them from their parents. The doctrine, however, was eagerly received by the women, who felt themselves raised by it to equal rights with their husbands. The men were then instructed that the Christian religion did not permit polygamy, and that as many of them as had more than one wife must make up their minds which of them they would retain, and then part with the rest. It would be difficult to explain the reason why marriage, which is a serious and solemn contract, and which in mystical signification ranks first among the Sacraments, is the subject of jests, and provokes laughter in all parts of the world. The savages were no exception to this rule; and while they set themselves to obey the commands of the Church, they made their doing so the occasion of much merriment. The following morning a crowd of them waited upon the priest, each of whom brought the wife with whom he intended to be indissolubly united. After an exhortation, which dwelt upon the divine institution, sacramental nature, and mutual obligations of matrimony, each couple was called up to the priest after their names had been written down in the register. The first couple who presented themselves were "Toqueiyazi" and "Ethikkan." "Toqueiyazi," said the priest, "will you take Ethikkan to be your lawful wife?" "Yes," was the answer. "Ethikkan, will you take Toqueiyazi to be your lawful husband?" "No," said the bride, "on no account." Then turning to the bridegroom, who shared the general astonishment of all present, she continued, "You took me away by force; you came to our tent and tore me away from my aged father; you dragged me into the forests, and there I became your slave as well as your wife, because I believed that you had a right to make yourself my master: but now the priest himself has declared that God has given the same liberty to the woman as to the man. I choose to enjoy that liberty, and I will not marry you." Great was the sensation produced by this startling announcement. A revolution had taken place. The men beheld the social order which had hitherto obtained in their tribe suddenly overthrown. The women trembled for the consequences which this daring act might bring upon them. For a moment the issue was doubtful; but the women, who always get the last word in a discussion, in this case got the first also; they cried out that Ethikkan was a courageous woman, who had boldly carried out the principles of the Christian religion regardless of human respect; and what she had done was in fact so clearly in accordance with what the priest had taught, that the men at length acquiesced, and the "rights of woman" were thenceforward recognised and established on the banks of the great Slave Lake.

In one of his winter journeys through the snow, attended by a party of Indians and sledge drawn by dogs, Mgr. Faraud was arrested by a low moaning sound which proceeded from a little girl lying under a hollow tree covered with icicles. Her hands and feet were already frostbitten, but she was still sufficiently conscious to tell him that her parents had left her there to die. It is a common practice with the savages to make away with any member of the family who is likely to become a burden to them. The priest put the child on the sledge, carried her home, and, with proper treatment, care, and food, she recovered. She was instructed and baptised, receiving the name of Mary. This child became the priest's consolation and joy, a visible angel in his house, gay and happy, and a source of happiness and edification to others. She was one of those chosen souls on whom God showers His choicest favours, and whom He calls to a close familiarity with Himself. But after a time the priest was obliged to leave on a distant mission, having been called to spend the winter with a tribe who wished to embrace Christianity, and whose territory lay at a distance of several hundreds of miles. What was to be done with Mary? To accompany him was impossible—to remain behind was to starve. There was at that time, among his savage catechumens, an old man and his wife whose baptism he had deferred till the following spring. This seemed to be the only solution of the difficulty. They had no children of their own; they would take charge of Mary, and bring her safe back to "the man of prayer" in the spring. Bitter was the parting between little Mary and the priest; but there was the hope of an early meeting in the following spring. The spring came, and the priest returned; but the old savages and Mary came not. For weeks the priest expected them, and then started to seek their dwelling, about fifty miles distant from his own. He found their house empty, and the man could nowhere be discovered. But in searching for him through the forest, he descried an old woman gathering fuel. It was his wife. Where was Mary? The old woman made evasive replies until the sternness of the priest's manner terrified her into confession. "The winter had been severe"—"they had run short of provisions"—"and—and—" in short, *they had eaten her*.

But if the difficulties, disappointments, and sufferings of the missionary in these American deserts are great, requiring in him great virtue and an apostolic spirit, his consolations are great also. The grace of God is always given in proportion to His servants' need; and in this virgin soil, where spurious forms of Christianity are as yet unknown, the effects it produces are at times astounding. The missionary is alternately tempted to elation and despair. He

must know, to use the words of the Apostle, "how to be brought low, and how to abound." Monseigneur Faraud has now returned to his diocese to reap the harvest of the good seed which he has sown, and to carry a Christian civilisation to the savages of the extreme north of America. He has left his volume behind him to invite our prayers for his success, and to remind those generous souls who are inspired to undertake the work of evangelising the heathen, that in his portion of the Lord's field "the harvest is great and the labourers few."

In Epigram of Aceratus.

Ἑκτορι μὲν Τροίῃ συγκάθανε· οὐδ' ἔτι χεῖρας
 ἀντήρεν Δαναῶν παισὶν ἐπερχομένοις·
 Πέλλα δ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ συναπώλετο· πατρίδες δ' ἄρα
 ἀνδράσιν, οὐ πάτραις ἄνδρες ἀγαλλόμεθα.

Latine.

Hectore sublato, perierunt Pergama: Graiis
 Troja dedit victas debilitata manus.
 Pella et Alexander simul occubuere: virorum
 Ornat honos patriam, non patria ipsa viros.

English.

Troy sank with Hector, and no more defied
 Her foes: with Alexander, Pella died.
 'Tis not his country makes the hero great,
 But brave great men that glorify their State.

The Prisoner's Cry for Justice.

ALTHOUGH many of our readers may have seen the following extract from the Report of the Inspectors of Convict Prisons for last year, it is so valuable a testimony, both to the justice and the expediency of allowing Catholic prisoners the free exercise of their religion, and so honourable both to our clergy and to the Government, that we need not apologise for reproducing it in these pages.

"It is with much pleasure that we record the benefits which have arisen from the appointment by the Secretary of State of visiting Roman Catholic priests at Millbank, Parkhurst, Portsmouth, Dartmoor, and Fulham. The effect on the convicts has been marked, and the recognition by the State of their claim to the ministration of a clergyman of their own persuasion has been the source of a great improvement in their outward conduct. The visiting priests, who have been nominated by Bishops of their Church to the Secretary of State, have fulfilled their duties with zeal and an anxious solicitude for the good of those in their care; and all those now holding the office of visiting priest have been careful to conform to the prison regulations, and to avoid all grounds of difference. We believe this measure to have been one attended with unmingled good results."

The Inspectors who record their joint experience of the practical working of a new system in these emphatic words are all Protestants; they are men whom long acquaintance with convicts has taught habitual distrust, and has made backward to pronounce on symptoms of amendment; and their inspection is no perfunctory or superficial process, like that with which many public institutions are familiar, but a real looking into things with their own eyes. The system on which they report has been at work for upwards of three years. Catholic chaplains were appointed in October 1862. Mass was said for the first time in Millbank on All Saints'-day. By the end of the year the Catholic prisoners in the different Government prisons were enjoying the privileges of daily public prayers, Mass on Sundays and Holydays, frequent opportunities of Confession, freedom from the ministrations of Protestant chaplains and Scripture-readers, visits from their own clergyman without the necessity of making special application to see him, and books to read which did

not outrage their religious feelings. The improvement attested by her Majesty's Inspectors is the result, according to them, of the substitution of this system for that which prevailed before. Catholic clergymen had been allowed before to give instruction to Catholic convicts both collectively and individually; but they were not recognised as chaplains; they received no salary; they were not allowed, except at Fulham, to say Mass; they could see no prisoner in private who had not succeeded each time in inducing a warder to take down his name as applying for an interview; the only books, with the occasional exception of a Prayer-Book and Testament, that Catholic prisoners who could read could have recourse to, were those of the common prison library, which mainly consisted of the controversial productions of the Tract Society and Christian Knowledge Society; and although they were nominally exempted from the obligation of attending Protestant services, the alternative was an extra amount of solitary confinement and much petty persecution; and they were not even nominally exempted from as much proselytising as the zeal of Protestant chaplains and Scripture-readers might be adequate to bring to bear upon them.

Of course there were great difficulties at the outset in getting the new system into full operation. The whole *vis inertiae* of a large body of officials was against it. The rapid increase of names registered as R. C. as soon as it became known to Catholic prisoners that, by registering themselves properly, they would now really be enabled to practise their religion, excited much jealousy and opposition, and many vexations had to be endured both by the clergy and their flocks in consequence.

Yet even at Millbank, where the difficulties at first were greatest, the Catholic chaplain had the happiness, on the first Easter after his appointment, of admitting 150 convicts to Holy Communion, more than half of whom had never received any Sacrament but Baptism before their imprisonment.

The evident improvement in the demeanour of the prisoners, in proportion as they were brought more under the influences of religion, has been sufficient to overcome the weight of prejudice; and for some time past the system has been fairly worked, and the good results again additionally manifest. The change of sentiment in the minds of officials prejudiced against a new system which involved trouble to themselves, and the recognition of an offensive creed—but, as practical men, capable of being influenced by the evidence of plain results—has shown itself in various ways. When that terrible innovation of the Popish Mass was first permitted in Millbank, the priest had not only to provide all the requisites at his own expense,

but to carry the vestments and sacred vessels himself from his house to the prison, and, as he had to celebrate for the male and female prisoners separately, from one part of the prison to another. The rooms that were used as substitutes for chapels—an old work-shed and a dormitory—had no accessory to soften their repulsive look beyond what the priest could contrive to bring with him. A Catholic warder who aided him a little in arranging things for Mass was prevented from doing so. In the intervals between the two Masses, and at other times when not engaged in his ministry, he was left to walk about, or to stand under an archway if it rained. Now, on the contrary, he has a Catholic schoolmaster who acts as Sacristan, and a comfortable sitting-room for his own use. The chapels have been cleaned and rearranged, a harmonium has been provided for the singing, and a choir formed from the prisoners; and generally civility and respect attend him in all his ministrations.

When Confirmation was first given in the prison, it took three months of repeated application to obtain leave; and the Cardinal, when he came, had to walk in in his greatcoat, and administer the Sacrament with no sign of dignity but a stole. On the next occasion the request was instantly followed by a hearty consent; the Cardinal's carriage was admitted within the prison, the deputy-governor attended him, and he attired himself in his pontifical vestments. Quite lately the Inspectors have shown their appreciation of the beneficial effects of the more liberal system by recommending the increase of the salary of the Millbank chaplain, and still more remarkably by asking of their own accord that Mass might be said in Pentonville Prison for the Fenian convicts confined there, and providing at the expense of Government all the requisites; and in their last official report they state, as we have seen, as the result of three years' observation of all the different prisons in which Catholics are indulged in the free exercise of their religion,—

That the Catholic priests have shown zeal and earnestness, and at the same time a spirit of conformity to regulations and a desire to avoid giving offence.

That the good results have been remarkably great, and the good unmixed.

And, further, they admit the important principles,

That the Catholic prisoners had a claim on the State to be ministered to by their own clergymen, and that the State has recognised this claim.

And that the nomination of the Catholic chaplains belongs to the Catholic Bishops.

After all this, then, what remains but to "rest and be thankful,"

as far as our poor brethren in prison are concerned? And how came *The Month* to admit the statement only the other day,—“the state of our prisoners has been *a little improved*; the far worse state of our orphans and destitute children not at all”? The improvement surely is very great, and the necessity for exerting ourselves in behalf of prisoners must be at an end.

The improvement has been very great, we admit, in those prisons in which there has been any improvement at all; but unfortunately the great majority of Catholic prisoners are in prisons not managed by Government but by magistrates; and in the great majority of these there has been no improvement at all, or very little indeed, upon a state of things even worse than that which we spoke of as existing in Millbank before the adoption of the new system. In saying, therefore, that “the state of our prisoners has been a little improved,” we were thinking of the small number of prisoners whose state has been improved rather than of the degree in which the state of the few has been improved. Even for these there remains a very important work, and for the others almost every thing has to be done; so that, while we quite agree as to the duty of being thankful, we cannot allow those who will listen to us to rest. Rather the blessing that has followed what has been done ought to rouse us to renewed exertion.

With regard to the more favoured class of prisoners of whom we have been hitherto speaking, there has been as yet one very serious drawback to the satisfaction that the improvement in their position inspires—the prospect of their future. What is to become of such as have not friends to assist them, or the means of emigration, when their sentence expires? The prejudice against employing discharged prisoners is almost universal: and the long solitude and silence, and the severity of prison discipline, while they have helped to break off vicious habits, have also, with most, impaired the energies of body and mind, and diminished rather than increased the power of struggling against difficulties, and carrying on an up-hill fight for an honest subsistence. With the women especially, the very transition from the solitary cell to the bustle and glare of the streets seems to have the effect of stunning and confusing them. In this state, with no honest employment available, and with pressing temptations to sin at every corner, the prospect, even for those whose conversion has been most thoroughly sincere, and whose life in prison has been even edifying, is hardly a very hopeful one. There is evidently an urgent necessity for an intermediate stage of probation, during which they might be gradually trained for full freedom, and, at the same time, be taught to work for their own maintenance, and in finally passing from which

they would not encounter the same prejudice that bars their way when they reënter society immediately from a prison. Those of our readers who have seen the appeal in behalf of the new Refuge at Eagle House, Hammersmith, will have learned that this intermediate stage is now, with the sanction both of the civil Government and of ecclesiastical authority, provided for Catholic female convicts. Government hands them over to us on the same terms as those on which Protestant convicts are consigned to Protestant Refuges, viz. that the expenses of the establishment are borne by the charitable of their co-religionists, and a weekly sum for their maintenance contributed by the State. We earnestly hope that Catholic charity will not only prevent the good work that has been commenced from failing from want of funds, but will be ready also to provide a similar Refuge for male convicts, as soon as Government is ready, on seeing the success of Eagle House, to make the same offer with regard to them.

But what we wanted most to press on the attention of those who are inclined to rest before the time, is the fact that the majority of Catholic prisoners are still deprived of the consolations of religion, and of those beneficial influences of it on their moral improvement of which, in the case of the few on whom they are brought to bear, the Government Inspectors speak so strongly. It is only prisoners sentenced to penal servitude that are sent to the prisons mentioned by the Inspectors. All who have been summarily committed, or who, having been tried, have been sentenced to less than three years' imprisonment, are confined in prisons under the management of city or county magistrates. Thus in London alone, besides the City prisons of Newgate and Holloway, there are the Westminster House of Correction in Tothill Fields, the Coldbath Fields House of Correction, the Clerkenwell House of Detention, and the Debtors' Prison in Whitecross Street, under the Middlesex magistrates, and the Horsemonger-lane Gaol and Wandsworth House of Correction under the Surrey magistrates. Every other county has one or more county prisons, and each considerable town its own prison, under similar management. Until the Prison Ministers' Act was passed in 1863, the general system with regard to the treatment of Catholic prisoners in all these prisons was like that which we have spoken of as in force at Millbank previous to October 1862, with the very serious additional hindrance to all attempts at religious instruction, that in very few, if in any, was the clergyman permitted, during the few hours that were assigned for his weekly visit, or that he was able to spare from his missionary duties, to hold any service, or to see more than one at a time of those whose demand to be visited had been granted; and as the majority were exceedingly ignorant and unable to read,

this restriction, wherever the number of Catholics was at all large, of course made it almost impossible to lay even the necessary foundations of religious teaching. What time it would require to lay these foundations well by repeated catechising, and therefore how impossible it would be in a very limited period to succeed, when only one could be spoken to at once, and yet what might be the result, even in the worst cases, from persevering instruction, may be illustrated by a fact of Millbank experience. A man there, who became afterwards, under the chaplain's instructions, a really intelligent Catholic and a devout communicant, recorded it as his only impression during the first Mass said in prison, and which was the first at which he had ever been present, that he "could not help looking all the time at the gold pot on the table, and saying to himself that it would be a jolly thing in the way of swag." In Tothill Fields, where the number of Catholics has always been large, the visiting justices did for a short time permit about forty to be crowded into a little room for joint instruction; but as soon as it was noticed that the number of applications to see the priest increased in consequence, the permission was withdrawn.

As the most common answer to applications for the appointment of Catholic chaplains, or for permission to have divine service for Catholic prisoners, was the assertion that the magistrates had no legal power to comply with such requests, the Government in 1863 introduced and carried a Permissive Bill, giving full powers to pay chaplains out of the county-rates to minister to prisoners "of a religious persuasion different from the Established Church," and to make arrangements for public service and instruction for such prisoners. We regret that we have not been able to ascertain in how many prisons any attention has been paid to this Act farther than to negative the proposal to appoint a chaplain. It would be a good way of calling the attention of Parliament to what ought to be the united demands of Catholics in behalf of Catholic prisoners to move for the production of returns on this point. It is certain that the whole number of prisons benefited by this Act is very small. We doubt if it exceeds a dozen. The Middlesex magistrates did not hesitate to refuse to adopt it in any of the large prisons under their control. And to show that their refusal was grounded not on motives of economy, but on an honest and hearty hatred of the religion of nearly half the poor captives committed to their care, they accompanied their rejection of the proposal to appoint a Catholic chaplain with a grant of money out of the rates to provide a scorpion instead of a fish, in the shape of Protestant Scripture-readers, who were instructed to give their unwelcome services to the Catholic as much

as to the Protestant prisoners, and upon whose report upon the behaviour of their victims the amount of aid given them on going back from prison to destitution was made to depend !

What an idea it would give an intelligent foreigner, studying our institutions, of British common sense, to find that Catholics summarily sent to prison for begging, or the breach of some police regulations, are habitually subjected to a system of persecution for their faith from which felons have been entirely exempted, and deprived of the religious consolations with which felons are generously supplied ; and that if two prisoners are tried for the same robbery, and one sentenced to three years' penal servitude, and the other on account of some extenuating circumstances to two years' imprisonment, it will be the latter and not the former that, if a Catholic, will have four or five hours' additional solitary confinement and hard labour every week on account of his religion ; will be seldom able to see his own clergyman ; will be exposed to an indefinite amount of pious coaxing and bullying from Protestant ministers and Scripture-readers ; will be furnished, if he can read, with the choicest specimens of attacks on all that is dearest to him ; will be absolutely debarred from hearing Mass or joining in any religious service in accordance with his own faith ; and will find his chance of relief on returning, broken in body and mind, to the struggle of life, to depend on his real or pretended apostasy ! And this, after the opposite and liberal system has been three years at work in the Government prisons, and has been officially pronounced to be attended with remarkable and unmixed good results. And what a burlesque would English declamations about freedom of conscience and tirades against Neapolitan prisons seem to him, if he were to listen to Patrick Sweeney's account of his treatment in Coldbath Fields, or to Bridget Shaughnessy's experiences of Tothill Fields ! Both would tell him how hard it was to be every day shut up in a dim cold cell and kept to work while the Protestants were all in a warm light chapel ; how dreary it was on Sunday to have no blessed Mass, and to be cramped up in close confinement all day ; how they pined after a good book ; and how the large Protestant Bible, placed ostentatiously on their little table, seemed to oppress them ; and what dreadful abuse of priests and of the Blessed Virgin there was in all the tracts that were lent them ; how they begged again and again in vain to see a rale clergyman ; and the parson would keep coming, though they had civilly asked him not to give himself the trouble ; and how they were over and over again advised to go into an institution where they would be quite comfortable, only they would have to join in the Protestant prayers.

Patrick, who had been set to work along with a number of others in a common work-room, would enlarge on the horrible things read aloud by the Scripture-reader, which he was forced to listen to, and would have been punished for remarking on; and on the fact, that when there were too many Protestants for the chapel to hold, those who could not attend were left together in the light room, while he was shut up in his cell; and would describe what seemed to him "an uncommon strange dodge" practised on his reception: that he was asked whether he wanted to see the priest, and when he said "no," for he had been to Father Murphy—God bless him!—come Wednesday was a week, and did not want to receive again before Easter, they marked a great O to his name; and when, ever so many weeks afterwards, the priest who comes to the prison was able to see him, after he had been marched down to wait for his turn, and thought he was going in, some one shouted out, "There's an O against his name," and he was marched back again; and why they would not let him see his priest he could not say. Bridget would probably have more than one residence in Tothill Fields to speak of. She was doing well with her barrow when she first "got a month;" but she lost all her little stock-in-trade by that misfortune, and has never been able to replace it. She soon "got a month" again for begging; and the day after she came out, the priest, who had seen her in prison, gave her a shilling, and she got another month for that. She would tell her interrogator that the first time she was there, she never knew that a priest came there at all, or that she could escape the Protestant prayers to which they took her every day; during the second month she would not go to their prayers, because she had learned in the mean while that they could not make her go, and was shut up instead, and she did manage to see the priest once by keeping on asking; and in her last imprisonment things were at first better than before, but afterwards were changed again and made worse than ever. She and some of the other Catholics had heard that there was a new law made, and that the priest would have a right now to see them all if he chose; and, sure 'enough, one blessed day he did come round asking after them, and glad enough they all were to be set by him, and so he had three times as many to hear as he had had before; and she herself, after she had begged the warders to lend her a Prayer-Book, and they had told her to ask her priest, had got one from him, and was getting ready for Easter, when all at once something must have happened, for they took her book from her, and, though she asked every day, she could never get to see him again; and people had told her that he was forbidden by the justices to come any more. Such accounts, and many details

of invidious differences between the treatment of Protestants and Catholics in prison, would suggest to our inquirer various doubts as to what the received theory in England about toleration really was, or whether there was any particular view at all, and also as to what the state of the law was, and how far visiting justices considered themselves bound to obey or evade it.

To such an inquirer, much pondering such things, we should of course have to dwell on the jealousy of Government interference and the horror of centralisation that prevail amongst us, and have their own favourable aspects and good results, although often, as in this case and in that of the management of the poor, leading to the needless continuance of great evil. We should explain to him, for the credit of Government, that what his informants had told him about a change in the law was true; that in an Act which was passed last year, and was to be in force on the 1st of February last, by which a variety of former legislation was consolidated, clauses were introduced which apparently prohibited *some* of the evils complained of, and one of which made it *imperative* on the magistrates, when they did not appoint and pay a Catholic chaplain, to permit a priest to see every Catholic prisoner without the necessity of application on the prisoner's part; but that he had fallen in with prisoners from two large prisons,—one for men, the other for women,—in which the attempts of the authorities to evade those clauses were bolder and more successful than, as we trusted, would be the general rule; and that, at all events, these very evasions would, we hoped, when Catholic members of Parliament found time to attend to them, be made a successful ground for an improvement of the law.

It is certainly a curious evidence of the degree to which worthy men can blind themselves to the obvious truth, that, however much their own religious convictions may be opposed to toleration enacted by law, if they voluntarily undertake to act as magistrates and justices under that law, they are bound honestly to carry out its provisions;—that in each of three London prisons with which we happen to be acquainted, though the new Act did not come into force for several months after it was law, and thus gave plenty of time for arrangements to be made in accordance with it, and moreover expressly declared that on the day of its coming into force all prison regulations contrary to it were to cease, an absolute refusal was at first given to make any change in the previous system, and afterwards evasions were resorted to like those of which Patrick and Bridget complained.

The law said: the justices “shall permit a minister of such persuasion, to be approved by them, to visit such prisoner . . . unless such prisoner expressly objects to see such minister.” It was ob-

jected to one priest, though he had been visiting the prison for some time by the permission of the justices, that he was not "approved" by them; and he was to be hindered from his work till a ceremony to this effect was gone through. Then the device was resorted to of putting down a man's answer on coming into the prison that he did not want to see the priest, as the "expressly objecting" to of the Act, and making it a bar to any intercourse with his spiritual teacher during the whole term of his imprisonment. As to the clause enacting that "no prisoner shall be compelled to attend any religious service held or performed, or any religious instruction given by the chaplain, minister, or religious instructor of a church or persuasion to which the prisoner does not belong," it was considered that friendly visits from chaplains and Scripture-readers, to show a man the advantages of conformity, and to decide whether he was deserving of relief, were not any "religious instruction," and that giving him the alternative of Protestant prayer or additional solitary confinement was not "compelling him to attend any service." Non-natural interpretations, however much to be abhorred of all Christian men when applied to the Thirty-nine Articles, have evidently their proper object in clauses of an Act of Parliament favourable to Catholics.

The visiting justices of the Tothill-Fields prison were at first very much behind their brother magistrates. They only broke the law for a week; and then permitted the priest, who had strongly urged the new clauses on their attention, and had pleaded that his long attendance at the prison and a written attestation from them of their satisfaction constituted him already "a minister approved by them," to see any prisoner who did not in his presence decline his services. The result was, that instead of a flock of twenty or thirty, to which the system before enforced limited him, he found that only five or six out of 250 Catholics refused instruction; and in a few weeks he had 150 preparing for their Easter duties. It was said that the Home Secretary, in a remonstrance which he addressed to the magistrates in authority at the other prisons, held up Tothill Fields as an example. Strong measures therefore became necessary to restore the balance; and the measure actually adopted was to withdraw their approbation from the over-zealous priest, in spite of their former approval in writing, and to give permission to see the Catholic prisoners only to a clergyman whom they knew to be entirely occupied with other duties which had a prior claim on him, grounding the lawfulness of thus making the most important clause in the Act a dead letter on the interpretation that, though bound to permit "a minister to be approved by them" to see prisoners, they were not bound to ap-

prove a minister who could see them, or, indeed, any minister at all. The only reason that they gave for the strong measure of forbidding access to the prison to the only priest whom they knew of as likely to have the power of giving his time, unpaid, to the large body of Catholic prisoners requiring instruction, was that he had sometimes lent a Catechism or Prayer-Book to a Catholic who had not received, or was too dim-sighted to read, the *Garden of the Soul*, which was supposed to be provided in the prison. Although he had done this always in the sight of the warders, and supposed that he was rather obliging them than otherwise, and had never received the least hint, or had any reason for believing that the practice was objected to, and had been known to do it before the declaration of the justices of their satisfaction at his conformity to all prison regulations, they went with edifying gravity through the process of inspecting a penny catechism, interrogating the terrified girl who was brought before them for reading it, writing to ask the priest if he had given it, and then voting that he was an unfit person to visit the prison, and that they withdrew their approval. And so the work of instruction that, in spite of the many difficulties thrown in the way, had gone on encouragingly for a month, was summarily stopped, Acts of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Next, then, to Catholic orphans, Catholic prisoners seem to demand the continuance and increase of the exertions which, at the public meeting in St. James's Hall, so many Catholics, in the name of the whole body, pledged themselves to make. We must insist on really free access for Catholic clergymen to all Catholic prisoners; on the exclusion of Protestant chaplains and Scripture-readers, books and tracts from those who conscientiously object to them; on facilities for Divine service and united instruction; and wherever the number of Catholics in a prison is so large as to require the chief part of a clergyman's time, on payment sufficient for his maintenance. We must insist on these things being enforced and not permitted, and on an Act of Parliament that has not been, as has hitherto been the case, hacked at in committee till it has lost its stringency and is open to evasion. And we respectfully ask our members of Parliament to gird up their loins for encounters with the Middlesex-magistrate interest, as well as with the Poor-law-guardian interest, and not to be satisfied another time with voting for the second reading of a Poor-law Amendment or Prison Ministers' Bill, but to be at their posts to prevent its being emasculated afterwards. This latter work requires abundance of patient energy, and does not lead to earthly applause; but it will probably have more weight in the scales of eternity.

The same reasons that account for the disproportionately large number of Catholic orphans account also for the same excess of Catholic prisoners. Besides that destitution leads to theft, it must be remarked that the great majority of persons confined in magistrates' prisons have not been convicted at all, but have been summarily committed for trifling offences, and most of them, under the Vagrant and Police Acts, for begging, or a breach of some police regulations. And a starving Catholic, who is often as familiar with Holy Scripture as a Protestant minister, whatever the latter may think, and therefore well knows the incessant exhortations to almsgiving that occur in it, cannot easily be persuaded that it is a crime to ask for food for herself and her hungry children, or to try to provide for their wants by selling things in the street, even when too poor to pay for a license.

We place at the end of this article a few statistics selected and condensed from the lately-published reports of the visiting justices of the two London prisons of which we have more particularly spoken, as happening to have some knowledge of them. Only one of these reports gives the number of prisoners registered as Catholics; but the proportion would probably be the same in each. And it is certain that the real number is greater, because many, partly from ignorance, and partly from previous experience of the difficulty, even when rightly registered, of gaining access to their clergyman, or from want of courage to endure additional privations, enter themselves as Protestants. In Liverpool, where Catholic prisoners have the benefit of the Prison Ministers' Act, the number of Catholics committed to prison last year was more than half the whole number—4239 out of 7477. A return made to Parliament in 1860 gave 21,626 as the number of prisoners in gaol in England in one day. According to the proportion indicated by the tables given below of the number in prison at one time to the number of committals in the year, this would show that 129,000 enter prison every year; and of these, making due allowance for the difference of the Catholic population in great towns and in the country, a third, or between a third and a fourth, must be Catholics. Surely their more favoured brethren will not leave these any more than the orphans to be deprived of the benefits of religion.

From the details here given of two out of the eight London city and county prisons we may infer something of the probable number of Catholic prisoners requiring religious instruction; of the probable ignorance of very many of them; of the consequent impossibility of instruction being given unless there are opportunities of teaching them collectively; of the justice of paying clergymen who

must devote their whole time to the work ; of the approach to equality in the numbers of Catholics and Protestants ; of the insignificant numbers of any denomination except Catholics and Church of England, and therefore the futility of the argument often urged, that paying a stipend to a Catholic priest would involve doing the same to a variety of ministers ; and of the fact, on which we commented, of the large proportion of summary committals to convictions, which probably preponderates still more in the case of Catholics than of Protestants, and which increases the injustice of that additional punishment of privation of religious consolation and of solitary confinement instead, to which the former are subjected.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, COLDBATH FIELDS.

From Michaelmas 1860 to the same period 1865.

MEN.

	1860-1.	1861-2.	1862-3.	1863-4.	1864-5.
Vagrants, i. e. begging, &c. . . .	1,221	1,285	1,209	1,138	1,281
Under Police Act	2,215	2,608	2,701	2,505	2,751
Total summarily committed . . .	6,903	7,890	7,637	7,485	8,410
Convicted at the Sessions	1,162	1,371	1,592	1,704	1,627
Total committals	8,065	9,261	9,229	9,189	10,037
Could neither read nor write . . .	2,887	3,308	3,393	3,216	3,532
Daily average number in Prison .	1,431	1,594	1,610	1,783	1,833

HOUSE OF CORRECTION, TOTHILL FIELDS, WESTMINSTER.

WOMEN.

	1860-1.	1861-2.	1862-3.	1863-4.	1864-5.
Vagrants	1,251	1,183	1,018	1,184	1,062
Under Police Act	1,927	2,111	2,370	2,107	2,248
Total summarily committed . . .	4,427	4,686	4,459	4,745	4,802
Convicted at the Sessions	376	413	501	520	526
Total committals	4,803	5,099	4,960	5,265	5,328
Could neither read nor write . . .	1,509	1,645	1,503	1,480	1,295
Daily average number in prison .	644	649	723	770	770
Received into <i>Protestant</i> Institutions from prison	141	130	143	148	154
Prisoners of the Church of England	2,767	2,998	2,813	2,987	2,981
Roman Catholics	1,977	2,020	2,082	2,209	2,289
All other persuasions	59	81	65	69	58

Literary Notices.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON THE STUDIES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.*

THERE is an *Académie de St. Croix* at Orleans, as it appears, which seems to be a body of the same kind as the *Academia of the Catholic Religion* in London. Its members are laymen as well as clerics, and they publish collections of essays from time to time. A volume produced in this way now lies before us, containing more than one very interesting paper. We shall confine ourselves, however, to the first of these essays—a letter from the Bishop of Orleans to a member of this Academy on the studies of a man of the world. It is certainly a remarkable paper, and might be read with great advantage in England as well as in France.

Monsignor Dupanloup addresses himself in the first place to young men of fortune, who are masters of their own time, with no particular reason for exertion of any kind, and with no “career” before them. What do they mean to do with themselves all their life? What tastes have they formed? How far are their minds really cultivated by the studies of their boyhood, so soon cast aside and forgotten; and do they mean to give up altogether the idea of any further cultivation? They are sometimes to be found on a sofa, reading—a novel. But they aim at nothing more. *Lire, et faire de sa lecture un travail, lire et profiter de ses lectures, c'est ce qui se fait rarement.*

In England, on account of our love for country life, and the many occupations and even duties thrown upon gentlemen by their position, and the spirit of our institutions, which leaves so much important work to be done by local authorities and unpaid administrators, the young gentleman who never reads any thing but a novel or a newspaper is probably less entirely idle than his French counterpart; and the out-door pursuits and amusements of which we are all so fond not only prevent his time from being spent in mere lounging, but to some slight extent exercise his mind as well as his body. Still, we fear that we are not at all free from the evils of which the Bishop of Orleans complains; and in some cases the want

* *Etudes Chrétiennes de Littérature, de Philosophie, et d'Histoire.* Paris, E. Belin, 1865.

of mental cultivation prevents the adequate discharge of the duties of an English gentleman—not to speak now of higher obligations. We are afraid that solid reading and sound study are only to be found in exceptional cases. This is a great misfortune in an age when personal influence weighs more than wealth or rank, and when, if the upper classes cannot lead local opinion and defend truth and justice, these are most likely to fare badly at the hands of pushing, active, and clever enemies. Our aristocracy and gentry have a number of public duties thrust upon them which the centralising system established abroad would reserve for the agents of the government; but this is only to say that they have more ostensible and tangible need of cultivation than they might have elsewhere. Monsignor Dupanloup does not dwell much upon these duties of position; he considers the question of study rather with reference to its necessity for the mind of the individual himself. Here, then, there is certainly no good answer to his argument. What can be expected of idle men, with money at their command, who are masters of their own time, and feel no responsibilities except what the law imposes upon them, but that, if they have no taste for books, art, science, the management or improvement of their estates, and the like, they should either simply vegetate in utter inaction, or show activity in bad and low pursuits?

The Bishop, however, has a word for another class of men, less laboriously idle than men of fortune with nothing to do. He thinks that most of the liberal professions and higher branches of trade leave those who are mainly occupied in them certain hours of time which must hang heavy on their hands, and which he invites them to devote to mental cultivation and study. It may be so abroad, but this is not much the case with us, as far as regards men in the full swing of professional labour; though even from this class, it might perhaps surprise some of us if a catalogue were to be made of the literary achievements, requiring reading and study to no ordinary degree, which are to be set down to men who have stolen for them hours which at first sight it might have been thought impossible to spare. The late Sir G. C. Lewis was a type of men of this class, at least in the works which he managed to produce while in high and laborious office. But the liberal professions are largely overstocked: at least they number many men whose time is by no means fully employed in them. And thus we find a large class even among Englishmen corresponding to that which he addresses in France; and that there is time enough for good and wholesome study is proved by the number of bad books which are devoured by men of this class. We do not speak of immoral books, or of mere light

literature. The men of whom we are thinking have intellectual interests keen and lively enough to feed themselves on scientific attacks on Revelation, bad philosophy, false history, and pseudo-critical attacks on Scripture: and it is much the same when we descend somewhat lower in the social scale. The appetite for reading was probably never greater in the world than at present, nor, perhaps, has there often been a wider diffusion of that half-education which causes that appetite, and makes its satisfaction possible.

What is wanted for all these classes is a right method of reading, and a well-arranged plan of study, and a good selection of authors to be studied. By a right method of reading we mean that which Monsignor Dupanloup expresses by his "lire et faire de sa lecture un travail, lire et profiter de ses lectures." In the sentence before these words he quotes a saying of Talleyrand to the effect that it is far more pleasant to read than to write. The precepts which he gives are not the less valuable because they are out of nobody's way, and because they are generally neglected. Reading, to be profitable, must be a sort of study, not an amusement and a device to kill time. Its end must be to assimilate what is read, as so much food, to the mental system. It must be quiet, without haste, continuous, and regular. The mind of the reader must be at work in reflection on what it takes in, and in acquiring so much mastery of it as is implied by being able to give an account of it. This is the real value of the preparation for an examination. Many minds have never any other real training than what they give to themselves at the time that they are getting ready for the schools at Oxford or Cambridge. Mgr. Dupanloup insists on reading "pen in hand." Notes, analyses, abstracts, and even extracts, make our reading a part of the stores which we can use or produce at pleasure.

A plan of study is just what nine men out of ten utterly neglect, as soon as they become their own masters by having passed the successive examinations which are to open to them their career in life. We should both travel beyond our scope and exceed our limits if we were to attempt to lay down such a plan, or even to follow the Bishop through the details which he proposes. He puts "Literature" in the first place, by which he means the classical authors of antiquity and of his own country; he travels but very little beyond his own language in modern times. He then names the great philosophers of Greece and Rome, and of France. History follows on the same plan; then Law, Art, Science; and the list is closed by the study of *Agriculture* and of Religion.

It is striking to see the earnestness with which Mgr. Dupanloup insists upon the study of agriculture. He quotes some long and

eloquent passages from a former work of his own, urging the advantages and blessings of a country life and the culture of the soil. It is a long commentary on Pope's line,

"God made the country, and man made the town;"

and it is clear that the dangers and corruptions of every kind which belong to town life have deeply impressed his mind. He appeals almost passionately against the *émigration des campagnes vers les villes*, and the growing habit of the owners of the land to spend most of their time in the capital. Here we are reminded of the difference between England and France in this respect; and it cannot be doubted that one of the great elements of our social stability is to be found in the attachment of the dominant classes to the country, its pursuits, and enjoyments: though we fear that the "study of agriculture" is not very universally or very scientifically pursued amongst them. However, even if agriculture be omitted from the list, it is still sufficiently formidable: and yet there is nothing included in it which ought not to form a part of the knowledge which a Christian gentleman should have at his command.

The eloquent author on whose work we are commenting has, as we have said, more directly in view the good effect which a taste for reading, well guided and industriously cultivated, might have upon the character of the individuals whom he is addressing, than the power which the same amount of mental and literary cultivation might enable them to exert for the benefit of society and the Church. There can be no doubt—for the mind must be fed upon something, and time must be passed in one way or in another—that empty heads and idle hours are pretty sure to involve positive evil and mischievous occupations, with sometimes the very worst results on those who begin by being only foolish. Nor are these days in which men of fortune and position can waste themselves and others in idleness, frivolity, or vice, without seriously damaging, not merely any who may be in one way or other their victims, but society itself, the security of which is mined in a thousand directions by those who wish nothing more than to see the upper classes neglect their duties. There is, however, another and a less offensive aspect of the question which seems peculiarly to invite the attention of young and active minds among our own body. We are fond of saying to ourselves that old prejudices are wearing away against us; and certainly the great comparative freedom which we enjoy gives us an opportunity of showing practically in the one way which comes home most forcibly to the minds and hearts of our fellow-citizens, that those prejudices were founded on ignorance and misrepresentation.

But every successive step that is gained in the removal of some restriction under which we have been labouring, and in the acquisition of some fresh point of equality between Catholics and Protestants, is surely a call on us for fresh exertions in fitting ourselves to occupy and use with befitting ability the position which we have thus gained, more perhaps by the general progress of tolerant ideas, or even of indifference, than by our own endeavours. No Catholic community in the world is in a good state, able to cope with the evil influences of the day, or to discharge adequately the various functions required of it by the state of modern society, in which the duties and office of the Christian layman, whether as a man of letters, a man of social importance, or of political influence, is ignored or neglected.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.*

WHEN M. de Chateaubriand, some forty years ago, published his *Voyage en Amérique*, he intended it as a sort of guide-book for the traveller round the world. It is full of anticipations—many of which have been already fulfilled, and many more of which are in the course of fulfilment—of the future destinies of America. The north-west passage through the Arctic seas, although it had not as yet been traversed, was supposed to exist, and already to his ardent speculations seemed to offer a great commercial highway between the Atlantic and Pacific. But he did not know, as we know at present, that the discovery, which has been made at the expense of so much treasure and human life, would prove to be absolutely useless for all commercial and practical purposes. More recently, people have from time to time speculated upon the possibility of realising all the expectations which were formed of the north-west passage by sea by opening a means of transit in the same direction by land. This subject has forced itself more than ever upon the public mind in England since the colony of British Columbia has risen to such importance in consequence of the discovery of its gold-fields and other mineral treasures. The gold-“diggings” of this colony are probably not inferior to those of California, though hitherto they have not been so systematically worked, while it is much richer in other minerals; and the abundant coal-mines of Vancouver’s Island (the only bed of coal at present known on the shores of the Pacific)

* *The North-west Passage by Land*, being the Narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, M.D. London, 1865.

make it the fittest station for steam-communication with China, Japan, and India. The American Government has already made a road and telegraph to California, in spite of greater natural obstacles than would have to be surmounted in doing the same to British Columbia, and the American colony enjoys the advantages of daily communications with the Atlantic States both by post and telegram. The expenses of making the telegraph were paid by the receipts of the first year; and a railroad is already in progress to the same point, for which the Government has granted a subsidy.

It was with a view to these facts, and the advantage which would result to this country from a line of communication with the shores of the Pacific running through British territory—made all the more desirable by the prospect of a confederation of our North American colonies and the doubtful nature of the existing relations between this country and the United States—that two of our countrymen, Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle, undertook their journey in order to explore a route, across the continent, to British Columbia by one of the passes through the Rocky Mountains. The narrative of their adventures and voyages is written in a pleasant and amusing manner, and, though claiming to be a joint production of the two travellers, exhibits a remarkable uniformity of style throughout.

The two travellers embarked at Liverpool, and, after crossing the Atlantic and ascending the St. Lawrence, paid a visit to Niagara, and then hastened on to the Red River. They journeyed by railway from Toronto, through *Détroit* and Chicago, to La Crosse on the banks of the Mississippi, which river they ascended by steamer to St. Paul. From St. Paul to St. Anthony a railway is open, being the commencement of the line, passing through American territory, which is intended to terminate at San Francisco in California. From St. Anthony they took "the stage" to Georgetown on the Red River, and, finding that the steamer for Fort Garry would not arrive for some days, they embarked without guides in two of the canoes used by the Indians, and themselves undertook the navigation of the river. By doing this they just escaped a massacre of the white population of Georgetown by the Sioux Indians, which took place immediately after their departure, and in which they would probably have fallen victims had they remained there. They encountered many difficulties, however, on their voyage, were exposed to terrible storms while paddling their canoes by day and encamping in the woods by night, and were nearly starved for want of food when the steamer overtook them and rescued them from their pitiful plight. As part of their plan was to "run" buffaloes on the prairies and spend a winter in hunting the wild animals which inhabit the Ameri-

can forests, they devoted three weeks at Fort Garry to equipment for their expedition. They purchased horses, carts, and provisions, and engaged the services of "half-breed" hunters and servants, four in number. When their preparations were completed they started for Fort Carlton, on the north channel of the Saskatchewan River. On their way they fell in with buffaloes (some of which they succeeded in killing), and with tribes of Indians, of whom one party took a great fancy to their horses, and followed them for several days with a view of capturing them. By mounting guard at night, however, and by suddenly altering their line of march on reaching the channel of a river, they contrived to baffle the pursuit. On arriving at Fort Carlton they selected a favourable hunting-ground called "La Belle Prairie," about eighty miles distant from the fort, and there built themselves a log-hut in the forest, which they made their winter-quarters.

Here they spent the winter in hunting and trapping the various fur-bearing animals which are the object of pursuit to the Indians and trappers of these regions. They succeeded in making a goodly collection of furs, and in the spring set out on their journey across the Rocky Mountains to Victoria, a distance of above eight hundred miles. It was now that their chief difficulties commenced. As there was no road in existence over the ground they were to traverse, they were only able to carry such an amount of baggage and provisions as could be transported on the backs of horses. They had great difficulty in prevailing on the natives to accompany them as guides. They, however, secured one, an intelligent "half-breed;" but he only undertook the service on condition that his wife and boy should accompany him. He was a man of desperate character, and had been excommunicated for murdering another man for revenge. Another "half-breed" was also engaged; but he deserted them on the journey, decamping with one of their best horses. An eccentric character, described as "Mr. O'B.," here joined their party, and accompanied them during the remainder of their journey. Had we not the assurance of the authors that Mr. O'B. is a real personage, and that his sayings and doings are accurately reported in the narrative, we should have supposed his existence to be fictitious, and that he had been introduced as Dominie Sampson (whom in many respects he resembles) is in the story of *Guy Mannering*, in order to form a comical contrast with the serious action of the story. Mr. O'B. supplies the ludicrous element in all their difficulties and adventures. Their journey lay through a wild and pathless country, over mountains, through morasses, forests, and difficult ground of every kind; rivers had to be forded, or, if they were not fordable, rafts

had to be constructed in order to enable the travellers to pass them. On one of these occasions they narrowly escaped drowning, and were for some time in great peril; on another, one of their horses, with the baggage which he carried, was swept away by the current and overwhelmed in the rapids below. When at length they had reached the "Tête jaune cache," the highest point in the pass through the Rocky Mountains, and began to descend through the gorge of the Thompson River upon the plains of Columbia, their provisions failed them, and they narrowly escaped starvation. Weak and weary from want of food and the toil of their long march, they found themselves shut in by dense forests, through which the only passage was to be effected by felling the trees, one by one, with the axe; and often not more than three or four miles could be traversed in a day.

It required no ordinary courage and perseverance to surmount these difficulties; and the spirit in which they were surmounted reflects credit on the travellers, and gives the principal interest to the book. At the most critical moment, when their chance of escape from the dismal and lonely forest seemed almost desperate, they came suddenly upon the spectral form of a dead Indian who had perished from starvation, and whose emaciated corpse suggested the probability of their sharing his fate. But their pluck and perseverance was rewarded, and they at length extricated themselves from the forest; and in descending the valley of the Thompson River fell in with some Shushwap Indians who gave them food in barter for articles of dress and hardware, and guided them within sight of the station of Kamloops, which they reached exhausted, worn-out, and half-starved. Their perils and troubles were now at an end, and when they were sufficiently recruited, they pushed on without difficulty to New Westminster and Victoria, where they found themselves once more among the comforts of civilised society. The account of their adventures is well told, and the descriptions of the scenery and character of the country are assisted by a number of landscapes lithographed from their drawings. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book is that which gives an impartial and, we have no doubt, a faithful picture of the present state and resources of the colony of British Columbia, concerning which such conflicting reports have reached this country. When the first explorers began to follow up the discovery of gold by inviting colonists to settle in the country, the Hudson's-Bay Company exerted all their influence to deter people from colonising a district which served them as a preserve for the fur-bearing animals in which they traffic. People were told that British Columbia was "a waste and howling wilderness, where half-famished beasts of prey waged eternal war with a sparse population

of half-starved savages—where the cold was more than Arctic and the drought more than Saharan;’ and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the House of Commons, announced that “these territories were bound by frost and banked by fog, and woe betide any unfortunate individual who might be so far diverted from the path of prudence as to endeavour to settle in those parts.”

But when the “auri sacra fames” had brought a rush of emigrants to this land of gold, it became as much the interest of speculators to attract emigration by exaggerated praises as it had been that of the Hudson’s Bay Company to repel it; and glowing descriptions were sent home and published, in which the new colony was described not only as rich in mines, which is true, but as a perfect paradise for the farmer, which is false, and caused many disappointments to agricultural settlers.

The truth appears to be that, while the resources of the country in producing gold and other minerals can hardly be over-stated, the greater portion of the colony offers little inducement to agricultural enterprise. This deficiency, however, would at once be supplied were a road made across the Rocky Mountains, to the east of which lies a vast extent of rich alluvial land, containing 65,000 square miles, ready for the plough, and offering luxuriant grasses to domesticated herds, were they substituted for the countless herds of buffaloes which now fatten on its pastures. At present provisions and nearly all the necessaries and luxuries of life are imported from California, and all the wealth of the colony goes to enrich the Americans. All the resources of British Columbia would be developed, and all the obstacles to its material advancement as a colony overcome, if a highway could be established between Canada and the western base of the Rocky Mountains, which would become the north-west passage by land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and perhaps, in its commercial results, would realise all those hitherto disappointed anticipations which were formed at the time of the discovery of the north-west passage by sea.

DR. PUSEY AND THE ANCIENT CHURCH.*

IN this able pamphlet Mr. Allies examines first Dr. Pusey’s theory of the unity of the Church; he next considers his statement regarding the African Church’s independence of Rome; and, lastly, he shows, by reference to the testimonies of the Fathers of the first five centuries, that Dr. Pusey denies what was taught by the “undivided Church.”

* *Dr. Pusey and the Ancient Church*. By T. W. Allies, M.A. London, 1866.

Mr. Allies regards it as the greatest advantage resulting to the cause of truth from the publication of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, that he has given us in it a definite statement of his own position as an Anglican, in connection with his theory of the unity of the Church.

This theory appears, from the statement of it, self-contradictory. After first expressing, from St. Paul, the true unity of the Church, "there is one Body and one Spirit; one Body as held together by the one Holy Spirit," Dr. Pusey changes the one Body into several Christian *bodies*. "These while Christian *bodies* retain" (that is to say, whilst they retain the means and conditions of unity which he had before enumerated) "*they* are, so long, like the river which went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads." They are "unknown in face, in place separate, different in language, opposed, alas, in some things, to one another;" and yet they still "before the throne of God are one holy Catholic Apostolic Church." It is in this manner, as Mr. Allies remarks, that Dr. Pusey defends the Church of England against the charge brought against it by Archbishop Manning, that "if it teaches that there is a Church upon earth, it formally denies its indissoluble unity."

Mr. Allies cites with great effect, against this position of Dr. Pusey, numerous passages from St. Augustine, in which he maintains, against the Donatists, that the possession of the Sacraments is of no avail unless it be within the one Body of the Church's unity—in *compage unitatis Ecclesiæ*. The authority of St. Augustine upon this point is the more to the purpose, as the Donatists possessed every thing which the Church possessed, except the unity of the Body. Whatever, then, applied to the Donatists applies with far greater force to Anglicans.

Mr. Allies next considers Dr. Pusey's comparison of the Anglican Church with the Church of England in respect of their dependence on Rome. "England," says Dr. Pusey, "is not, at this moment, more independent of any authority of the Bishop of Rome than Africa was in the time of St. Augustine." Mr. Allies shows, from the letters of the great light of the African Church, St. Augustine, that he recognised, not merely in his own time, but at the commencement of the Donatist schism in the year 311, the supreme jurisdiction of Rome, "the Principate of the Apostolic See." This he confirms by the conduct of St. Augustine himself with regard to Pope St. Celestine, to whom the Bishop Antonius had appealed, and whose authority is admitted by St. Augustine as final in the matter. Would St. Augustine find an imitator of his conduct, in a similar case, in a bishop of the Church of England?

St. Augustine, with St. Cyprian and St. Cyril of Alexandria,

represents the one Holy Catholic Church under the figure of the Vine. The Council of Chalcedon, held twenty years after the death of St. Augustine, and which is admitted as ecumenical by Dr. Pusey, speaks of Pope St. Leo as intrusted by our Lord with the "guardianship of the Vine." The acts of the African Bishops show clearly that they regarded the Pope as intrusted with this guardianship.

Mr. Allies shows that St. Augustine's palmary argument against the Donatists was, that they were in schism because they were cut off from this Vine; and that the very test, applied by him to prove that the Catholics were right and the Donatists wrong, was that the Catholics were joined by letters of communion with the Roman Church, whilst the Donatists, as cut off from this communion, were therefore not in the Vine. The Church of England, he remarks, is founded upon the denial of the guardianship of the Vine as committed to the successor of St. Peter.

He contrasts the conduct of the African Church, when the question of Divine grace was raised by Pelagius, with that of the Anglican Church in the question of the Sacrament of Baptism. In the one case, upon the answer to the acts of the African Councils being received from Rome, St. Augustine exclaims, "The cause is at an end;" in the other, the cause is carried from the court of the Archbishop to the supreme court of the Sovereign in Council.

When there is question in the Anglican Church whether Dr. Colenso is rightly deposed by his Metropolitan, the deposed Bishop appeals again to the supreme judge in her court of the Privy Council. When the question was raised in the African Church whether Cæcilianus or Majorinus is Bishop of Carthage, it remained, according to St. Augustine, that the Bishops beyond the sea, where the greatest part of the Catholic Church was spread, and where the Principate of the Apostolic See had ever been in force, should decide.

As regards the case of Apiarius, to which Dr. Pusey appeals, Mr. Allies remarks that, if Dr. Pusey recognised, with the African Episcopate, a Primacy of divine institution in the See of Rome, and by virtue of it, supreme decision regarding doctrine, and supreme judgment as to communion, he would never have raised the question whether that See had the right to determine particular causes of Bishops and Priests. It is this question alone that is involved in the case of Apiarius.

Mr. Allies lastly shows, from a chain of testimonies of the Fathers, from St. Clement of Rome in the first century to St. Leo in the fifth, that Dr. Pusey, whilst professing to appeal to an "undivided Church," denies what was maintained as an elementary doctrine by this Church,—its indivisible unity. The "undivided Church" regarded the Body of the Church as the Vine; heresies and

schisms were its lopped-off branches; the guardianship of the Vine was intrusted by our Lord to the successor of St. Peter. According to Dr. Pusey, the one Body has become "Christian bodies, unknown in face, in place separate, different in language, opposed, alas, in some things to one another." The question with the Donatists was, *Where* is the Church? the question with Dr. Pusey is, *Is there a Church?*

The pamphlet is written with that terse vigour and lucidity of statement for which its author is remarkable. We shall be curious to see whether it elicits any reply. Anglicans have been fond of appealing to St. Augustine for the justification of their position with regard to the Holy See; and the great African Father is the author with whom Dr. Pusey is supposed to have made himself particularly acquainted by the study of many years. The same boast was made in favour of Jansenius; nor was he the first to shelter under the mighty name of Augustine doctrines from which the latter would have recoiled with horror. Yet as to the present case there is, of course, a *consensus* of the Fathers against Dr. Pusey's position; but hardly any one among them all so pointedly and unmistakably condemns him as St. Augustine. His language, as quoted by Mr. Allies, is so clear and so strong against the sufficiency of the Sacraments, and, therefore, the Succession, without unity, that if it were used by a modern Catholic writer it would sound extreme. Among the many most untenable assertions that have lately been made on behalf of Anglicanism, nearly the most unfounded of all is that which invokes the name of St. Augustine in defence of it.

LIDDON'S UNIVERSITY SERMONS.*

MR. LIDDON'S name has been for some time making its way into public notice, and he has been spoken of as a sort of "coming man," whose eminence is to restore to the High-Church party something of that commanding lead in the intellectual world at Oxford which it has so entirely lost for the last twenty years. It is natural, therefore, that his first volume of published sermons should attract a good deal of attention; and the fact may justify us in departing from our usual custom of abstaining from criticism on such subjects. It must be interesting to see what prospect there is of a school of preachers at Oxford who may be able to meet the latitudinarian and rationalist celebrities of the day on their own ground.

* *Some Words for God.* Being Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the Years 1863 and 1865. By Henry P. Liddon, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge, 1865.

The sermons before us are mainly addressed to meeting "such misapprehensions respecting truths of faith or morals as" the author "knows to be actually current among those whom he has to address." Mr. Liddon had originally intended—following somewhat in the wake of Père Felix, with whose famous *Conférences* he shows considerable acquaintance—to trace out in a course of sermons the Christian parentage and orthodox sense of whatever is good in the ideas on which the system which goes by the name of Liberalism is founded. But he thought the duty of meeting existing errors paramount to any other. The titles of many of his sermons—"God and the Soul," "the Law of Progress," "the Freedom of the Spirit," "Immortality," "Humility and Action," "the Conflict of Faith with undue Exaltation of Intellect"—will indicate the sort of subjects on which the University audience requires a supply of correct ideas. Thus the Sermons are not theological; and the controversy contained in them is addressed rather to the different phases of modern freethinking than to questions strictly "polemical." The volume, however, closes with four sermons preached on Christmas-day, Good Friday, in the Easter season, and on Ascension-day; and these, of course, dwell on the great mysteries connected with those anniversaries.

Mr. Liddon seems to possess considerable learning. We can imagine that, both to hearers and readers of his sermons, he may have appeared to be rather overburdened with it. He disclaims for the volume before us the character of a collection of essays; and apologises for the incompleteness of his treatment of some of the subjects he has undertaken by pleading the "rhetorical character" of the sermon as distinguished from the essay. We should rather describe his volume as a collection of essay-sermons. Its contents, however, approach far more nearly to the character indicated by the first half of the compound than that by the second. He seems to us to have fallen into the mistake of trying to say every thing at once; and yet he has often been obliged to abandon the attempt in sheer despair; not, however, before he has spun his sermon out to a length that must have been intolerable to his audience, unless they are possessed of unusual patience, or he of unwonted charms in his delivery and voice. We saw not long ago, a criticism of a discourse of his which was preached at the consecration of a college-chapel in Sussex. The critic noticed it very favourably, and said that it would serve as a sort of storehouse from which future performers on similar occasions might draw *ad libitum*. But the report of the sermon in the High-Church newspapers of the time said that Mr. Liddon had preached "with his usual eloquence, but also with his usual prolixity;" and that when, some time before the end, he turned round to apostrophise the Bishop with the words, "And now, my Lord Bi-

shop," the whole school of hundreds of boys fell on their knees, hoping it might be the end, which is usually, in Anglican sermons, introduced by the words "And now." Some of the sermons in the volume before us are of unwieldy length, and yet they do not exhaust the subject. Those who listened to that on "Immortality" must have thought Mr. Liddon meant to give them a foretaste, either of endless bliss or endless torment, as the case might be.

Of course mere lengthiness in sermon-preaching is a fault easily corrected, especially as it is one of which the preacher is likely to hear. We do not notice it in Mr. Liddon simply on its own account; but it appears in him to proceed from a misconception of the nature of a sermon, which can never exhaust a subject of any magnitude, and which fulfils its office when it impresses some one idea practically and deeply on the minds of the audience. It would be quite impossible, for instance, for any hearer of the sermon we mentioned last to carry away with him half of the argument, or of the analysis of false opinion now rife, or of the reasoning for the truth of our immortality, which Mr. Liddon has set before him. There is matter in that one sermon for a whole course of Bampton Lectures. For the rest, Mr. Liddon has great command of clear, strong, and graceful language. He sometimes aims a little too evidently at being popular, by means of allusions to topics of the day or place such as do not often find their way into sermons. Every now and then he rises almost to eloquence. We understand that he is one of those preachers who are better heard than read, and that he has acquired a great influence over the young men at Oxford. He is now delivering, or has just delivered, the Bampton Lectures for the current year on the Divinity of Christ. Of his present volume it is hard to say whether it contains the promise of future excellence greater than that which it displays; but as it is, it perfectly justifies the high reputation which Mr. Liddon has already acquired.

SOME NEW POETRY.*

1. THE story of *Leonore* is founded upon the trick played by an ambitious "lady-in-waiting" to obtain the hand of a Prince of Aragon by passing herself off as the daughter of the Count de Foix, while the

*1. *Leonore*, a Tale, by Georgiana, Lady Chatterton. Illustrated. London, 1866.

2. *The King's Highway*, and other Poems, by F. G. Lee, author of "Petronilla," "The Martyrs of Vienne," &c. London, 1866.

3. *A Century of Sonnets*, and other Poems, by Jacob Jones. London, 1866.

real princess is married at the same moment, disguised as the "lady-in-waiting," to a brave English knight whom she really loves, but whom her father will not allow of as her suitor, and who has helped on the deception and made the execution of the plot possible by demanding the hand of the artful attendant. The two brides are dressed exactly alike, and, covered in their veils and bridal wreaths, are not discovered till it is too late. Leonore, the princess, is the most beautiful character in the book. She obtains her father's forgiveness, and reconciles him to Sir Guy, her husband; but she enjoys her happiness but a few months, and dies at the birth of her first child. She makes her husband promise never to wed another. After a time, he is visited by his master, the Black Prince, and his wife, the Princess Joan, one of whose ladies sets herself to sympathise with and console him, and in a short time almost wins his heart. But after the royal party leave his castle he is entranced by the apparition of a beautiful lady, who inspires him with a most ardent passion, and at last consents, on certain conditions, to become his bride. She will enter the castle chapel at midnight by a certain door, which has never been used since the coffin of Leonore had passed through it. Suddenly it is discovered that the marble effigy of the deceased lady is missing from her tomb; and her little boy pines away, and is at the point of death. The knight, however, perseveres in keeping his appointment with his new bride, who enters, radiant with beauty, at midnight, and kneels beside him while the marriage is performed. On taking her hand, he finds it cold as ice: his new love is Leonore, who tells him that she has obtained power to save him from his new delusion, as well as her child, whose life was forfeit in consequence of his violated oath, and then vanishes away into the statue, which is once more discovered on the tomb. The knight is after some years killed in battle, and she appears again to assist him in his dying moments.

Marguerite, meanwhile, the crafty beauty who has changed husbands with the princess, fares badly. Of course she is cast off at once by Prince Juan: his brother, Carlos, carries her off to a castle in the mountains, whence, after a long lapse of time, she escapes, and begins a wandering life, which brings her at last to death's door at Madrid. There she falls into the hands of a good man and a priest, who guide her to peace of conscience, and send her home to her father, the old lord of Palmiers—a knight of high lineage and prowess, but ruined fortune. He receives her back, and in the end—Prince Juan having been killed in war—she is married to her first betrothed, a young artist, whom she had thrown aside in order to satisfy her ambitious projects.

It will be seen that a story like this admits of the display, not

only of the more ordinary gifts of poetical power, but also of considerable dramatic skill. Lady Chatterton is no novice as a writer, and we therefore need say no more than that her present work rises considerably above the average of the poetry of the day. Her versification is smooth, her taste correct, and her language graceful; and the legend, as a whole, very pleasingly told.

2. We might have mentioned, among the other attractions of Lady Chatterton's volume, the exquisite type and paper in which its poetry is set forth. Mr. F. G. Lee's new volume is also very handsomely printed, and, as is only fitting, in a somewhat less ladylike style. We are afraid that some of the pieces contained in it are hardly worth the space which they occupy. Mr. Lee can certainly write nice verses, and some of his descriptions are beautiful; but he does not always take the pains to polish his lines, and many of the minor pieces had better have been left in his portfolio. The most ambitious poem in the volume, from which it takes its title of the *King's Highway*, is about the best, apparently because it has had the most pains bestowed upon it. But what can be more rugged and uncouth than some lines in the following extract?

"All that before High God (rolled on dark night)
In golden beauties of earth's prime out lay,
Bathed in rich silver dew, or purple spray,
Or glowing green in heaven's supernal light—
Was His, and He declared it 'very good.'
But, where a stream divided into four,
A sword of flame, and cry of loss on the wind—
Where darkness shut out sunshine—there, full sore,
Sank two poor souls, with Paradise behind;
Yet with a pledge of grace and heavenly food,
And of a Friend all potent, in the years
To come and go, for thorned and thistled earth."

Mr. Lee has given us one or two graceful hymns, such as the *Fisherman's Song*, and the *Last Sacraments*. But, as a whole, the volume will hardly raise his reputation.

3. Mr. Jones claims some credit for having innovated on the established custom of sonnet-writers, who have generally acted on the rule that each sonnet should be a complete poem in itself. He runs two or three together, and thus transforms them into stanzas. But a sonnet ought to have a sort of epigrammatical unity of thought, and it is probably from this idea that the limitation as to the form has come. Not every body cares much for sonnets: those who do will not thank Mr. Jones for his proposed change.

MR. STODDART ON ANGLING.*

MR. STODDART enjoys such a well-deserved reputation, both as a fisherman and a writer, that we should have been disappointed had his present publication failed to prove useful and instructive to the angler and interesting to the general reader. The contents of the book are well described in its title; that is to say, it is not a dissertation on fishing, nor are the subjects of which he writes arranged according to any system or preconceived order. They are the notes and experiences of a master in the "gentle art," thrown together in a series of sketches which record his success and adventures in angling tours in Scotland and the Border counties of England, undertaken by him at different stages of his life from boyhood to mature age.

Every one knows that the angler's art has been described by Izaak Walton as "the contemplative man's recreation." Doubtless not all who follow it as a pursuit are strictly contemplative in their habits; yet perhaps it is rare to find a true member of the craft who has not a certain refinement of mind and expansiveness of heart. It would seem as if angling had no attraction for men of the coarser stamp. An illustration of this rule is afforded by the names of Mr. Stoddart's companions on his angling "Rambles," most of them being well known to literary and social fame in Scotland. There are few recreations which bring such refreshment to a mind wearied and oppressed by mental labour as this. It usually leads him by mountain lake, or brawling stream, or tranquil river-side, through the most interesting scenery of his neighbourhood. The application of his skill gives a quiet zest and occupation to his mind without engrossing it, while it braces his constitution by a healthy and invigorating exercise. But we must not get poetical, even in praise of angling.

Among those who enjoy celebrity as salmon-fishers there are many who are too fastidious to condescend to lower game. Mr. Stoddart is not one of these. He is a true lover of the art in all its forms; and wherever fish are to be found, he sets himself to discover their haunts, and, by skill in angling and knowledge of their habits, to apply the lure which, according to the state of the water and the weather, may secure their capture. Well known as an expert fisherman for salmon, he of course gives all due precedence to that lordly fish; but he is evidently also a masterly trout-fisher, and does not disdain to troll for pike, to bob for perch, or apply his skill to capturing the tenants of the sea. So, in like manner, although he is evidently an experienced and most successful fly-fisher, wherever salmon or trout are not feeding on the surface, he can adapt himself to circumstances, and secure success, while he varies his sport, by

* *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs*. By T. T. Stoddart. Edin. 1866.

fishing with the minnow or the worm—modes of fishing, by the way, which are often more successful, and test the skill of an angler more closely than the use of the artificial fly.

Like most consummate anglers, Mr. Stoddart is a field-naturalist of more than ordinary note; and in his present volume he gives us two chapters on the habits of the otter, in which he controverts (as it seems to us with great success) some startling assertions lately made by Mr. Young with reference to that animal, and adduces anecdotes from his own experience in refutation of them. He is well acquainted with the habits of fish, especially of the "*salmonidæ*," and the mysteries of pisciculture, on which subject he gives us some valuable suggestions. We quite agree, moreover, with him in his opinion that the "lake-trout," which is found of such a great size in the lakes of Scotland and Ireland, and to which ichthyologists have given the name of "*salmo ferox*," distinguishing it as a distinct species, is, in fact, nothing more than a breed of the "*fario*," or common trout, which has attained to an unusual growth in consequence of having been favoured by special conditions as to the food and extent of area afforded by the waters in which it dwells. The author gives us the natural history of most of the animals which he encounters in his "Rambles," the account of which is given in a pleasing style, and with much power of appreciating and describing scenery. We seem to go with him, and fancy ourselves in company with him by the side of lake or stream, while he communicates his lore of information, gathered from long experience, and initiates us into all the mysteries and "*wrinkles*" of the angler's craft.

Mr. Stoddart in his "Rambles" visits most of the fishing-grounds of Scotland, and entertains us with an account of his own performances, often giving extracts from his register of the number, weight, and size of the fish taken and the spots visited on each particular day. Angling in the sea is hardly ever thought of by sportsmen as a pursuit worthy of their notice; yet Mr. Stoddart, in his visits to the coasts, shows us how this may be made an amusement hardly inferior to fishing in fresh water, by substituting the ordinary tackle of an angler with suitable artificial baits, for the coarse materials of which sea-fishermen are in the habit of making use. A considerable portion of the book is devoted, very deservedly, to the Tweed and the Border streams; but there is scarce a lake or river in Scotland of fishing celebrity which does not come within the compass of his "Rambles." The angling songs, which occur at intervals, but in considerable number, in the course of the volume, although they cannot take high rank as poetry, are full of spirit, and are written with a certain graphic raciness and truth.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE CONVENT GRILLE.

THE next morning Uriel did not appear at breakfast, and Levin explained his absence to the Baroness by saying he was gone to Himmelsporten.

"How could you let him?" she said.

"He did not ask my opinion," Levin answered. "Besides, why should he not go?"

"Why? how can you ask?—rushing into Regina's presence, and opening the old wounds. I feel for all loving hearts; but I have no sympathy with such madness."

"It is difficult to draw a distinction," said Levin, smiling.

"Passion is madness. But let us hope better things. Who knows but she may open the gate of heaven for him, that narrow gate, found by few!"

Uriel had long argued the question with himself, whether or not he should see Regina. It was not so much the pain he feared, as that sting of bitterness against God and man which was not yet destroyed in his heart, and which such an interview might revive. "But perhaps," he thought, "her hand may take the sting out of my heart; for such a soul has great grace."

Vespers had begun in the chapel when Uriel reached Himmelsporten. It was nearly dark when he entered. At the back of the altar, behind a grating, the nuns were saying office. "And my beautiful white lily is fading away in this dim, chilling atmosphere!" he murmured. "Her bright energetic life is hidden in this darkness, her heart buried in this tomb!"

His soul was aching with unutterable pain; he tried vainly to distinguish Regina's voice. They were all blended in one low monotone. He looked forward to the antiphon—he must surely hear her there; but the *Alma Redemptoris* was sung through, and not by Regina. He went out and rang at the convent-door; the beating of his heart nearly choked him as he told the portress he wished to speak with "Sister Teresa of Jesus." He gave her convent-name in full, that there might be no confusion with any other Sister Teresa.

"She is in choir," was the answer; and a few gentle words followed, saying that the hour was too late.

"I will come again to-morrow morning;" and with a calmer mind he went back to the chapel. It did not seem so cold and dark now, for *she* was there, though unseen; and where she was, there was

light and warmth. He was near her, the same walls were round them, the same roof over them; nothing separated them but the altar and the tabernacle—nothing but God.

"Does God, then, separate souls?" his heart asked. "Are they not united, sweetly and mysteriously, within?—far more closely, more inseparably, than by any ties of earth?" And with a joy beyond words, he thought, "To-morrow I shall see her—speak to her! and then—"

It seemed to him as if *then* his heart must stand still. He looked up to the sanctuary-lamp, the only light in the chapel, and he thought, "To shine so before God, and for Him—that is the lot she has chosen, and perhaps it is the brightest of all, for it knows no changing."

Then the Angelus rang, and with his face buried in his hands he knelt and prayed, "Mother of God, pray for us sinners!"

Then he heard a clattering of keys, and as he left the chapel the doors were locked behind him.

The night passed like other nights; but for Uriel it contained a hundred hours, and each hour a hundred minutes. Early in the morning he was on his way. It was a bright winter's day, and the white snow-covered earth and the pale blue sky seemed to cool the fever of his heart. He was shown into the parlour. He had not given his name, nor been asked to do so. He waited with his eyes fixed on the dark grille, behind which was a closed shutter; opposite, a large crucifix. On the other side was the inner parlour. Soon a door in it opened; some one entered, came to the grille, and said, "Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"For ever, amen!" answered Uriel in a broken voice; for it was Regina.

"Uriel, welcome!" she said as heartily as if they were both at Windeck.

"You have not forgotten me, then?" he cried with deep emotion.

"Do you think we forget?" she asked in her turn. "God breaks no ties—He only hallows them. And now what brings you to our Carmel?"

"I want to know if you are happy. You will say 'Yes,' I know. When one has chosen such a life, one is too proud to own it to be a mistake, even when it is seen to be so. But I want you to tell me in what your happiness lies: then I shall know and understand your life better."

"I am happy because I love the Supreme Good, and because I am free to follow whither my love leads me."

* * * * *

He could have listened to her for hours, and never grown weary. Her words were like the breath of a heavenly spring, and his heart melted beneath them. She spoke with a simplicity, a tranquillity, which showed how thoroughly she was at home in such thoughts. It was like balsam to his wounded soul. He forgot that he had loved her—that he had lost her; he felt only that he was with her, and that was happiness. With an outburst of ecstatic joy he cried:

"Regina, queen of my soul!"

"If you would speak to the Queen of souls," she answered gently, "you must call her 'Maria Regina,' the blessed Mother of God. The Regina of whom you are thinking has long been dead. O, do not linger in the shadow of death when a heavenly life is waiting for you! Learn to serve God out of love; that is my wish and prayer for you."

He could hear that she was rising from her seat.

"O, do not go yet!" he cried in passionate agitation; "not till you have granted one request: it is not much to ask. On the day of your clothing, you stood here at the grille, and said to them all, 'Till we meet in heaven!' But I was not there. Regina, open the grille and put back your veil, that I may see you once more—you, who are all that I ever loved!—and let me too hear you say, 'Till we meet in heaven!'"

"It cannot be," she said, hesitating; "I cannot do it."

"I will never speak of it," he went on entreatingly,—“not to your father, nor to Corona, nor to Hyacinth.”

"O, Hyacinth would not wish for it," she said. "He has never been here, though it would be a consolation to him and me. But he does not desire consolation: *his* heart is indeed a chalice for the sacrifice. We are united in the Five Sacred Wounds, and that is enough."

"Yes, for Hyacinth," answered Uriel very gently. "Do not reproach me with not being like him. Let me see you once, only once in that wonderful life which God's angels must have taught you to live. O, let me see the reflection of the blessedness which fills your soul, and stamp it in mine for ever!"

There was a moment's pause; then she said, "Wait here till I come back."

When she did so, she said, "Uriel, when I received the veil I meant that it should really hide all forms of earth for ever from my eyes; but it is a special occasion—to-day."

"O Regina, how I thank you—and God!"

"Now you must promise one thing," she said very solemnly; "my father and sister must never know that you have seen me. Promise, by our crucified Lord and Saviour!"

And Uriel promised, in a voice that trembled with emotion. The inner shutter was unclosed, the dark curtain drawn back, the grille opened wide. There stood three Carmelite nuns in their dark-brown habit, with the white scapular and black veil. It fell low down over the faces of two; but the third had thrown hers quite back—only folds of white linen enclosed her face. It was Regina: she stood, tall and slender, between the other two, and looked Uriel calmly in the face. He had kept his eyes closed till all the preparations were completed; then he opened them. But, as if he had received a death-stroke in his heart, he reeled back from the grille, and sinking on his knees, he covered his face with both hands, exclaiming, with a sobbing cry of anguish, "My God, Regina! is this the mercy and the love of God?"

"Yes," she answered calmly; "His mercy, in giving me my Purgatory here; His love, in giving me a share in His Cross."

Her face was fearfully emaciated and deathly pale; a terrible gaping sore was in her left cheek, reaching to her temple; and the beautiful eyes, larger and brighter than ever, shone calmly above this appalling wreck.

"Close the grille! put down your veil!" cried Uriel, half-mad with anguish; "I cannot endure it; it is killing me!"

Again the curtain hid every thing; and the soft voice said,

"Uriel, that is the Regina whom you loved,—from whom you shrink. Will you not now own the good providence of God?"

"No!" he cried; and floods of tears came to his relief; "it is not! The patient loving victim whose life is slowly bleeding away, smiling and dying on the cross,—that is the Regina I love. O blessed, favoured child of God, how great is the Master whom you serve!"

"He has said, 'I love those who love Me,'" she answered; "and as a pledge of His love, He has crowned me with His own crown of thorns."

Then Uriel covered his face with his hands, summoned up all his strength to subdue his emotion, looked at the crucifix, which had never been so living a reality to him before, and said calmly,

"Well then, Sister Teresa of Jesus, the love of the Lord who so requites your love in this world must be something great and sweet and divine beyond all conception, something that can fill the heart to overflowing. *This* is what I have longed for, sought for; now I have found it. Henceforth I will serve *this* Master."

The curtain was just opened a little way. Regina showed herself, covered with her veil; only her eyes shone through it, as if from the next world. With indescribable tenderness and gladness, she said, "Till we meet in heaven!" Then she disappeared.

That evening Uriel went to the Superior of the Carmelites, and after a few words of explanation inquired how this terrible disease had fallen on the healthy, blooming Regina, and whether every thing had been done for her that was possible. He was assured that the most skilful doctors had been consulted, and every means—some of them very painful—tried. During Regina's novitiate one of the lay sisters had been attacked with this malady, and the devoted young novice had begged to nurse her, which she did most bravely and tenderly. Soon after the Sister's death, it seems, the mischief showed itself; but she said nothing on the subject, for fear of being sent home to be cured. No one had a suspicion of the truth. The nun's dress enabled her at first to conceal the wound, and she washed the linen with which she dressed it herself, and never showed the least suffering, or even discomfort. After her profession she spoke, and the best advice was had immediately. The disease is not infectious; but the least drop of the virus introduced into the blood will poison it. Perhaps Regina had had some little scratch on her hand; and so, while nursing the lay sister, this had happened.

"And so she is lost, hopelessly lost," said Uriel, despairingly..

"Only for this world, count; and she has long since left it in spirit. There is a glorious home prepared for her, be sure of that. Our Lord has indeed been to her a 'Spouse of blood,' as the sacred Scriptures say. He has wedded her in His wounds, making her a living victim; and she suffers, as He did, without opening her mouth."

The good Father went on to tell Uriel of her heroic patience, her perfect obedience. The doctors had forbidden all exertion. She had to give up playing the organ, singing in church, saying office in choir, —every thing she most loved. How often, in the long sleepless nights, she longed to seek for strength from the Presence of God in the tabernacle, but she might not leave her cell at night; and she submitted as readily as if there were a prospect of cure.

"Will she have long to suffer?" Uriel asked.

"That no one could say. She had a strong constitution, which might be long in wearing out. There came from time to time a pause in the progress of the malady. That was the case just now; but she suffered all the more after such breathing-spaces. She is much nearer to God than to herself," the Superior said, in conclusion. "She is hanging on the Cross with her Lord; and like Him, in silence; only her passion lasts longer than from Sext to None. Take comfort, my son; we should imitate this elect child of God, —not mourn over her."

Uriel acknowledged the truth of these words. He felt as if the bark of his life had been suddenly driven away from the strand, with its rocks and quicksands, and was now far out at sea, bound for the shore of another and a higher world. In a moment a hurricane had swept over his soul, and left a chaos there; but only, as the Flood desolated creation, that a new earth might rise from the ruins. The dove was winging her way to him with the olive-branch. All hardness and bitterness were gone from his heart. Such are the miracles wrought by martyrs. He remembered how he had said to her, in his anger, years ago, that she would have to suffer for him, as she had made him suffer so much: now his own words had come true; and he said, as St. John of the Cross used to say before the crucifix, "Thy thorns are my roses, and thy sorrows my paradise."

Thus feeling, he returned to Windeck. The Baroness received him with the affectionate anxiety of a mother. He only said, gratefully and consolingly, "It is all well, dear aunt,—with her and with me." But he threw himself into Levin's arms, saying, "I have found what will satisfy my heart—the love of suffering out of love to God."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE COLISEUM.

JUDITH and her party stood in the Coliseum, looking down from the podium—the wide space which divided the seats of the spectators from the arena—on the grand oval of the ruin of the world. Lelio had rapidly traced its story for her, concluding with these words:

"So, you see, the legions conquered the Jews, and the martyrs the legions. The Coliseum is the memorial of both victories; and there, signora, is the trophy of the last."

He pointed to the simple wooden cross, which stands in the centre of the arena.

Judith asked him several questions about the gladiatorial combats, and then said,

"How utterly degraded the mind must be before such sights could give it pleasure!"

"I can understand it," said Orest: "one cannot enjoy the ballet for ever; and so, in the reaction, one goes to the other extreme. Cayenne pepper after honey!"

"Better take to the black bread of the day-labourer," cried Judith.

"Still, it must be owned," Lelio remarked, "that only a very healthy constitution could enjoy *that* diet."

"But how can Count Orest consider such horrible tendencies the natural growth of the heart?"

"O signora, he is quite right! The will dwells in the heart; and it is the will which makes it godlike, or devilish, or mean, as the case may be."

"I wish, Lelio, that I could make out the transformation which has taken place in you in a few weeks," said Judith, half impatiently; "you and Fiorino used to talk and act in just the same way, and now there is not a trace of it left in you."

"That promises well for the permanence of his new ideas," sneered Florentin.

"You must remember, signora," Lelio explained composedly, "that I had a good sound Catholic education, and for eighteen years lived in the home of parents who were plain and simple, but truly pious people; and when I returned to them, I had only to steep myself in the old recollections, and all the sinful perverted ideas of later years fell away from my soul. I became free then."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "there may be many secret influences at work around us which we never notice, or, worse still, we turn from the good and seek the evil ones."

"But, signora," Orest interrupted in a tone of annoyance, "you appear to have come to Rome for the purpose of honouring Signor Lelio exclusively with your conversation."

"O, one is always interested in the concerns of an old friend."

"But just now," said Florentin, "let us get out of this procession, with its odious twang of prayers!"

A Capuchin monk, bearing a large crucifix, and followed by a crowd of persons praying aloud, was just entering through the great arch opening on the forum.

"Ah, yes—the Way of the Cross, of course! It is Friday," said Lelio.

"What are they about?" asked Judith. "Why are they all kneeling? and what is the meaning of those faintly-coloured pictures, which I did not observe before, on the wall?"

Lelio told her how the Blessed Leonard of Port-Maurice felt, that this spot, where streams of martyrs' blood had flowed, should receive a special consecration; how he thought that while many glorious churches were built over the graves of several of them, whose names and acts and sufferings were known, the many poor nameless unknown heroes who had given their life for their Love here were unhonoured, and their graves known to God alone; and how it seemed well to him to commemorate the sufferings they endured here in union with the sufferings of Him who was their only strength. Pope Benedict XIV. approved his plan; and so the little chapels rose, which are too unpretending to interfere with the character of the Coliseum, and yet give it, as it were, a Christian soul.

"In each of these fourteen chapels is a picture representing a moment of the bitter Passion and Death of our Lord—the Way of His Cross; and His way must be the Christian's way. Indeed it is one of the devotions most dear to a Christian heart. See, signora! they stop before every picture (the Church calls them *stations* of the Cross), and they say a short prayer referring to that especial moment of the Passion. So the soul accompanies her Saviour from Pilate's judgment-seat to Joseph's sepulchre, drawing comfort for her sorrow and strength for her conflicts from that touching and glorious pattern."

"At any rate," said Florentin impatiently, "all this walking and praying has nothing to do with the real interests of mankind; and I wish this wretched monk had gone through the business in his own monastery."

"Bah!" said Judith, "I think that the real interests of mankind are very much furthered by any devotion which gives strength and consolation. It seems to me full of a grand simplicity, this devotion of the stations."

The conversation was carried on for some time longer, till Madame Miranes, who found it very wearisome, exclaimed,

"Miséricorde! I am sure *we* are martyrs—stopping here so long in the cold and damp!"

When they were again in the arena, the Way of the Cross was just over; and as two Capuchins—one with a bag slung over his shoulder—passed close to Judith, Florentin said in a loud voice, which he intended them to hear,

"The offscouring of humanity: thieves, idlers, beggars, and hypocrites—all in one!"

And Lelio added in the same tone,

"The flower of Christendom, and therefore hated by modern pagans!"

The good friars noticed the praise as little as the abuse; but Judith was greatly displeased with Florentin, and said,

"You will make it impossible for me to go any where with you. I will not endure such outrageous insolence; and, as it happens, one of those monks is a man of incomparable excellence. O mother dear, did you not recognise him? It was Ernest!"

She turned to Orest, saying,

"He taught me painting in Frankfort. Now what a gulf between us—the Capuchin and the opera-singer!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A CRISIS.

THAT evening Corona and her father arrived in Rome. Hyacinth, who was studying theology in Rome, and who lived at the German priest's house attached to the church of Santa Maria dell' Anima, had taken apartments for them in the Piazza di Spagna, and was there to receive them.

"You are the best of good lads, Hyacinth," said Count Damian, rubbing his hands; "it feels warm and homelike here with you."

"But I am not living here, you know, uncle."

"I know, I know. I only meant that you have the art of making others comfortable."

The trunks were brought in, and they all began arranging about the rooms.

"But, Hyacinth," said the Count, "we are a room short; I dare say you forgot Lili and her nurse. I cannot imagine how Orest will manage with so little accommodation."

Orest was sitting by the fire, with his child on his knee. He said, a little nervously,

"Why, I advised Hyacinth to take these rooms, because they are really pretty and comfortable: but you see there is no stable for my horses, and I cannot leave them altogether to my English groom; a capital servant, only he speaks nothing but his native Yorkshire. So I thought the best arrangement was to have rooms myself in the Hotel Meloni, close by. I knew, Corona, that you would like this situation, for only a few minutes' walk will take you to the Pincio. Then you are close to the Trinità dei Monti, where the nuns of the Sacré Cœur are, you know."

"That is good news," she said; "we shall often find our way there."

Orest's words, and indeed his whole manner, was so strangely cold, that it chilled her to the heart; and a prophetic voice seemed to whisper to her soul that she was entering on a time of great trial. And at the very time that she thought this, Orest was thinking that the time was come to make sure of his happiness by a decisive step. It was not yet too late to pay a visit to Judith, who was accustomed to receive till midnight. But her salon was so crowded that he could not get a word with her; so he sauntered into the last room of the suite, where Florentin soon joined him, with the words,

"Do you know that Hyacinth is here?"

"Certainly I do. He has been here these six months."

"And what does he say to your visits here?"

"Not being blessed with your insolence, he says nothing."

"Ah, bah! it is too late for you and me to stand upon ceremony. I am sure I never take offence at any thing you say to me;

and really I pity you from my heart, for you are only losing time and trouble with this haughty signora. I can fancy nothing more intolerable than the state of double bondage in which you are living, —bondage of the hand in one place, and of the heart in another."

"You are right enough there; but what is the good of reminding me of it?"

"Because I want to know why you do not break one set of chains at once."

Orest was silent. It almost frightened him to see how clearly Florentin read his secret purpose. The conversation which followed sealed the fate of Orest. Florentin, perhaps half-believing what he said, went on to tell Orest that every thing could be done for money in the Roman courts. Somehow or other, his marriage might be dissolved; he could not tell how, but he was sure it could be done. Orest, who was accustomed to despise the theories of his old companion, listened with complacency, now that they agreed so well with his own schemes. He lingered till the remainder of the guests had departed, and then Florentin willingly left him with Judith. She had long known of his attachment for her; she was weary of the life she was leading; and she had often said to herself that happiness was to be found only in the possession of some true heart. Orest had followed her so long, she thought he must be true. As for his marriage, she had no doubt in her own mind that what he said as to its dissolution was correct. He told her that she must be patient, and be prepared to go through a good deal that might be distasteful. First of all she must be baptised. It was simply indifferent, he said, to the Supreme Being with what form of religion He was honoured; but as the Christian belief was dominant in Europe, society rested upon it, and had adopted from it the conditions necessary to make its own relations valid. Judith replied, rather to his astonishment, that she never knew but one Christian who seemed to her better than a Jew, and that one was Ernest, the Capuchin whom they had seen in the Coliseum; that, moreover, her sister's story had made her abhor Protestantism, which she was sure could never really satisfy or comfort the heart. So, if she was to be a Christian at all, she would be a Catholic. Orest told her she might be a Catholic if she liked, "provided she did not hang her opinions or regulate her actions at the word of a priest." And so that interview ended.

As Corona was leaving the church of the Trinità after Mass the next morning, Orest was waiting for her. He gave her his arm, saying, "Justina told me you were here; come with me to my rooms in the Hotel Meloni. I said I should keep you to breakfast; Lili was not awake." They talked as they went of St. Peter's, of other churches, of palaces, ruins, and pictures, as indifferently as if they had not been apart for two months. But if their words were indifferent, their hearts were ill at ease; and scarcely were they in Orest's apartments, when he threw himself on a sofa, exclaiming, "Corona, you must save me!"

She clasped her hands for one moment on her bosom, and then said earnestly, "God give me grace to do so!"

"Yes; save me, Corona; you can—you will; all my hope is in you. Promise that you will."

"Dear Orest," she said sadly, "if you had any idea of my anxiety for you, you would not ask the question. Besides, it is my duty to do my very utmost for you. So tell me what it is."

"But I shall pain you," he cried in great agitation.

"O, I am accustomed to that," she answered calmly, as if she never thought of expecting any thing else; "do not be afraid to speak."

He came and stood before her, saying, "Then, Corona, be merciful, and give me my freedom."

She looked up wondering: "Have I ever interfered with it?"

"No, no—not in trifles! but my freedom is utterly lost because you are my wife."

She put her hand over her eyes with a pang of silent, unutterable pain, saying, "A year or two's patience, Orest, and I think you will be free."

"O, do not hint at your death in that way; it is quite absurd. You are not going to die; but you can give me my freedom."

"How?" she asked.

"By letting our marriage be declared null, as it can be if only you will say that you were forced into it. I know that this is possible, and then both sides are perfectly free. And as there really was some compulsion used with you, why will you not help me by speaking of it, and let me make one happy whom I have loved for years, and who is far too noble to listen to a love which offends her womanly dignity by even a breath? Be generous; you are not happy yourself—why will you not put an end to the misery of three persons?"

"Dear Orest," she said calmly, "I was quite unprepared for such a proposal as this, but my answer is ready. I will make any sacrifice to save you, but not to disgrace you."

"So you mean to remain with me as the curse of my life," he cried passionately.

"I will do what is the will of God. I will endure the bonds which He has made indissoluble."

"But I have told you there is no question of dissolving the marriage, but of declaring it null. The Church, to whose authority you bow, allows this; and I did not expect to hear you call her decrees in question."

"I am not doing so," Corona answered with unshaken calmness. "There is so much evil in the world, that the spirit of evil is able to introduce poison into every relation of life; and so, of course, there are hopeless cases which demand exceptional treatment; but ours is not one of these. Orest, every weakness and error and sin of the soul is capable of being healed; only we must have patience, as God has. Repentance may come at the eleventh hour, and he who has for long forgotten his duty may return to it. Thank God, Orest, the Church, enlightened and guided by God, only uses her last remedy in extreme and rare cases. Her *rule* is to inculcate patience, love, and prayer to the one, and sorrow and penance to the other."

"A charming prospect certainly, to sit *en pénitence* by one's hearth, and have its ashes strewn on one's head!"

"Believe me, dear Orest," Corona answered with angelic sweetness in her face and voice, "such an one would be received as the Divine Saviour received Peter after his denial, as the father received his lost son."

"Ah, Krönchen! I wish I could love you! You are an angel of goodness, far too good for me. Therefore I cannot but believe that you will make a sacrifice—"

"You ask what is impossible," she interrupted him with decision; "I could sacrifice myself, you, my child, my father, all that I love, if the adorable will of God required it; but I neither can nor will sacrifice you to your madness, at the bidding of Satan. And I cannot utter a falsehood; there was no compulsion in my marriage."

"Would you have chosen me, if your father had not wished it?"

"When I married you," she answered, "I was too young to have given a thought to the subject. Since then I have never asked myself whether I should have chosen differently."

"All the same, Corona; your father arranged it all, and expected your compliance."

"Yes, that is his way. But we have the example of Regina and Hyacinth, who did not obey him when God's voice spoke to them differently. We could have done as they did; but we did not,—we consented to his wishes."

"I call such a wish a sort of moral compulsion."

"Then you call obedience and love compulsion, dear Orest; but it is certainly not of the kind that justifies the measures you propose."

He threw himself in an arm-chair in vehement excitement, exclaiming, "What a horrible fate to have a wife I do not love persist in clinging to me!"

"You have not made my life so sweet," she said gently, "as to render the thought of parting from you very bitter. But marriage is not an affair of human feeling; it has the dignity of a sacrament. I am not speaking from selfish considerations, or from offended pride. I do not dream of claiming your love, but I must keep in the place which God has assigned to me; and I beseech you, dear Orest, to do the same."

"You pious women are always preaching," sneered Orest: "you see that it is a torment to me to live with you; and I cannot understand how any woman with delicacy of feeling or dignity can persist in doing so, after what I have said. But I can only feel the utmost repugnance to a person who keeps my happiness from me out of selfish obstinacy."

Poor Corona's heart was torn by contending emotions; and her changing colour, her trembling lips and hands, showed her agitation while she said: "If I were really thinking of myself, I would take my child and leave your house for my father's; but I dare not do it,—I must remain with you." She rose, and said in a voice which was

weak and faint with all she had gone through, "I must beg you to send for a carriage to take me home."

"And you do not even inquire the name of the person I allude to?"

"There are some things," Corona answered with dignity, "which it does not become me to speak of to you, and of which it would be better for you to speak as little as possible."

"And do you suppose that all is at an end because of your insane opposition?" cried Orest, with such passion in his voice and gestures that Corona trembled with nervous agitation, and could only say,

"For God's sake, Orest, send for a carriage!"

But he continued to overwhelm her with lamentations, reproaches, and anger: she never said one word, but let the storm rage on, till at last he began to blame her, in the wildest madness of unreason, for their son's death. If *he* had lived, he could have seen why this wretched marriage had been made! She could not stand that; her heart was bursting: she left the room in silence, and went out by herself. When she reached the Piazza di Spagna, Felicitas was standing at the window. "Here comes mamma!" she cried.

Count Damian met her in utter astonishment at seeing her by herself. "Why, where is Orest? How is it you are alone? are there no carriages in Rome?"

"Plenty, dear father, but I wished to walk;" and then in her own room the bodily and mental strain was relieved by an agony of weeping, and soothed by prayer.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

WHEN Hyacinth came that afternoon, Corona was glad to be the only one at home: she felt the necessity of advice and help in her painful position; and to whom, now that she was parted from Levin, could she turn so well as to Hyacinth? Simply and truly, yet with the greatest care to make every allowance for Orest, she told him the story of the last few years: in conclusion she said, "The scene of this morning shows how deep the evil lies: Orest is blind and deaf to every thing except this mad infatuation."

"It is the very shadow of death," said Hyacinth. "Corona, we are helpless in such a case; we might all of us talk, and beg, and conjure him, but it would all be in vain in his present state. We must pray to God to enlighten him and us. We must be ready, not only to make sacrifices, but to offer ourselves a living sacrifice to Him by the entire submission of our wills. Of course, Orest's insane project is not to be thought of; but it is a bad sign that, after being so long in this miserable bondage, he should contemplate rivetting his chains more closely."

"Do you think," she asked, in a voice of suppressed anguish,

"that that anonymous letter said what was true, and that it is the Spanish singer, Judith Miranes?"

"Yes, I do, from what your father said."

"My father! O, does *he* know it?"

Hyacinth smiled sadly: "Dear Corona, the world knows every thing that concerns the world. Of course, no one could speak of it to you: but our poor father, who knows so many people, is aware of it all, no doubt. But I have always avoided the subject, for it has been terrible pain to know of my brother's sin and your sorrow, and to be helpless."

"And it is all so dreadful: she is a Jewess, unbaptised—with-out grace."

"God help her!" said Hyacinth: "we should pity rather than condemn her. I know that the natural light of her reason ought to show her the wrong she is committing; but, alas, that natural light is easily dimmed and extinguished by the passions, where there is not a higher law and a purer light to guide the soul."

"But *he* is far more miserable," wailed poor Corona, "for he knows what he is doing. O Hyacinth, is it wrong to wish to die? if only God would take me out of the world, Orest would be free and all this trouble over."

"But that would be more like the *dénouement* of a novel than like the usual dealings of God with His creatures. He is bringing them to *His* end, not to *theirs*. Orest would not be *free* in being able to follow his own wild will, and you could not have time to sanctify yourself. No, Corona: what we need is to find thorns wherever we place our hand or foot—wormwood in whatever touches our lips; they are more wholesome, and sweeter too in the end, than the nectar and ambrosia of the world."

"And yet," she said sadly, "one does so long for a little blue sky and sunshine, a little happiness. But tell me what to do. O Hyacinth, I must do something for Orest;" and she wrung her hands in anguish.

"You will do all you can by exercising patience and humility, and by suffering with your Lord. The saints did great things by praying much, suffering much, hoping much—in a word, by loving much. But the restless heart of man seeks relief in action, I know. Poor Corona! there is nothing you can do in that way; you can only remain in tranquillity and silence of heart."

Corona was comforted and strengthened by Hyacinth's words, and better able to face a future which might have she knew not what perils and sorrows in store. Hyacinth saw clearly that it would be useless to talk to his brother; it would be like throwing water on hot iron—it hisses and smokes, but remains as hot as ever. So he resolved to treat him with the greatest affection, and thus to win his confidence, even if he could not succeed in influencing him. So when he appeared, Hyacinth did not seem to notice his excited, irritable state of mind, but treated him in his usual way, and offered his escort to Corona in her visits to the different churches. So the first days, always unsettled and slightly uncomfortable in a strange place, passed

by, and the family got into a regular groove. Count Damian met old acquaintances, went into society, rode in the Campagna, and amused himself capitally. Corona took drives, and revelled in the glories of Rome. She only visited where her father especially desired it. "Elderly folks," he said, "are only welcome under three conditions: either when they are celebrities, when they give good dinners, or when they have pretty daughters. Now I certainly do not fulfil the first condition, and the dinners would not be easy to arrange in Rome; so I must rely upon the third." Orest, chiefly through Judith's influence, was careful to observe the *bienséances* in regard to Corona. Orest saw clearly that there was no hope of Corona's agreeing to his proposal. "She will die first," he said to Florentin, who seemed suddenly, he hardly knew how, to have become his confidant. Long ago his influence on Orest had been very detrimental, yet the latter had always thought that Florentin went too far. Now, however, that the very theories which he had combated favoured his evil designs, his former opposition was all forgotten; and when Florentin said that it was high time for Orest to maintain his freedom, and to emancipate himself from the absurd laws of Catholicism, he replied: "That is my intention; I shall become a Protestant and get a separation."

"That is right!" said Florentin triumphantly; "that is the first step in the right direction; so you will take your place among the free spirits who own no guidance but that of their own reason and conscience. It will be the best possible ground for the separation. A Protestant owner again for your Protestant inheritance of Stamborg! In every point of view the arrangement is first-rate!"

"I had no notion that you were such a red-hot Protestant, nor that you would consider the nature of the connection between owner and tenant—you, the Socialist and Communist!" said Orest, who was always ready with a sneer at Florentin's views, and always ready to adopt them when they met his projects. "Pray let me hear which of the numerous denominations you have joined."

Florentin shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "Do you remember what the great William of Orange said?—'I do not know whether the doctrine of predestination is gray or blue, but I know that the same hat will not fit Oldenbarueveldt's head and mine.' It has always been so with great politicians: they care nothing about religious tenets; they only use them for their own purposes; and that is my case, though I am no great politician."

"Judith has a great dislike to Protestantism," remarked Orest.

"Judith is simply a very proud woman who believes nothing," answered Florentin. "It is a mere question of form to her what religion she professes. There is a certain light and glare about Catholic art and Catholic views which captivate her imagination, but she will never really *submit* to any Church; so that whether she is baptised with Catholic or Protestant ceremonies does not signify. When she is Countess Windeck I shall hope for great things from you both."

Hyacinth was all the more grieved for Corona because he felt

the necessity of concealing the extent of his sympathy, so as to strengthen her soul for its work of patience and resignation. And his own share of sorrow was great: day and night he prayed and wept for his brother's soul; day and night he united his sufferings to those of the Son of God, and strove to love souls as He loved them, and to be ready to die for the meanest, the most unknown of God's creatures, not merely for Orest.

So they all lived a kind of twofold life, as, to say truth, most people do: externally all *couleur de rose*, silk and velvet, cheerful talk, agreeable occupation; but in the solitude of their own chambers it was different! There each one was alone with his own heart, and round it was a crown of thorns, the consequence and the penalty of its own sin or that of others.

*Ecce Homo.**

—o—

THE word "remarkable" has been so hacked of late in theological criticism—nearly as much so as "earnest" and "thoughtful"—that we do not like to make use of it on the present occasion without an apology. In truth, it presents itself as a very convenient epithet, whenever we do not like to commit ourselves to any definite judgment on a subject before us, and prefer to spread over it a broad neutral tint to painting it distinctly white, red, or black. A man, or his work, or his deed, is "remarkable" when he produces an effect; be he effective for good or for evil, for truth or for falsehood—a point which, as far as that expression goes, we leave it for others or for the future to determine. Accordingly it is just the word to use in the instance of a volume in which what is trite and what is novel, what is striking and what is startling, what is sound and what is untrustworthy, what is deep and what is shallow, are so mixed up together, or at least so vaguely suggested, or so perplexingly confessed, which has so much of occasional force, of circumambient glitter, of pretence and of seriousness, as to make it impossible either with a good conscience to praise it, or without harshness and unfairness to condemn. Such a book is at least likely to be effective, whatever else it is or is not; and if it is effective, it may be safely called remarkable; and therefore we apply the epithet "remarkable" to this *Ecce Homo*.

It is remarkable, then, on account of the sensation which it has made in religious circles. In the course of a few months it has reached a third edition, though it is a fair-sized octavo and not an over-cheap one. And it has received the praise of critics and reviewers of very distinct shades of opinion. Such a reception must be owing either to the book itself, or to the circumstances of the day in which it has appeared, or to both of these causes together. Or, as seems to be the case, the needs of the day have become a call for some such work; and the work, on its appearance, has been thankfully welcomed, on account of its professed object, by those whose needs called for it. The author includes himself in the number of these; and, while providing for his own wants, he has ministered to

* *Ecce Homo*. A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Macmillan, 1866.

theirs. This is what we especially mean by calling his book "remarkable."

Disputants may maintain, if they please, that religious doubt is our natural, our normal state; that to cherish doubts is our duty; that to complain of them is impatience; that to dread them is cowardice; that to overcome them is inveracity; that it is even a happy state, a state of calm philosophic enjoyment, to be conscious of them;—but after all, necessary or not, such a state is not natural, and not happy, if the voice of mankind is to decide the question. English minds, in particular, have too much of a religious temper in them, as a natural gift, to acquiesce for any long time in positive, active doubt. For doubt and devotion are incompatible with each other; every doubt, be it greater or less, stronger or weaker, involuntary as well as voluntary, acts upon devotion, so far forth, as water sprinkled, or dashed, or poured out upon a flame. Real and proper doubt kills faith, and devotion with it; and even involuntary or half-deliberate doubt, though it does not actually kill faith, goes far to kill devotion; and religion without devotion is little better than a burden, and soon becomes a superstition. Since, then, this is a day of objection and of doubt about the intellectual basis of revealed truth, it follows that there is a great deal of secret discomfort and distress in the religious portion of the community, the result of that general curiosity in speculation and inquiry which has been the growth among us of the last twenty or thirty years.

The people of this country, being Protestants, appeal to Scripture, when a religious question arises, as their ultimate informant and decisive authority in all such matters; but who is to decide for them the previous question, that Scripture is really such an authority? When, then, as at this time, its divine authority is the very point to be determined, that is, the character and extent of its inspiration and its component parts, then they find themselves at sea, without possessing any power over the direction of their course. Doubting about the authority of Scripture, they doubt about its substantial truth; doubting about its truth, they have doubts concerning the objects which it sets before their faith, about the historical accuracy and objective reality of the picture which it presents to us of our Lord. We are not speaking of wilful doubting, but of those painful misgivings, greater or less, to which we have already alluded. Religious Protestants, when they think calmly on the subject, can hardly conceal from themselves that they have a house without logical foundations, which contrives indeed for the present to stand, but which may go any day—and where are they then?

Of course Catholics will tell them to receive the canon of Scrip-

ture on the authority of the Church, in the spirit of St. Augustine's well-known words: "I should not believe the Gospel, were I not moved by the authority of the Catholic Church." But who, they ask, is to be voucher in turn for the Church and St. Augustine?—is it not as difficult to prove the authority of the Church and her doctors as the authority of the Scriptures? We Catholics answer, and with reason, in the negative; but, since they cannot be brought to agree with us here, what argumentative ground is open to them? Thus they seem drifting, slowly perhaps, but surely, in the direction of scepticism.

It is under these circumstances that they are invited, in the volume before us, to betake themselves to the contemplation of our Lord's character, as it is recorded by the evangelists, as carrying with it its own evidence, dispensing with extrinsic proof, and claiming authoritatively by itself the faith and devotion of all to whom it is presented. Such an argument, of course, is as old as Christianity itself; the young man in the Gospel calls our Lord "Good Master," and St. Peter introduces Him to the first Gentile converts as one who "went about doing good;" and in these last times we can refer to the testimony even of unbelievers in behalf of an argument as simple as it is constraining. "Si la vie et la mort de Socrate sont d'un sage," says Rousseau, "la vie et la mort de Jésus sont d'un Dieu." And he clenches the argument by observing, that, were the picture a mere conception of the sacred writers, "l'inventeur en serait plus étonnant que le héros." Its especial force lies in its directness; it comes to the point at once, and concentrates in itself evidence, doctrine, and devotion. In theological language, it is the *motivum credibilitatis*, the *objectum materiale*, and the *formale*, all in one; it unites human reason and supernatural faith in one complex act; and it comes home to all men, educated and ignorant, young and old. And it is the point to which, after all and in fact, all religious minds tend, and in which they ultimately rest, even if they do not start from it. Without an intimate apprehension of the personal character of our Saviour, what professes to be faith is little more than an act of ratiocination. If faith is to live, it must love; it must lovingly live in the Author of faith as a true and living Being, *in Deo vivo et vero*; according to the saying of the Samaritans to their towns-woman: "We now believe, not for thy saying, for we ourselves have heard Him." Many doctrines may be held implicitly; but to see Him as if intuitively is the very promise and gift of Him who is the object of the intuition. We are constrained to believe when it is He that speaks to us about Himself.

Such undeniably is the characteristic of divine faith viewed in

itself: but here we are concerned, not simply with faith, but with its logical antecedents; and the question returns on which we have already touched, as a difficulty with Protestants,—how can our Lord's life, as recorded in the Gospels, be a logical ground of faith, unless we set out with assuming the truth of those Gospels; that is, without assuming as proved the original matter of doubt? And Protestant apologists, it may be urged—Paley for instance—show their sense of this difficulty when they place the argument drawn from our Lord's character only among the auxiliary evidences of Christianity. Now the following answer may fairly be made to this objection; nor need we grudge Protestants the use of it, for, as will appear in the sequel, it proves too much for their purpose, as being an argument for the divinity not only of Christ's mission, but of that of His Church also. However, we say this by the way.

It may be maintained then, that, making as large an allowance as the most sceptical mind, when pressed to state its demands in full, would desire, we are at least safe in asserting that the books of the New Testament, taken as a whole, existed about the middle of the second century, and were then received by Christians, or were in the way of being received, and nothing else but they was received, as the authoritative record of the origin and rise of their religion. In that first age they were the only account of the mode in which Christianity was introduced to the world. Internal as well as external evidence sanctions us in so speaking. Four Gospels, the book of the Acts of the Apostles, various Apostolic writings, made up then, as now, our sacred books. Whether there was a book more or less, say even an important book, does not affect the general character of the religion as those books set it forth. Omit one or other of the Gospels, and three or four Epistles, and the outline and nature of its objects and its teaching remain what they were before the omission. The moral peculiarities, in particular, of its Founder are, on the whole, identical, whether we learn them from St. Matthew, St. John, St. Peter, or St. Paul. He is not in one book a Socrates, in another a Zeno, and in a third an Epicurus. Much less is the religion changed or obscured by the loss of particular chapters or verses, or even by inaccuracy in fact, or by error in opinion (supposing *per impossibile* such a charge could be made good), in particular portions of a book. For argument's sake, suppose that the three first Gospels are an accidental collection of traditions or legends, for which no one is responsible, and in which Christians put faith because there was nothing else to put faith in. This is the limit to which extreme scepticism can proceed, and we are willing to commence our argument by granting it. Still, starting at this disadvantage, we

should be prepared to argue, that if, in spite of this, and after all, there be shadowed out in these anonymous and fortuitous documents a Teacher *sui generis*, distinct, consistent, and original, then does that picture, thus accidentally resulting, for the very reason of its accidental composition, only become more marvellous; then is He an historical fact and again a supernatural or divine fact;—historical from the consistency of the representation, and because the time cannot be assigned when it was not received as a reality; and supernatural, in proportion as the qualities, with which He is invested in those writings, are incompatible with what it is reasonable or possible to ascribe to human nature viewed simply in itself. Let these writings be as open to criticism, whether as to their origin or their text, as sceptics can maintain; nevertheless the representation in question is there, and forces upon the mind a conviction that it records a fact, and a superhuman fact, just as the reflection of an object in a stream remains in its definite form, however rapid the current, and however many the ripples, and is a sure warrant to us of the presence of the object on the bank, though that object be out of sight.

Such, we conceive, though stated in our own words, is the argument drawn out in the pages before us, or rather such is the ground on which the argument is raised; and the interest which it has excited lies, not in its novelty, but in the particular mode in which it is brought before the reader, in the originality and preciseness of certain strokes by which is traced out for us the outline of the Divine Teacher. These strokes are not always correct; they are sometimes gratuitous, sometimes derogatory to their object; but they are always determinate; and, being such, they present an old argument before us with a certain freshness, which, because it is old, is necessary for its being effective.

We do not wonder at all, then, at the sensation which the volume is said to have caused at Oxford, and among Anglicans of the Oxford school, after the wearisome doubt and disquiet of the last ten years; for it has opened the prospect of a successful issue of inquiries in an all-important province of thought, where there seemed to be no thoroughfare. Distinct as are the liberal and catholicising parties in the Anglican Church both in their principles and their policy, it must not be supposed that they are as distinct in the members that compose them. No line of demarcation can be drawn between the one collection of men and the other, in fact; for no two minds are altogether alike, and, individually, Anglicans have each his own shade of opinion, and belong partly to this school, partly to that. Or rather, there is a large body of men who are neither the one nor the other; they cannot be called an intermediate

party, for they have no discriminating watchwords; they range from those who are almost Catholic to those who are almost Liberals. They are not Liberals, because they do not glory in a state of doubt; they cannot profess to be "Anglo-Catholics," because they are not prepared to give an internal assent to all that is put forth by the Church as truth of revelation. These are the men who, if they could, would unite old ideas with new; who cannot give up tradition, yet are loth to shut the door to progress; who look for a more exact adjustment of faith with reason than has hitherto been attained; who love the conclusions of Catholic theology better than the proofs, and the methods of modern thought better than its results; and who, in the present wide unsettlement of religious opinion, believe indeed, or wish to believe, Scripture and orthodox doctrine, taken as a whole, and cannot get themselves to avow any deliberate dissent from any part of either, but still, not knowing how to defend their belief with logical exactness, or at least feeling that there are large unsatisfied objections lying against parts of it, or having misgivings lest there should be such, acquiesce in what is called a practical belief, that is, believe in revealed truths, only because belief in them is the safest course, because they are probable, and because belief in consequence is a duty, not as if they felt absolutely certain, though they will not allow themselves to be actually in doubt. Such is about the description to be given of them as a class, though, as we have said, they so materially differ from each other, that no general account of them can be applied strictly to any individual in their body.

Now, it is to this large class which we have been describing that such a work as that before us, in spite of the serious errors which they will not be slow to recognise in it, comes as a friend in need. They do not stumble at the author's inconsistencies or shortcomings; they are arrested by his professed purpose, and are profoundly moved by his successful hits (as they may be called) towards fulfilling it. Remarks on the Gospel history, such as Paley's, they feel to be casual and superficial; such as Rousseau's, to be vague and declamatory: they wish to justify with their intellect all that they believe with their heart; they cannot separate their ideas of religion from its revealed Object; but they have an aching dissatisfaction within them, that they apprehend Him so dimly, when they would fain (as it were) see and touch Him as well as hear. When, then, they have logical grounds presented to them for holding that the recorded picture of our Lord is its own evidence, that it carries with it its own reality and authority, that His "revelatio" is "revelata" in the very act of being a "revelatio," it is as if He Himself said to them, as He once said to His disciples, "It is I, be not afraid;" and the

clouds at once clear off, and the waters subside, and the land is gained for which they are looking out.

The author before us, then, has the merit of promising what, if he could fulfil it, would entitle him to the gratitude of thousands. We do not say, we are very far from thinking, that he has actually accomplished so high an enterprise, though he seems to be ambitious enough to hope that he has not come far short of it. He somewhere calls his book a treatise; he would have done better to call it an essay; nor need he have been ashamed of a word which Locke has used in his work on the Human Understanding. Before concluding, we shall take occasion to express our serious sense, how very much his execution falls below his purpose; but certainly it is a great purpose which he sets before him, and for that he is to be praised. And there is at least this singular merit in his performance, as he has given it to the public, that he is clear-sighted and fair enough to view our Lord's work in its true light, as including in it the establishment of a visible kingdom or church. In proportion, then, as we shall presently find it our duty to pass some severe remarks upon his volume, as it comes before us, so do we feel bound, before doing so, to give some specimens of it in that point of view in which we consider it really to subserve the cause of revealed truth. And in the sketch which we are now about to give of the first steps of his investigation, we must not be understood to make him responsible for the language in which we shall exhibit them to our readers, and which will unavoidably involve our own corrections of his argument, and our own colouring.

Among a people, then, accustomed by the most sacred traditions of their religion to a belief in the appearance, from time to time, of divine messengers for their instruction and reformation, and to the expectation of one such messenger to come, the last and greatest of all, who should also be their king and deliverer as well as their teacher, suddenly is found, after a long break in the succession and a period of national degradation, a prophet of the old stamp, in one of the deserts of the country—John, the son of Zachary. He announces the promised kingdom as close at hand, calls his countrymen to repentance, and institutes a rite symbolical of it. The people seem disposed to take him for the destined Saviour; but he points out to them a private person in the crowd which is flocking about him; and henceforth the interest which his own preaching has excited centres in that other. Thus our Lord is introduced to the notice of his countrymen.

Thus brought before the world, He opens His mission. What is the first impression it makes upon us? Admiration of its singular

simplicity both as to object and work. Such of course ought to be its character, if it was to be the fulfilment of the ancient, long-expected promise; and such it was, as our Lord proclaimed it. Other men, who do a work, do not set about it as their object; they make several failures; they are led on to it by circumstances; they miscalculate their powers; or they are drifted from the first in a direction different from that which they had chosen; they do most where they are expected to do least. But our Lord said and did. "He formed one plan and executed it" (p. 18). Next, what was that plan? Let us consider the force of the words in which, as the Baptist before Him, He introduced His ministry: "The kingdom of God is at hand." What was meant by the kingdom of God? "The conception was no new one, but familiar to every Jew" (p. 19). At the first formation of the nation and state of the Israelites the Almighty had been their King; when a line of earthly kings was introduced, then God spoke by the prophets. The existence of the theocracy was the very constitution and boast of Israel, as limited monarchy, liberty, and equality are the boast respectively of certain modern nations. Moreover, the Gospel proclamation ran, "Pœnitentiam agite; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand:" here again was another and recognised token of a theophany; for the mission of a prophet, as we have said above, was commonly a call to reformation and expiation of sin. A divine mission, then, such as our Lord's, was a falling back upon the original covenant between God and His people; but next, while it was an event of old and familiar occurrence, it ever had carried with it in its past instances something new, in connection with the circumstances under which it took place. The prophets were accustomed to give interpretations, or to introduce modifications of the letter of the law, to add to its conditions and to enlarge its application. It was to be expected, then, that now, when the new Prophet, to whom the Baptist pointed, opened His commission, He too, in like manner, would be found to be engaged in a restoration, but in a restoration which should also be a religious advance; and that the more if He really was the special, final Prophet of the theocracy, to whom all former prophets had looked forward, and in whom their long and august line was to be summed up and perfected. In proportion as His work was to be more signal, so would His new revelations be wider and more wonderful.

Did our Lord fulfil these expectations? Yes, there was this peculiarity in His mission, that He came not only as one of the prophets in the kingdom of God, but as the King Himself of that kingdom. Thus His mission involves the most exact return to the original polity of Israel, which the appointment of Saul had dis-

arranged, while it recognises also the line of prophets, and infuses a new spirit into the law. Throughout His ministry our Lord claimed and received the title of King, which no prophet ever had done before. On His birth, the wise men came to worship "the King of the Jews;" "Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel," cried Nathanael after His baptism; and on His cross the charge recorded against Him was that He professed to be "King of the Jews." "During His whole public life," says the author, "He is distinguished from the other prominent characters of Jewish history by His unbounded personal pretensions. He calls Himself habitually King and Master. He claims expressly the character of that Divine Messiah for which the ancient prophets had directed the nation to look" (p. 25).

He is, then, a King, as well as a Prophet; but is He as one of the old heroic kings, David or Solomon? Had such been His pretension, He had not, in His own words, "discerned the signs of the times." It would have been a false step in Him, into which other would-be champions of Israel, before and after Him, actually fell, and in consequence failed. But here this young Prophet is from the first distinct, decided, and original. His contemporaries, indeed, the wisest, the most experienced, were wedded to the notion of a revival of the barbaric kingdom. "Their heads were full of the languid dreams of commentators, the unpracticable pedantries of men who live in the past" (p. 27). But He gave to the old prophetic promises an interpretation which they could undeniably bear, but which they did not immediately suggest; which we can maintain to be true, while we can deny them to be imperative. He had His own prompt, definite conception of the restored theocracy; it was His own, and not another's; it was suited to the new age; it was triumphantly carried out in the event.

In what, then, did He consider His royalty to consist? First, what was it not? It did not consist in the ordinary functions of royalty; it did not prevent His payment of tribute to Cæsar; it did not make Him a judge in questions of criminal or of civil law, in a question of adultery, or in the adjudication of an inheritance; nor did it give Him the command of armies. Then perhaps, after all, it was but a figurative royalty, as when the Eridanus is called "*fluviorum rex*," or Aristotle "the prince of philosophers." No; it was not a figurative royalty either. To call oneself a king, without being one, is playing with edged tools—as in the story of the innkeeper's son, who was put to death for calling himself "heir to the crown." Christ certainly knew what He was saying. "He had provoked the accusation of rebellion against the Roman government: He must have

known that the language He used would be interpreted so. Was there then nothing substantial in the royalty He claimed? Did He die for a metaphor?" (p. 28.) He meant what He said, and therefore His kingdom was literal and real; it was visible;—but what were its visible prerogatives, if they were not those in which earthly royalty commonly consists? In truth He passed by the lesser powers of royalty, to claim the higher. He claimed certain divine and transcendent functions of the original theocracy, which had been in abeyance since that theocracy had been infringed, which even to David had not been delegated, which had never been exercised except by the Almighty. God had created, first the people, next the state, which He deigned to govern. "The origin of other nations is lost in antiquity" (p. 33); but "this people," runs the sacred word, "have I formed for Myself." And "He who first called the nation did for it the second work of a king: He gave it a law" (p. 34). Now it is very striking to observe that these two incommunicable attributes of divine royalty, as exemplified in the history of the Israelites, are the very two which our Lord assumed. He was the Maker and the Lawgiver of His subjects. He said in the commencement of His ministry, "*Follow Me;*" and He added, "and I will make you"—you in turn—"fishers of men." And the next we read of Him is, that His disciples came to Him on the Mount, and He opened His mouth and *taught* them. And so again, at the end of it, "Go ye, make *disciples* of all nations, *teaching* them." "Thus the very works for which the [Jewish] nation chiefly hymned their Jehovah, He undertook in His name to do. He undertook to be the Father of an everlasting state, and the Legislator of a world-wide society" (p. 36); that is, showing Himself, according to the prophetic announcement, to be "*Admirabilis, consiliarius, pater futuri sæculi, princeps pacis.*"

To these two claims He adds a third: first, He chooses the subjects of His kingdom; next, He gives them a law; but thirdly, He judges them—judges them in a far truer and fuller sense than in the old kingdom even the Almighty judged His people. The God of Israel ordained national rewards and punishments for national obedience or transgression; He did not judge His subjects one by one; but our Lord takes upon Himself the supreme and final judgment of every one of His subjects, not to speak of the whole human race (though, from the nature of the case, this function cannot belong to His visible kingdom). "He considered, in short, heaven and hell to be in His hand" (p. 40).

We shall mention one further function of the new King and His new kingdom: its benefits are even bound up with the maintenance of this law of political unity. "To organise a society, and to bind

the members of it together by the closest ties, were the business of His life. For this reason it was that He called men away from their homes, imposed upon some a wandering life, upon others the sacrifice of their property, and endeavoured by all means to divorce them from their former connections, in order that they might find a new home in the Church. For this reason He instituted a solemn initiation, and for this reason He refused absolutely to any one a dispensation from it. For this reason, too . . . He established a common feast, which was through all ages to remind Christians of their indissoluble union" (p. 92). But *cui bono* is a visible kingdom, when the great end of our Lord's ministry is moral advancement and preparation for a future state? It is easy to understand, for instance, how a sermon may benefit, or personal example, or religious friends, or household piety. We can learn to imitate a saint or a martyr, we can cherish a lesson, we can study a treatise, we can obey a rule; but what is the definite advantage to a preacher or a moralist of an external organisation, of a visible kingdom? Yet Christ says, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God," as well as "His justice." Socrates wished to improve men, but he laid no stress on their acting in concert in order to secure that improvement; on the contrary, the Christian law is political, as certainly as it is moral. Why is this? It arises out of the intimate relation between Him and His subjects, which, in bringing them all to Him as their common Father, necessarily brings them to each other. Our Lord says, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am in the midst of them." Fellowship between His followers is made a distinct object and duty, because it is a means, according to the provisions of His system, by which in some special way they are brought near to Him. This is declared, still more strikingly than in the text we have just quoted, in the parable of the Vine and its branches, and in that (if it is to be called a parable) of the Bread of Life. The Almighty King of Israel was ever, indeed, invisibly present in the glory above the Ark, but He did not manifest Himself there or any where else as a present cause of spiritual strength to His people; but the new King is not only ever present, but to every one of His subjects individually is He a first element and perennial source of life. He is not only the head of His kingdom, but also its animating principle and its centre of power. The author whom we are reviewing does not quite reach the great doctrine here suggested, but he goes near it in the following passage: "Some men have appeared who have been 'as levers to uplift the earth and roll it in another course.' Homer by creating literature, Socrates by creating science, Cæsar by carrying civilisation inland from the shores of the Mediterranean, Newton

by starting science upon a career of steady progress, may be said to have attained this eminence. But these men gave a single impact like that which is conceived to have first set the planets in motion. Christ claims to be a perpetual attractive power, like the sun, which determines their orbit. They contributed to men some discovery, and passed away; Christ's discovery is Himself. To humanity struggling with its passions and its destiny He says, Cling to Me—cling ever closer to Me. If we believe St. John, He represented Himself as the Light of the world, as the Shepherd of the souls of men, as the Way to immortality, as the Vine or Life-tree of humanity" (p. 177). He ends this beautiful passage, of which we have already quoted as much as our limits allow, by saying that "He instructed His followers to hope for life from feeding on His Body and Blood."

O si sic omnia! Is it not hard, that, after following with pleasure a train of thought so calculated to warm all Christian hearts, and to create in them both admiration and sympathy for the writer, we must end our notice of him in a different tone, and express as much dissent from him and as serious blame of him as we have hitherto been showing satisfaction with his object, his intention, and the general outline of his argument? But so it is. In what remains to be said we are obliged to speak of his work in terms so sharp that they may seem to be out of keeping with what has gone before. With whatever abruptness in our composition, we must suddenly shift the scene, and manifest our disapprobation of portions of his book as plainly as we have shown an interest in it. We have praised it in various points of view. It has stirred the hearts of many; it has recognised a need, and gone in the right direction for supplying it. It serves as a token, and a hopeful token, of what is going on in the minds of numbers of men external to the Church. It is substantially a good book, and, we trust, will work for good. Especially, as we have seen, is it interesting to the Catholic, as acknowledging the visible Church as our Lord's own creation, as the direct fruit of His teaching, and the destined instrument of His purposes. We do not know how to speak in an unfriendly tone of an author who has done so much as this; but at the same time, when we come to examine his argument in its details, and study his chapters one by one, we find, in spite of, and mixed up with, what is true and original, and even putting aside his patent theological errors, so much bad logic, so much of rash and gratuitous assumption, so much of half-digested thought, that we are obliged to conclude that it would have been much wiser in him if, instead of publishing what he seems to confess, or rather to proclaim, to be the jottings of his first researches upon

sacred territory, he had waited till he had carefully traversed and surveyed and mapped the whole of it. We now proceed to give a few instances of the faults of which we complain.

His opening remarks will serve in illustration. In p. 41 he says, "We have not rested upon *single* passages, nor drawn from the *fourth Gospel*." This, we suppose, must be his reason for ignoring the passage in Luke ii. 49: "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" for he directly contradicts it, by gratuitously imagining that our Lord came for St. John's baptism with the same intention as the penitents around Him; and that, in spite of His own words, which we suppose are to be taken as another "single passage," "So it becometh us to fulfil all justice" (Matt. iii. 15). It must be on this principle of ignoring single passages such as these, even though they admit of combination, that he goes on to say of our Lord, that "in the agitation of mind caused by His baptism, and by the Baptist's designation of Him as the future Prophet, He retired into the wilderness," and there "He matured the plan of action which we see Him executing from the moment of His return into society" (p. 9); and that not till then was He "conscious of miraculous power" (p. 12). This neglect of the sacred text, we repeat, must be allowed him, we suppose, under colour of his acting out his rule of abstaining from single passages and from the fourth Gospel. Let us allow it; but at least he ought to adduce passages, single or many, for what he actually does assert. He must not be allowed arbitrarily to add to the history, as well as cautiously to take from it. Where, then, we ask, did he learn that our Lord's baptism caused Him "agitation of mind," that He "matured His plan of action in the wilderness," and that He then first was "conscious of miraculous power"? But again: it seems he is not to refer to "single passages or the fourth Gospel;" yet, wonderful to say, he actually does open his formal discussion of the sacred history by referring to a passage from that very Gospel—nay, to a particular text, which is only not a "single" text, because it is half a text, and half a text such that, had he taken the whole of it, he would have been obliged to admit that the part which he puts aside just runs counter to his interpretation of the part which he insists on. The words are these, as they stand in the Protestant version: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Now, it is impossible to deny that "which taketh away," &c. fixes and limits the sense of "the Lamb of God;" but our author notices the latter half of the sentence, only in order to put aside the light it throws upon the former half; and instead of the Baptist's own interpretation of the title which he gives to our Lord, he substitutes

another, radically different, which he selects for himself out of one of the Psalms. He explains "the Lamb" by the well-known image, which represents the Almighty as a shepherd and His earthly servants as sheep—innocent, safe, and happy under His protection. "The Baptist's opinion of Christ's character, then," he says, "is summed up for us in the title he gives Him—the Lamb of God, taking away the sins of the world. There *seems* to be, in the last part of this description, an allusion to the usages of the Jewish sacrificial system; and, in order to explain it fully, it would be necessary to anticipate much which will come more conveniently later in this treatise. *But* when we remember that the Baptist's mind was *doubtless* full of imagery drawn from the Old Testament, and that the conception of a lamb of God makes the subject of one of the most striking of the Psalms, *we shall perceive what he meant to convey by this phrase*" (pp. 5, 6). This is like saying, "Isaiah declares, 'Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts;' *but*, considering that doubtless the prophet was well acquainted with the first and second books of Samuel, and that Saul, David, and Solomon are the three great kings there represented, we shall easily perceive that, by 'seeing the King,' he meant to say that he saw Uzziah, king of Judah, in the last year of whose reign he had the vision. As to the phrase 'the Lord of hosts,' which seems to refer to the Almighty, we will consider its meaning by and by:"—but, in truth, it is difficult to invent a paralogism, in its gratuitous inconsecutiveness parallel to his own.

We must own, that, with every wish to be fair to this author, we never recovered from the perplexity of mind which this passage, in the very threshold of his book, inflicted on us. It needed not the various passages which follow it in the work, constructed on the same argumentative model, to prove to us that he was not only an *incognito*, but an enigma. "Ergo" is the symbol of the logician:—what science does a writer profess, whose symbols, profusely scattered through his pages, are "probably," "it must be," "doubtless," "on the hypothesis," "we may suppose," and "it is natural to think," and that at the very time that he pointedly discards the comments of school theologians? Is it possible that he can mean us to set aside the glosses of all who went before in his own favour, and to exchange our old lamps for his new ones? Men have been at fault, when trying to determine whether he was an orthodox believer on his road to liberalism, or a liberal on his road to orthodoxy: this doubtless may be to some a perplexity; but our own difficulty is, whether he comes to us as an investigator or a prophet, as one unequal or superior to the art of reasoning. Undoubtedly, he is an

able man ; but what can he possibly mean by startling us with such eccentricities of argumentation as are familiar with him? Addison somewhere bids his readers bear in mind, that if he is ever especially dull, he always has a special reason for being so ; and it is difficult to reconcile one's imagination to the supposition that this anonymous writer, with so much deep thought as he certainly evidences, has not some recondite reason for seeming so inconsequent, and does not move by some deep subterraneous processes of argument, which, if once brought to light, would clear him of the imputation of castle-building.

There is always a danger of misconceiving an author who has no antecedents by which we may measure him. Taking his work as it lies, we can but wish that he had kept his imagination under control ; and that he had more of the hard head of a lawyer, and the patience of a philosopher. He writes like a man who cannot keep from telling the world his first thoughts, especially if they are clever or graceful ; he has come for the first time upon a strange world, and his remarks upon it are too obvious to be called original, and too crude to deserve the name of freshness. What can be more paradoxical than to interpret our Lord's words to Nicodemus, "Unless a man be born again," &c. of the necessity of external religion, and as a lesson to him to profess his faith openly and not to visit Him in secret? (p. 86.) What can be more pretentious, not to say gaudy and even tawdry, than his paraphrase of St. John's passage about the woman taken in adultery? "In His burning embarrassment and confusion," he says, "He stooped down so as to hide His face. . . . They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon His face, &c." (p. 104.)

We should be very sorry to use a severe word concerning an honest inquirer after truth, as we believe this anonymous writer to be ; and we will confess that Catholics, kindly as they may wish to feel towards him, are scarcely even able, from their very position, to give his work the enthusiastic reception which it has received from some other critics. The reason is plain ; those alone can speak of it from a full heart, who feel a need, and recognise in it a supply of that need. We are not in the number of such ; for they who have found, have no need to seek. Far be it from us to use language savouring of the leaven of the Pharisees. We are not assuming a high place, because we thus speak, or boasting of our security. Catholics are both deeper and shallower than Protestants ; but in neither case have they any call for a treatise such as this *Ecce Homo*. If they live to the world and the flesh, then the faith which they profess, though it is true and distinct, is dead ; and their certainty about religious truth, however firm and unclouded, is but shallow in its

character, and flippant in its manifestations. And in proportion as they are worldly and sensual will they be flippant and shallow. But their faith is as indelible as the pigment which colours the skin, even though it is skin-deep. This class of Catholics is not likely to take interest in a pictorial *Ecce Homo*. On the other hand, where the heart is alive with divine love, faith is as deep as it is vigorous and joyous; and, as far as Catholics are in this condition, they will feel no drawing towards a work which is after all but an arbitrary and unsatisfactory dissection of the object of their devotion. That individuals in their body may be harassed with doubts, particularly in a day like this, we are not denying; but, viewed as a body, Catholics, from their religious condition, are either too deep or too shallow to suffer from those elementary difficulties, or that distress of mind, in which serious Protestants are so often involved.

We confess, then, as Catholics, to some unavoidable absence of cordial feeling in following the remarks of this author, though not to any want of real sympathy; and we seem to be justified in our indisposition by his manifest want of sympathy with us. If we feel distant towards him, his own language about Catholicity, and (what may be called) old Christianity, seems to show that that distance is one of fact, one of mental position, not any fault in ourselves. Is it not undeniable, that the very life of personal religion among Catholics lies in a knowledge of the Gospels? It is the character and conduct of our Lord, His words, His deeds, His sufferings, His work, which are the very food of our devotion and rule of our life. "Behold the Man," which this author feels to be an object novel enough to write a book about, has been the contemplation of Catholics from that first age when St. Paul said, "The life that I now live in the flesh, I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself for me." As the Psalms have ever been the manual of our prayer, so have the Gospels been the subject-matter of our meditation. In these latter times especially, since St. Ignatius, they have been divided into portions, and arranged in a scientific order, not unlike that which the Psalms have received in the Breviary. To contemplate our Lord in His person and His history is with us the exercise of every retreat, and the devotion of every morning. All this is certainly simple matter of fact; but the writer we are reviewing lives and thinks at so great distance from us as not to be cognisant of what is so patent and so notorious a truth. He seems to imagine that the faith of a Catholic is the mere profession of a formula. He deems it important to disclaim in the outset of his work all reference to the theology of the Church. He eschews with much preciseness, as something almost profane, the dogmatism of

former ages. He wishes "to trace" our Lord's "biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions—not which Church doctors or even Apostles have sealed with their authority—but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant" (Preface). Now, what Catholics, what Church doctors, as well as Apostles, have ever lived on, is not any number of theological canons or decrees, but, we repeat, the Christ Himself, as He is represented in concrete existence in the Gospels. Theological determinations about our Lord are far more of the nature of land-marks or buoys to guide a discursive mind in its reasonings, than to assist a devotional mind in its worship. Common sense, for instance, tells us what is meant by the words, "My Lord and my God;" and a religious man, upon his knees, requires no commentator; but against irreligious speculators, Arius or Nestorius, a denunciation has been passed in Ecumenical Council, when "science falsely so-called" encroached upon devotion. Has not this been insisted on by all dogmatic Christians over and over again? Is it not a representation as absolutely true as it is trite? We had fancied that Protestants generally allowed the touching beauty of Catholic hymns and meditations; and after all is there not That in all Catholic churches which goes beyond any written devotion, whatever its force or its pathos? Do we not believe in a Presence in the sacred Tabernacle, not as a form of words, or as a notion, but as an Object as real as we are real? And if in that Presence we need neither profession of faith nor even manual of devotion, what appetite can we have for the teaching of a writer who not only exalts his first thoughts about our Lord into professional lectures, but implies that the Catholic Church has never known how to point Him out to her children?

It may be objected, that we are making too much of so chance a slight as his allusion in his Preface to "Church doctors" involves, especially as he mentions Apostles in connexion with them; but it would be affectation not to recognise in other places of his book an undercurrent of antagonism to us, of which the passage already quoted is but a first indication. Of course he has quite as much right as another to take up an anti-Catholic position, if he will; but we understand him to be putting forth an investigation, not a polemical argument: and if, instead of keeping his eyes directed to his own proper subject, he looks to the right or left to hit at those who view it differently from himself, he is damaging the ethical force of a composition which claims to be, and mainly is, a serious and manly search after religious truth. Why cannot he let us alone? Of course he cannot avoid seeing that the lines of his own investigation diverge from those drawn by others; but he will have enough

to do in defending himself, without making others the object of his attack. He is virtually opposing Voltaire, Strauss, Renan, Calvin, Wesley, Chalmers, Erskine, and a host of other writers, but he does not denounce them; why then does he single out, misrepresent, and anathematise a main principle of orthodoxy? It is as if he could not keep his hand off us, when we crossed his path. We are alluding to the following magisterial passage:

"If He (our Lord) meant any thing by His constant denunciation of hypocrites, there is nothing which He would have visited with sterner censure than that *short cut to belief* which many persons take, when, overwhelmed with the difficulties which beset their minds, and afraid of damnation, they *suddenly* resolve to strive no longer, but, giving their minds a holiday, to rest content with *saying* that they believe, and acting as if they did. A melancholy end of Christianity indeed! Can there be such a disfranchised pauper class among the citizens of the New Jerusalem?" (p. 79.)

He adds shortly afterwards:

"Assuredly, those who represent Christ as presenting to man an abstruse theology, and saying to them peremptorily, 'Believe or be damned,' have the coarsest conception of the Saviour of the world" (p. 80).

Thus he delivers himself: "Believe or be damned is so detestable a doctrine, that if any man denies it *is* detestable, I pronounce him to be a hypocrite; to be without any true knowledge of the Saviour of the world; to be the object of His sternest censure; and to have no part or place in the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, the eternal Heaven above." Pretty well for a virtuous hater of dogmatism! We hope we shall show less dictatorial arrogance than his, in the answer which we intend to make to him.

Whether there are persons such as he describes, Catholic or Protestants, converts to Catholicism or not,—men who profess a faith which they do not believe, under the notion that they shall be eternally damned if they do not profess it without believing,—we really do not know—we never met with such; but since facts do not concern us here so much as principles, let us, for argument's sake, grant that there are. Our author believes they are not only "many," but enough to form a "class;" and he considers that they act in this preposterous manner under the sanction, and in accordance with the teaching, of the religious bodies to which they belong. Especially there is a marked allusion in his words to the Athanasian Creed and the Catholic Church. Now we answer him thus:

Part of his charge against the teachers of dogma is, that they impose on men as a duty, instead of believing, to "act as if they

did" believe:—now in fact this is the very kind of profession which, if it is all that a candidate has to offer, absolutely shuts him out from admission into Catholic communion. We suppose, that by belief of a thing, this writer understands an inward conviction of its truth;—this being supposed, we plainly say that no priest is at liberty to receive a man into the Church, who has not a real internal belief, and cannot say from his heart, that the things taught by the Church are true. On the other hand, as we have said above, it is the very characteristic of the profession of faith made by numbers of educated Protestants, and it is the utmost extent to which they are able to go in believing, to hold, not that Christian doctrine is certainly true, but that it has such a semblance of truth, it has such considerable marks of probability upon it, that it is their duty to accept and to act upon it as if it were true beyond all question or doubt: and they justify themselves, and with much reason, by the authority of Bishop Butler. Undoubtedly, a religious man will be led to go as far as this, if he cannot go farther; but unless he can go farther, he is no catechumen of the Catholic Church. We wish all men to believe that her creed is true; but till they do so believe, we do not wish, we have no permission, to make them her members. Such a faith as this author speaks of to condemn—(our books call it "*practical certainty*")—does not rise to the level of the *sine quâ non*, which is the condition prescribed for becoming a Catholic. Unless a convert so believes that he can sincerely say, "After all, in spite of all difficulties, objections, obscurities, mysteries, the creed of the Church undoubtedly comes from God, and is true, because He is the truth," such a man, though he be outwardly received into her fold, will receive no grace from the sacraments, no sanctification in baptism, no pardon in penance, no life in communion. We are more consistently dogmatic than this author imagines; we do not enforce a principle by halves; if our doctrine is true, it must be received as such; if a man cannot so receive it, he must wait till he can. It would be better, indeed, if he now believed; but, since he does not as yet, to wait is the best he can do under the circumstances. If we said any thing else than this, certainly we should be, as the author thinks we are, encouraging hypocrisy. Nor let him turn round on us and say that by thus proceeding we are laying a burden on souls, and blocking up the entrance into that fold which was intended for all men, by imposing hard conditions on candidates for admission; for we have already implied a great principle, which is an answer to this objection, which the Gospels exhibit and sanction, but which he absolutely ignores.

Let us avail ourselves of his own quotation. The Baptist said,

"Behold the Lamb of God." Again he says, "This is the Son of God." "Two of his disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus." They believed John to be "a man sent from God" to teach them, and therefore they believed his word to be true. We suppose it was not hypocrisy in them to believe in his word; rather they would have been guilty of gross inconsistency or hypocrisy, had they professed to believe that he was a divine messenger and yet had refused to take his word concerning the Stranger whom he pointed out to their veneration. It would have been "saying that they believed," and not "acting as if they did;" which at least is not better than saying and acting. Now was not the announcement which John made to them "a short cut to belief"? and what the harm of it? They believed that our Lord was the promised Prophet, without making direct inquiry about Him, without a new inquiry, on the ground of a previous inquiry into the claims of John himself to be accounted a messenger from God. They had already accepted it as truth that John was a prophet; but again, what a prophet said must be true; else he would not be a prophet; now, John said that our Lord was the Lamb of God; this, then, certainly was a sacred truth.

Now it might happen, that they knew exactly and for certain what the Baptist meant in calling our Lord "a Lamb;" in that case they would believe Him to be that which they knew the figurative word meant, as used by the Baptist. But, as our author reminds us, the word has different senses; and, though the Baptist explained his own sense of it on the first occasion of using it, by adding "that taketh away the sin of the world," yet when he spoke to the two disciples he did not thus explain it. Now let us suppose that they went off, taking the word each in his own sense, the one understanding by it a sacrificial lamb, the other a lamb of the fold; and let us suppose that, as they were on the way to our Lord's home, they discovered this difference in their several interpretations, and disputed with each other which was the right interpretation. It is clear that they would agree so far as this, viz. that, in saying that the proposition was true, they meant that it was true in that sense in which the Baptist spoke it; moreover, if it be worth noticing, they did after all even agree, in some vague way, about the meaning of the word, understanding that it denoted some high character, or office, or ministry. Any how, it was absolutely true, they would say, that our Lord was a Lamb, whatever it meant; the word conveyed a great and momentous fact, and if they did not know what that fact was, the Baptist did, and they would accept it in its one right sense, as soon as he or our Lord told them what it was.

Again, as to that other title which the Baptist gave our Lord,

"the Son of God," it admitted of half-a-dozen senses. Wisdom was "the only begotten;" the angels were the sons of God; Adam was a son of God; the descendents of Seth were sons of God; Solomon was a son of God; and so is "the just man." In which of these senses, or in what sense, was our Lord the Son of God? St. Peter knew, but there were those who did not know; the centurion who attended the crucifixion did not know, and yet he confessed that our Lord was the Son of God. He knew that our Lord had been condemned by the Jews for calling Himself the Son of God, and therefore he cried out, on seeing the miracles which attended His death, "Indeed this *was* the Son of God." His words evidently imply, "I do not know precisely what He meant by so calling Himself; but what He said He was, that He is; whatever He meant, I believe Him; I believe that His word about Himself is true, though I cannot prove it to be so, though I do not even understand it; I believe His word, for I believe *Him*."

Now to return to the passage which has led to these remarks. Our author says that certain persons are hypocrites, because they "take a short cut to belief, suddenly resolving to strive no longer, but to rest content with saying they believe." Does he mean by "a short cut," believing on the word of another? As far as our experience goes of religious changes in individuals, he can mean nothing else; yet how *can* he mean this with the Gospels before him? He cannot mean it, because the very staple of the sacred narrative is a call on all men to believe what is not proved to them, merely on the warrant of divine messengers; because the very form of our Lord's teaching is to substitute authority for inquiry; because the very principle of His grave earnestness, the very key to His regenerative mission, is the intimate connection of faith with salvation. Faith is not simply trust in His legislation, as this writer says; it is definitely trust in His word, whether that word be about heavenly things or earthly; whether it is spoken by His own mouth, or through His ministers. The angel who announced the Baptist's birth said, "Thou shalt be dumb, because thou believest not my words." The Baptist's mother said of Mary, "Blessed is she that believed." The Baptist himself said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Our Lord, in turn, said to Nicodemus, "We speak that we do know, and ye receive not our witness; he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God." To the Jews, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, shall not come into condemnation." To the Capernaïtes, "He that

believeth on Me hath everlasting life." To St. Thomas, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." And to the Apostles, "Preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth not shall be damned." How is it possible to deny that our Lord, both in the text and in the context of these and other passages, made faith in a message, on the warrant of the messenger, to be a condition of salvation; and enforced it by the great grant of power which He emphatically conferred on His representatives? "Whosoever shall not receive you," He says, "nor hear your words, when ye depart, shake off the dust of your feet." "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father." "He that heareth you, heareth Me; he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." "I pray for them that shall believe on Me through their word." "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain, they are retained." "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." These characteristic and critical announcements have no place in this author's gospel; and let it be understood, that we are not asking why he does not determine the exact doctrines contained in them—for that is a question which he has reserved (if we understand him) for a future volume—but why he does not recognise the principle they involve—for that is a matter which falls within his present subject.

It is not well to exhibit some sides of Christianity, and not others; this we think is the main fault of the author we have been reviewing. It does not pay, to be eclectic in so serious a matter of fact. He does not overlook, he boldly confesses that a visible organised Church was a main part of our Lord's plan for the regeneration of mankind. "As with Socrates," he says, "argument is every thing and personal authority nothing; so with Christ personal authority is all in all and argument altogether unemployed" (p. 94). Our Lord rested His teaching, not on the concurrence and testimony of His hearers, but on His own authority. He imposed upon them the declarations of a divine voice. Why does this author stop short in the delineation of principles which he has so admirably begun? Why does he denounce "short cuts," as a mental disfranchisement, when no cut can be shorter than to "believe and be saved"? Why does he denounce religious fear as hypocritical, when it is written, "He that believeth not shall be damned"? Why does he call it dishonest in a man to sacrifice his own judgment to the word of God, when, unless he did so, he would be avowing that the Creator knew

less than the creature? Let him recollect that no two thinkers, philosophers, writers, ever did, ever will, agree in all things with each other. No system of opinions, ever given to the world, approved itself in all its parts to the reason of any one individual by whom it was mastered. No revelation is conceivable, but involves, almost in its very idea, as being something new, a collision with the human intellect, and demands accordingly, if it is to be accepted, a sacrifice of private judgment. If a revelation be necessary, then also in consequence is that sacrifice necessary. One man will have to make a sacrifice in one respect, another in another, all men in some. We say, then, to men of the day, Take Christianity, or leave it; do not practise upon it; to do so is as unphilosophical as it is dangerous. Do not attempt to halve a spiritual unit. You are apt to call it a dishonesty in us to refuse to follow out our reasonings, when faith stands in the way; is there no intellectual dishonesty in your own conduct? First, your very accusation of us is dishonest; for you keep in the back-ground the circumstance, of which you are well aware, that such a refusal on our part is the necessary consequence of our accepting an authoritative revelation; and next you profess to accept that revelation yourselves, while you dishonestly pick and choose, and take as much or as little of it as you please. You either accept Christianity, or you do not: if you do, do not garble and patch it; if you do not, suffer others to submit to it as a whole.

The Nightingale and the Cicala.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Ἀτθὶ κόρα, μελίθρεπτε, λάλον λάλον ἀρπάξασα
 τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,
 τὸν λάλον ἂ λαλέσσω, τὸν εὐπτερον ἂ πτερόεσσα,
 τὸν ξένον ἂ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά;
 κ' οὐχὶ τάχον ῥίψεις; οὐ γὰρ θέμις, οὐδὲ εἰκαῖον,
 δλλυσθ' ὕμνοπόλους ὕμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

Latine.

Cecropi, pasta favis, argutum arguta cicadam
 Correptum pullis fersne, puella, dapem?
 Pennigera alati, mortem struis hospitis hospes,
 Æstiva æstivi, garrula multiloqui?
 Ah! cito projicias! neque fas, Philomela, neque æquum est,
 Ut cantatores ora canora vorent.

The Greek Tragedians.

III. CHARACTERISTICS OF SOPHOCLES.

— In describing the genius of Sophocles we have in some respects greater difficulty than in estimating that of either of the other great Athenian tragedians. The sublimity and the religiousness of Æschylus are striking features which must arrest the most inattentive reader; the fine rhetoric and almost melodramatic sweetness of Euripides, and his fondness for the visibly and materially tragic, are equally conspicuous. But whilst certain leading improvements instituted by Sophocles are well known, there is a pervading character about his poetry that is easily recognisable, but by no means easy to describe. I compare him in this respect, as a poet, to Addison as an essayist. Who, on opening the *Spectator*, can hesitate a moment in determining whether a particular paper comes from Addison or not? And yet it would require no small amount of reflection, and a feeling approaching in quickness and delicacy to his own, to state what it is precisely which makes his style so perfectly distinct. Gracefulness and simplicity are qualities which do not readily admit of analysis; and there are other points also, as we shall see, which, whilst they afford an unmistakable impression of individuality, are by no means salient, but lie under the surface. The genius of Sophocles resembles a spring of the most limpid and transparent water, exhibiting no coarse admixture, and capable only of being reduced into the constituents of the element, with some subtle and refined characteristics, very difficult to detect, however manifest the brightness and freshness they impart. Nor can I illustrate him readily from modern poets. It is true that there are isolated passages of Shakespeare quite in his spirit (for example, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*); and in France, Racine has directly, and very successfully imitated him. Still, taken as a whole, Sophocles stands alone. Nature seems to have made him, and then to have broken the mould.

In examining, then, the peculiarities of the poet before us, I think we may consider him in two points of view—in the structure of his dramas, and in his spirit. From the very simple plan of one of the plays of Æschylus, consisting principally of long and splendid choral odes winding round the leading idea of his drama,

to the elaborately-developed action of a tragedy of Sophocles, is an immense stride. And again, the perfect unity of conception which pervades the latter no less contrasts with the confused and varied scenes, and the frequent carelessness with which the conclusion is worked out, in Euripides. I do not say that even the faults of his two rivals may not often be regarded as beauties by the closet reader; but if we seek for the real and peculiar excellence of the drama, Sophocles is the true model of it. I proceed to attempt the criticism of some of his most beautiful plays; but shall first state the characteristics which I expect to bring out.

We perceive in a play of Sophocles one single idea evolved in the most natural manner. Unlike Euripides, he rarely finds it necessary to begin by a prologue explaining to the audience what is required to make the action intelligible. He opens with a scene of such a nature that the explanation is afforded by the sequence of the events, which are regularly interlaced, and all indispensable. The conclusion arises from their orderly process, and is not brought about by external aid, the resource of an indolent or uninventive poet. He projects his tragedy as a whole, in which part answers to part, and which he had before his mind simultaneously from the first to the last. This principle of allowing nothing superfluous to enter, of making every thing serve towards the fulfilment of the end in view, or else dismissing it, is quite in keeping with the position of the chorus in the plays of Sophocles as contrasted with those of Euripides. The choral odes of the former are never mere ornaments, but are always in close connection with the action, being in fact the expression of the feelings of a particular class of persons observing the action of the piece.

The idea which the mind of Sophocles most loved to contemplate is that of the beauty arising from the perfection of order, the harmony caused by obedience to law. The perfect symmetry of his works, both in language and plan, is the best illustration of this. Any thing unrefined or imperfect would have jarred with so self-possessed an imagination and so majestic an intellect. Hence comes that repose which is no less marked an attribute of his plays than it is of the great works of Grecian sculpture. I think it will be found that there is also a reference in each of the tragedies to some great moral principle which is elicited by the action; but Sophocles was too much an artist to allow of this reference on the surface. As a dramatic poet, he but reflects the passions and actions of life, gathering them up into the focus of a single story. That a certain coldness should appear where this love of proportion is so prevailing an element of the poet's mind, is only natural. The same sense of fitness is balanced

by a serene pride—that “trail of the serpent,” which, as Moore has beautifully expressed it, has passed over the flowers of Eden still inherited by the children of men. •On the other hand, Sophocles often exhibits a very attractive sweetness and tenderness; and among heathen poets his purity is very remarkable.

But almost the most special characteristic of Sophocles is what is rightly called his *irony*. The Greek notion of *εἰρωνεία* is widely different from the habit to which we give the appellation derived from it. The Greek *εἴρων*, as described by Aristotle, is a man who affects a deficiency in knowledge or other resources, which is far from being really the case with him. Thus Socrates was always giving himself out as destitute of knowledge on a subject, while he forced those he conversed with, by a series of artful and well-combined questions, to show their own complete ignorance of it. Now, something analogous to this affected ignorance appears in various passages of our poet, where he puts into the mouth of his characters sentiments highly inconsistent with their real position, and such as make those spectators who have some idea of the terrible doom impending over them feel a sense of awe at their utter unconsciousness of it. In this we may truly call him the copyist of nature. Do we not hear every day a confidence expressed or implied in the stability of things which, considering their real uncertainty, has the effect of a kind of irony? Only the action of the irony is divided, as it were, between two persons—the actor and the spectator. The spectator throws himself into the position of the hero, destined to calamity, and feels the strange incongruity of the sentiments he utters and the destiny which is all the time awaiting him. The sports of children are an example of that irony in nature which Sophocles imitated, as we have it in the beautiful lines of an English poet:

“Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play.”

Of course this characteristic implies in a high degree the attributes of humour in the genius of the poet in whom it is found; but Sophocles, always master of himself, never allows this exquisite sense of the humorous to appear directly in his poetry. It is merely a condition of his style, in the same way as it has been justly said that a great mathematician ought to have a powerful imagination. We nowhere find in him, unless in a very subdued form, the avowedly humorous mixed up with the tragic, as we do in Euripides and Shakespeare, and even, after a given fashion, in Æschylus. Sophocles was, above all other Greek poets, preëminently Greek; and it was part of the genius of the nation to dislike mixing things, and to wish that each kind of composition should have its own definite

effect, and no other. Tragedy was tragedy; comedy was comedy. The type of the national intellect is found in the simplicity of their architectural style and of their statuary. The various, many-coloured structure of thought which we inherit in literature from the Gothic age is comparatively without example in Greek literature, although Homer and Herodotus are instances of minds which had a great natural affinity to it.

The characters of Sophocles are of that statuesque kind which is supposed especially to mark classical art. They present one pervading idea, and yet, simple as they are themselves, and simple as is the plot by which their features are brought out, they are yet so managed as to reveal more details than might be expected. In illustration of these principles, I proceed to examine more minutely, first among the plays of Sophocles, the *Antigone*, not as ranking it the highest, but because it is one with which non-classical readers have a sort of familiarity from modern adaptations. The leading action is extremely simple. It is the disobedience of Antigone to the unjust decree by which Creon forbade the burial of the corpse of her brother Polynices; his cruel condemnation of her to be consigned alive to the tomb; his haughty rejection of the warnings of the Chorus, of his son Hæmon, of the seer Tiresias, and even of the omens by which heaven indicated its displeasure at his unholy deeds. The drama turns towards the catastrophe when the king's obstinacy is shaken at last, but too late, by Tiresias' threats of coming woe. As though a gathered thunder-storm had burst, the next scene reveals the news of the suicide of Antigone in the tomb, and that of Hæmon over her corpse, in the presence of the father who had set the laws of humanity so proudly at defiance. But fate has not yet finished its work, and in the midst of Creon's unavailing lamentations, comes, by way of closing vengeance, the suicide of his wife Eurydice, leaving him an example of the great law, that prudence is the chief element in human happiness, and its chief exercise the avoidance of haughtiness and impiety. Such is the moral which the poet himself draws from his own poem; but there underlies it the still deeper one—that there is a law above those of earthly powers, to be preferred when they conflict with it, whilst obedience to that divine law does not necessarily imply that its reward will be earthly prosperity. The choral odes are among the most beautiful to be found in the extant plays of Sophocles, yet their connection with the plot, though on the whole decided, is nevertheless rather of a refined kind. I could imagine that they were sometimes poems which the author had thrown off independently, but afterwards adapted to it by some of those subtle bonds which necessarily unite all thoughtful poetry with the drama,

as a picture of human life. Instances, which I notice more particularly further on, would be the exquisite ode on the craftiness of man, and that on love,—powers at work wherever human passion is playing its part in the complications of the world.

I now enter into the several scenes of the play, and shall consider the various characters as they arise in the course of the action. The opening scene is a beautiful exhibition of sisterly affection—the mournful conversation of Antigone and Ismene. We find, indeed, great purity and tenderness in the range of feelings described in the Sophoclean plays; in the present one, for instance, the love of sisters for each other, and of a sister for a brother; in the *Trachiniae* that of a faithful wife for her absent husband; and in the *Cedipus Coloneus* that of a daughter for her aged father, a blind wanderer, struck by a mysterious woe, excommunicating him as it were from all other human society. In the play before us, Antigone and Ismene are left alone of a family that has been under the influence of some evil destiny, which after involving their parents in the unconscious commission of frightful deeds, has brought their two brothers to destruction by fratricidal and internecine strife. Creon, the successor to the vacant throne, has determined that of these two brothers, one, who had invaded his country, shall be deprived of the rites of burial, and his body left to be devoured by the dogs and birds. Antigone, though death is the penalty, resolves to set this unholy decree at defiance, and asks her sister's aid in carrying out her design of burying her brother. Ismene is not less affectionate than Antigone, even more so, but her disposition is sweet, and unequal to the terrible conflicts with the wills of tyrannical rulers. In peaceful times she would have passed a gentle and innocent life, but she is completely overborne by the tide which the sterner soul of her sister is able to battle with. She avows her weakness, and entreats the beloved shade of her brother to pardon her if she cannot fulfil this awful duty in the face of such a penalty. It is wonderful with what force and truth the poet has brought out the opposite character of Antigone, when her sister thus gently, but feebly, opposes her. She has no idea of persuading Ismene to a right course, which the latter has not greatness of soul unhesitatingly to adopt. She casts her off at once, disdainfully allowing her to take her own safe and ignoble path, giving her no second invitation to that to which the splendour of duty had failed to allure her. She seems to desire henceforth to forget her, and to dwell in thought and mind with the departed; to do justice to whom she was prepared to sacrifice life, and with whom she was soon to enter upon a new existence, in comparison of which the short span of life is nothing. Ismene vainly beseeches

her at least to have the prudence of concealing what she meditates. The sisters part for ever; Ismene with tenderness, Antigone with unbending resolution. We see here how the poet has loved to paint the obedience to law, as the motive principle of a character, and how very beautifully he has brought it out by the contrast of a mind in which conscience, that is, the reason under the authority of law, has less power than the heart and the affections. We may compare it, in English imaginative literature, with the scene in Sir Walter Scott's *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, where Jeanie Deans casts her sisterly affections to the winds when truth and justice are in the opposite side of the scale. To proceed: the play, as we have seen, opens mournfully; but the poet has nevertheless prevented the commencement from being one of unmixed sadness, by the triumphal song beginning *ἀκτῖς ἀελίου*, in which the chorus rejoice over the defeat of the proud and traitorous invaders of their country. Here also appears that reverence for law which I have laid down as one of the great moral features of the Sophoclean drama. "Zeus," they say, "hates above measure the boastings of an arrogant tongue, and looking at them with indignation as they flow forward in a mighty stream of rattling gold, he hurls his brandished bolt at the warrior in act to raise the shout of victory on the topmost battlements." Creon then comes in. I think the character he represents stands in some respects finely opposed to that of Antigone. He too respects law, but then it is not as the principle of right, but merely as the will of irresponsible power, human and not divine. With him the state, and himself as its representative, is all in all. He has no idea of taking the feelings of those around him into consideration, or of recollecting that awful uncertainty of fortune and life, of which the very object of his indignation was an example. He is little-minded and ungenerous, and naturally therefore cruel. In the moment of a great victory he remembers not mercy, but is prepared to exercise vengeance even on the silent and insensible ashes of a fallen human guilty enemy. He announces his resolve to cast out the body of Polynices; and as if to make this decree doubly revolting, he even hints at forcing the aged citizens present to assist in carrying it out. Presently one of the guards enters, to whom had been intrusted the office of watching the dishonoured corpse. He comes in fear, with the unwelcome news, that in spite of Creon's prohibition, certain rites of burial had been rendered to it. This curious scene presents slight traces of humour, not, indeed, reaching the comic, but rather an example of that gentle, half-satirical manner, already described as the Sophoclean irony. The guard relates a sort of colloquy he had held in his own mind, something after the fashion

of Launcelot Gobbo, on the question whether he should go to Creon or not, and finishes by saying he had arrived at the decision of making a clean breast of it. "I come," he says, "with firm grasp of this hope, that a man can only suffer what is the decree of fate." The maxim is in perfect accordance with the character, because it is always the habit of the vulgar and uneducated to appeal to destiny; whilst at the same time the words might convey that more awful idea of fate, as the inevitable, yet wise and just instrument of retribution which pervades the whole atmosphere of Greek tragedy. The rest of the guard's narrative, relating the alarm of his comrades at finding what had been done, their talk of appealing to the ordeal of fire to exculpate themselves, and their panic when they perceive the necessity of the king's being informed of the affair, is again almost humorous; and still more when, after Creon's ordering him to find out the guilty persons on pain of direful consequences, the guard hints, at parting, that he is not likely to re-appear. Only the solemnity of the great action which is being evolved saves all this from a shade of the ludicrous. The littleness and meanness of Creon's character continues to develop itself, where, on the chorus suggesting the possibility of divine agency in what had occurred, he not only disdainfully denies this, but works himself into a suspicion that persons who had already represented to him that the public feeling was for gentler measures, had corrupted the guards by bribes.

The very beautiful choral ode which concludes this scene, beginning *πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ* (probably an imitation of *Æsch. Choëph.* 576), is a most lofty yet mournful strain of thought on the varied subtlety of man. He traverses the ocean, driven by the wintry blast; he urges the plough, year after year, on the divine surface of the globe; he ensnares the wild inhabitants of air and earth and sea; he tames to his purposes strong and rebellious creatures; he has devised speech; he has constituted states, with their orderly societies; he is full of resources for the future—death alone he may not escape, but he yet may retard the onset of disease. We are reminded of the equally beautiful reflection in *Hamlet*: "How goodly a piece of workmanship is man!" &c. The Greek poet proceeds, very characteristically, to say: "Sometimes he moves towards good, sometimes towards evil; of high account in his city, where he obeys the land's laws and the just observance of an oath; but an outcast is the man, because of his daring, who is familiar with wrong. Let not such an one share my dwelling, or be partner of my thought." This mention of law affords the transition which organically connects the ode with the action of the play. The chorus cannot but suspect the maiden Antigone of having disobeyed the law they hold in such

reverence. Fine as the connection is, it is difficult to avoid supposing that in this ode we have a fragmentary study of the poet's, interwoven so skilfully into the dramatic structure that we hardly perceive the marks of the combination.

At first sight it strikes us as hard that the chorus, so gentle and so sympathetic, should be disposed to condemn Antigone, and to state its suspicions with a kind of horror. But this is in perfect keeping with the propriety of the characters. The chorus has already hinted its dislike of the severity of the king. But its conscience does not ascend higher than that of the average of good citizens; and in its eyes, accordingly, the law of the state must be accepted as supreme, and in disobeying that law Antigone has set at defiance a very sacred power. It cannot at once exculpate her from guilt when it sees her in opposition to the state; and this hesitation is necessary in order to place Antigone in the transcendent position of moral dignity in which we presently find her, as the play goes on.

The next scene brings us to the discovery of Antigone's disobedience to the law. The guard reappears with her under arrest, and reports to the king the circumstances under which she had, in the presence of the party on watch, bid defiance to his commands by sprinkling with dust her brother's corpse. As before, the vulgarity of his character is well painted by the eagerness with which he dwells on the horrible, when he relates how the guards had stripped the reeking remains, now hastening to corruption, and had sat to windward of their foul odour. His coarse avowal of preference for his own safety, when the alternative is to deliver up to punishment one whom he honours, is in keeping with all that goes before.

Then comes the turning-point of the whole play—the admirable passage where Antigone, the prisoner at once innocent and guilty, is presented before the tyrant, her eyes cast down, and silent till he challenges her with her crime in violating the law of the state. I shall render freely the noble words with which she breaks silence: “I did it,” she says, “because it was not Zeus who declared to me these commands, nor Justice, the companion of the gods beneath the earth, who enacted these laws. Nor did I think that your decrees were so strong that I, a mortal, could transgress the unwritten and sure legislation of the gods, which is no affair of to-day or yesterday, but has lived from eternity, and no man knows the date of its origin. I was not going to suffer from the gods the penalty of disobeying this, out of fear for any thought of man. I was well aware that I was to die, even if you had not proclaimed it beforehand; but if I shall die before my time, I call it a gain; for what else but a gain is it for one to die who lives, as I do, in the midst of many sor-

rows? It is thus no pain to me to meet with the death before me; but had I suffered the dead corpse of the son of my mother to remain unburied, I should have been pained at that. This pains me not at all. But if you now think I am acting foolishly, perhaps it is only in the eyes of a fool that I am charged with folly." The remainder of the scene adds some fine touches to this beautiful and majestic delineation. For example, her appeal to the silent approval of the hearts of the timid spectators, when they dare not interfere with the will of the tyrant; her asking him if he can do *more* than kill her; and her reiterated refusal to permit her sister Ismene to share the punishment when she had shrunk from sharing the deed. The temperament of Antigone, it will be observed, exhibits a strong sense of the rights of persons. Her brother is her own, and she can now have no other: she will not forsake him in death. The action is her own, and none shall partake in it. She stands, as it were, isolated in the universe of life, and resolutely cuts herself off from all the society which she is soon to leave for ever, and which had shown itself so unequal to obey the eternal laws she dares to hold in reverence. The pride and tyranny of Creon wax higher and higher. We see that he is provoking the divine vengeance, the clouds of which are thickening over him without his knowing it. Ismene, whose sisterly affection has, in the interval, given strength to a character naturally feeble, in vain represents to the tyrant that misfortunes like theirs lessen the responsibility of disobedience, and that Antigone is the betrothed wife of his son Hæmon. Then intervenes a splendid choral ode, in which the notion of fatality, at which Ismene had hinted, is worked up with wonderful imagery. One woe after another had swept over the doomed household of Œdipus, like the winds careering over the dark expanse of the ocean, and the last ray of light which had shone upon it is now to be quenched in blood. In contrast with this wild scene is the awful tranquillity of Olympus, where reigns Zeus in his brightness, unvisited by sleep or by the changing alternations of time. The law of fate abides for ever; and when it blinds men's eyes, evil seems to them good—words by which the madness of the king is distantly reproved. The arrival of Hæmon interrupts the chorus. He, though he is his father's only son, and though he exercises consummate powers of persuasion, cannot turn Creon aside from his fatal determination. After preparing the way by a pretended acquiescence, he in vain attempts to soften his father's hard heart by representing to him the deep-felt popular opinion in favour of Antigone, his betrothed. After a stormy altercation, he departs, warning his father that he shall see him no more. The manner in which the latter is blinded by passion comes out forcibly when at

first he says neither of the sisters shall escape, and only excepts Ismene on the chorus gently asking him if he means both of them to die. He gives the order for Antigone to be consigned to a living tomb, like Rome's vestal virgins of a later day in punishment of violated vows.

I remarked in the beginning of this criticism that the tyrant respects law, but he does not reverence that justice, of which, if human law tends not to be the embodiment, it is the highest kind of injustice. Thus he thinks he secures himself against the guilt of shedding the blood of his innocent victim because he does not actually take her life, but only *suffers* her to perish—leaving food with her in the sepulchre, enough only to avoid the transgression of the letter of the law of conscience.

Whilst Antigone is being led to the tomb, the chorus sing a short but exquisite ode, in which they address Love as the cause of the evils they witness, as earlier in the play they had ascribed them to the sterner force of Destiny. The all-pervading influence of Love over the realm of nature, of the immortals, and of man, is touched as though the master was striking one of the finest and sweetest chords of his marvellous lyre, with a grace and harmony which would only lose its effect if it were too much prolonged. For the reader of modern literature I might parallel the general effect of the passage with the more ambitious, but almost as beautiful lines in *Childe Harold*, where the poet alludes to

“that tender power,

Passing the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.”

The victim moves on, lamenting, with the simplicity of a maiden of the patriarchal age in Homer, her hard fate in thus descending into the grave before the bridal song had been sung over her. She talks of the doom of Niobe as like her own, with the hard rock clinging like ivy, and the snows of the mountain-ridge weeping for ever around her; she bids farewell to the familiar images that meet her view, the springs and the wood, and finally the sacred eye of the sun, on which she may no longer look. She thinks of the strange and fearful destiny that has always hung over her family, of which she is the last example. Yet even now she regrets not for a moment the action which has brought upon her such an end. She is suffering for her devotion to a brother, and she feels that, now her parents were dead, that was a relation unique in kind, and which could never be restored. A husband she might have, and children, and others might be granted her if these were taken, but her brother nothing could replace. She appeals, therefore, to him, as a sort of martyr of sisterly love. There are features in the scene which remind us of

the Christian sufferers of the amphitheatre—the extreme loneliness in the midst of a crowd, some indifferent, some sympathising, but none able to help. On the other hand, we are struck by the contrast of the heart-breaking melancholy of Antigone, of her proud and unbending, however beautiful, attitude, and of the mournful prayer in which, at the close, she wishes evil to her enemies if they are in the wrong. Equally striking is the contrast of the strange comfort the chorus utters in snatches of sweet, musical poetry,—incidents of similar woes out of the varied legends of the Greek mythology. The difference is so great, that we appear as if we were witnessing a scene in another planet, whilst we still behold at work the great conflict between right and wrong, and can feel the most intimate interest in the issue of the struggle.

Antigone having now gone down from the light of the sun into the darkness of her noonday sepulchre, there is a brief pause. Suddenly appears Tiresias, the blind and aged soothsayer, the representative of a power which even the king cannot insult with impunity. He tells him of awful omens which had been reported to him, of strange mysterious phenomena which had occurred in the sacrifices, and which showed that the gods were displeased at his having carried his anger beyond the grave, depriving the dead of burial, and consigning the living to the tomb. He exhorts the king, in fatherly language, not to persevere in a wrong course. All men may err. He who can retrace a false step is not foolish. In his persuasive words we recognise what the old critics meant who said that eloquence was the great characteristic of Sophocles. The king replies in scornful and tyrannical language, exhibiting in a very remarkable degree the energy of the poet's genius. "Polynices," he says, "shall not receive the rites of burial, no, not even if the eagles of Zeus were to carry up his body as their prey to the foot of the celestial throne." The vehemence of a wicked resolution could not have been expressed in words more appalling to the minds of the Greeks. The prophet at once changes his tone, and no longer admonishes, but threatens. The sun shall make few revolutions before the king shall part with one of his own offspring in penalty for the dishonour he had done to the dead and the living. The fate-avenging Erinnyes of Hades and of the gods were lying in ambush for him, and will soon spring forth to seize him. The wailing of men and women would soon ascend from his house, and hostile states were already gathering to exact vengeance. The prophet departs in this ill-omened manner. The king, left to himself, comes to his senses, and, now that it is too late, is willing to reverse his decrees, though his pride still pulls in the opposite direction. He then goes off to the sepul-

chre, and, after a short choral ode, consisting of an invocation to the patron-god of the city, a messenger arrives with news of what had taken place at the tomb in this brief interval. Almost at the same moment, the queen Eurydice appears to hear of the calamity. The king had caused what remained of the body of Polynices to receive incremation and interment, and had then gone to the tomb where the living Antigone was shut up. But he heard from it the cries of his own son Hæmon, her betrothed husband; the bars were opened, and on entering the vault they found Antigone, having committed suicide, hanging by her girdle, and Hæmon lamenting by her side. The father entreated him to come out, on which the son said not a word, but *spat* at him (an incident of tragic effect of a kind not usual either in Sophocles or in Greek tragedy generally, but very striking), drew his sword, and after attempting to kill his father, who fled out of the tomb, stabbed himself beside the corpse of Antigone. After this, the woes of the doomed house are completed by the suicide of Eurydice; and the play concludes with the lamentations of Creon under his deserved calamities—lamentations which are a novel feature in Greek tragedies, and, though not very effective in reading, were probably impressive in representation, like the sun “setting in the weeping west.”

From the above analysis, it appears that between the tragedy of Æschylus and that of Sophocles, speaking of the former generally, there is a great step. Sophocles is the more conscious artist of the two, and works more according to rule, from an idea, expanding itself into a variety of details. They thus stand related to each other, not unlike Homer and Virgil. There is an anecdote of Sophocles from which it appears that the poet had perceived this difference between himself and his great predecessor and rival. “Æschylus,” he said, “does right, but without knowing why.” Sophocles, as an artist, forms a good illustration of a striking chapter in Bossuet’s *Elevations to God on the Christian Mysteries*, where that great prelate and theologian distinguishes three things in the artist,—the art itself, which is a habit of his mind; the idea which it engenders; and the love with which the artist contemplates the resulting production. His words are :

“I am a painter, a sculptor, an architect. I have my art, my design, or idea, and I have the preference with which I regard this idea, by special love. I have my art, I have my rules, I have my principles, which I reduce as much as I can to one first principle, which is single, and by which I am fertile. With this primitive rule, and this teeming principle which constitutes my art, I engender within myself a picture, a statue, an edifice, which in its simplicity is the form, the original, the

immaterial [model of what I shall execute on stone, on marble, on wood, on a canvas, when I shall set in order my colours. I love this design, this idea, this child of my fertile spirit and my inventive art. And all this makes me one single painter, one single sculptor, one single architect. And all this is held together and inseparably united in my mind; and all this at bottom is but myself, and has no other substance; and all this is equal and inseparable. Whichever of the three you remove, all disappears. The first, which is the *art*, is not more perfect than the second, which is the *idea*, or the third, which is *love*. We cannot say which is more beautiful, to begin or to end, to be produced or to produce. The Art, which is the father, is not more beautiful than the Idea, which is the child of the spirit; and the Love which makes us love this beautiful production is as beautiful as it: by their mutual relation each has the beauty of the three." (Bossuet, vi^e élévation.)

These observations may serve to illustrate that great characteristic of Sophocles which consists in the unity of his conceptions. In none of his plays is any thing inserted for mere ornament; there is no flourishing, decoration, or digression; but whilst the deepest spirit of poetry reigns throughout, there is also a certainty and a simplicity partaking of the severe beauty of mathematical demonstration. His plot, when once you have given a due measure of attention to it, is readily taken in by the mind's eye; unlike some plays of Shakespeare—for example, *King Lear* and *Hamlet*—in which, even after careful reading, the plot is not perfectly clear, and where so large a range is taken, that the purpose of the drama seems occasionally sacrificed to its by-works, and, at the end, the threads are often very hastily taken up. The symmetry of the Sophoclean drama arises from the great leading features of the poet's mind, on which I have said so much—his fondness for order, for rule, and for reference of facts to laws; and hence the love of his art as an assemblage of very majestic laws, and of their exemplification in practice. It is this perfect mastery of his art that, perhaps, has given to Sophocles the disposition to the peculiar irony to which I have adverted. Composers destitute of this tranquil consciousness of power have not the leisure to carry on a double signification of this nature, or to play with mental operations and passions of a kind so overwhelming as those which enter into the works we are criticising. I mentioned Addison as showing affinities to Sophocles. His serious narratives abound with this quality, and so also does the poetry of Virgil, whose finish and gracefulness bear a still more striking resemblance to that of Sophocles. In the *Antigone* examples of irony are afforded by the wild talk of Creon, where, in a passage which I particularly noticed above, he speaks of the eagles of heaven carry-

ing up the corpse in her dishonour to Jupiter's throne. Now on the supposition Jupiter was the lord of heaven, and the all-seeing avenger of wrong, that was practically just what was taking place. Without knowing it, therefore, the miserable man, in uttering an exclamation of over-reaching pride, said something which applied with a terrible meaning to his own case, and which might have been understood by a calm-minded bystander as completely expressing it, and foreshadowing the doom which was at hand.

The same principle might be illustrated, on a larger scale, in the whole play of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, generally regarded as the masterpiece of the poet. The construction of the plot and the speeches of the leading personages are strongly coloured with it. The play opens with a dreadful pestilence infesting the city of Thebes. The elders of the city crowd round their king, Œdipus, a man of approved wisdom, to see if he can do any thing to help them. He has already sent to the oracle of Delphi, to inquire what has brought this visitation on the city. His messenger returns with the news that it is the consequence of a dreadful crime which must be searched into, and the evil-doer driven forth, as a pollution, from the land. Now all the while Œdipus himself was unconsciously the person thus pointed at by the divine response as stained by deeds which marked him out as unfit for the society of his fellows. He had unawares slain a man who in the end turns out to have been his own father, and he is unawares living in an unholy union with his mother—thus calling down upon the land the anger of heaven. Yet he institutes a series of inquiries which, step by step, bring home the guilt to his own head. Whilst he appears to be acting just as a wise and benevolent ruler should, it is as if some mocking and satirical fate were leading him into a net of the most awful calamity. His actions, therefore, have a sort of double meaning. He intends them one way, destiny intends them another; and his words similarly bear throughout a double construction. For example, when he says: "It is not for friends more distant, but for my own sake, that I shall dissipate this pollution; for the murderer, whoever he was, perhaps might wish to assail me by a like attempt. In helping him, then, I benefit myself." Something of the same nature is traceable, too, in the very beautiful chorus which immediately ensues, of which I have attempted to render the opening lines as follows:

" Sweet voice of heaven ! with what import,
 From Pytho's gilded fane
 Unto resplendent Thebes, hast thou arrived ?
 My trembling soul is rack'd with pain,
 Healing Pæan, Delian God !

For awful questioning of thee,
 What instant fate thou wilt to me assign,
 Or in revolving hours decree,
 Say, Child of golden Hope !—say, oracle divine !

Deathless Athena ! first invoking thee,
 Jove's daughter, and thy sister Artemis,
 Queen of the land, in the round forum's throne,
 And Phœbus, the far-darter, hear my moan !
 Threefold averters of sorrow ! O, come forth when I call !
 If ever, in former days, when the rush of ruin was near,
 Ye hurl'd back its wave of fire, e'en now, as of old, appear !"

Observe that they call the answer of Apollo, which was fraught with such terrible consequences, "the sweet voice of heaven;" they invoke it as the "Child of golden Hope"—expressions which would surely look like irony after the event. And yet more awful are the words in which Œdipus, without in the least knowing it, threatens against himself the exact burden of woe which was written for him in the dark book of fate, to be opened, that very day, by his own officious instrumentality:—"If any man shall screen the guilty one, I forbid any person from admitting or speaking to him, or allowing him to share in supplication to the gods or the lustral water or sacrifices; but I charge all to drive him from their houses, as this is a pollution to us, even as the Pythian oracle has revealed it. And I pray that the doer of the deed [*himself*, remember, all the time], whether he be an individual or a partner with many, may miserably pass a vile life, vile as he is." And he goes on, heaping curse upon curse, not as if he were possessed, but—such is the great art of the poet—in a manner arising in a most natural way out of the circumstances. The prophet Tiresias is sent for, as in the *Antigone*, and tries to divert him from this blind resolution of unravelling what will be destruction to himself; and again, when the story develops further, Jocasta earnestly, and with suppressed agony, entreats him to forbear. But, being self-willed, though naturally neither bad nor imprudent, this opposition only renders him the more determined in the course of action he has commenced, and which winds on and on till he is caught in the inextricable snares of destiny; and, on finding out his real position, and the stain which rests upon him, he blinds himself, in a scene which, for wild horror, may almost be said to surpass any thing even in Æschylus. There are also to be found in Sophocles examples of that less subtle irony which consists in a person's expressing himself with perfect verbal truth, and yet so as to be understood by the bystanders in a completely different reference from that which he has in his mind. An instance of this occurs in

the *Ajax*, where the hero pretends to Tecmessa that he intends going to purify himself from the slaughter of the oxen, whilst his real purpose is to destroy himself. He says: "But do you, O lady, go within, and continually pray the gods that the things may be accomplished which I have at heart; for I am going where I must go; but do what I tell you, and perhaps you may hear of me soon, even though at this moment I am unfortunate." All this might be uttered by a man about to die, and adapts itself to that intention by a sort of melancholy irony.

I pass on to offer a short criticism on the play of the *Trachiniæ*, perhaps one of the least favourite of the Sophoclean drama, and though decidedly, I think, from his hand, still with certain peculiarities which distinguish it from the rest. In the first place, the introductory speech of Dejanira is much more Euripidean than Sophoclean. The plays of Euripides are frequently introduced by a sort of monologue, in which one of the characters relates so much of the antecedent story as is required to put the hearer in a position to understand what follows. This, I need not observe, is inartistic and clumsy, compared with the orderly working-out of such a tragedy as the one I have criticised at length, and so far makes the *Trachiniæ*, at the outset, rather below the level of Sophocles. The conclusion, too, is very much in the manner of Euripides, who is fond of saving himself from some practical difficulty by the intervention of a divinity—a *deus ex machinâ*. The plot of the *Trachiniæ* is almost as simple as that of a tragedy of Æschylus. Hercules is expected from Eubœa after his capture of Œchalia. The jealousy of Dejanira is roused by the report of the messenger and Lichas, that the hero destines Iole, who appears among the captives sent on before, to be his wife. Dejanira sends him a robe dipped in the blood of Nessus, as a charm to regain his affections. Hyllus brings the news that it has acted on him like a consuming poison; on which Dejanira commits suicide. Hercules makes his appearance, borne on a litter, and undergoing the most frightful tortures. He resolves on burning himself to death on Mount Cœta, and forces his son to join in conveying him thither. The most painful incidents are related, not acted. Still, the stage-effect of the scene must have been very striking—the long procession of captive maidens; the silent Iole, making no answer to the compassionate inquiries of Dejanira; the convoy of the hero, arrayed in the gorgeous poisoned mantle; his agonised sufferings, which, as the story winds towards its conclusion, begin to calm down, like the passions, as tragedy completes its office. In this play, as elsewhere, I think the character of the poet eminently reveals itself in the tranquil contemplation of the struggles

and sufferings of human life—even as Lucretius imagined the calmness of philosophy to be like that of him who witnesses, from a lofty tower, the battle fought in the plain below. There is, no doubt, in Sophocles a trace of Epicureanism, before Epicurus; yet I cannot accuse him of indifference, since he shows that his mind was capable of profound pity, as well as marked by a genius of wonderful self-possession.

The *Trachinæ* is further interesting, because it turns, in a great measure, on the passion of jealousy, which is not a frequent motive in the ancient Greek drama. Yet the sweet, and what we might call in modern language the lady-like, character of Dejanira is well exhibited. She may be compared with Helen in the *Odyssey*, and with Clytæmnestra in one or two passages of the *Agamemnon* and *Choëphoræ*, as the gracious lady of the household. But the physical torture of Hercules absorbs most of our attention in the winding-up of the play. For this the poet has been rather censured by Adam Smith in his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, since physical pain is not exactly what we easily enter into in the case of others. We do not even readily recall pain sustained by ourselves at a former period. This would apply still more strongly to the *Philoctetes*, where so much of the tragic interest turns upon the misery undergone by Philoctetes from his envenomed foot. But, if I mistake not, there are reasons why the imagination of Sophocles would have peculiarly led him to enter into physical pain. All accounts show that he was refined, luxurious, and self-indulgent; and these qualities would make him very sensitively shrink from bodily suffering, but would at the same time give ideas connected with it a singular sort of fascination over his mind.

This essay cannot, of course, pretend to exhaust the subject, but only to afford hints on its more salient points. Otherwise a large space ought to have been devoted to the *Œdipus Coloneus*, the last and in some respects the most beautiful of the remains of the muse of Sophocles. Among its interesting features is, I think, the representation of the same mind under new conditions. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* we behold a character of average goodness and wisdom, yet with some faultiness, carried away by the vortex of terrible but involuntary crime. It is too much for him to bear, and he is thrown as if into a whirlpool of the most fiery mental suffering, only saved from suicide, yet wreaking on himself the tortures demanded by a conscience thrown off its balance. In the next play, after a long interval, we behold the same character far advanced, and feeling himself, as he is felt by others, to deserve a sort of mysterious respect, from the mere fact of the peculiar suffering he has gone

through. The commission of a deed, materially the same with a great crime—for instance, parricide, committed by a maniac who afterwards regains his senses—would seem to indicate that so unfortunate a person was brought under some singular law of Providence, and that the Divine goodness had some remarkable object in subjecting him to a discipline so unusual. This feeling in regard to cases of such a class is one of the deepest in human nature. It prevails throughout the *Œdipus Coloneus*, and makes that play afford perhaps the best example to be found in the Greek drama of the purification, as Aristotle would call it, of the feeling of pity, till it rises—to borrow a phrase from Shakespeare—into “the very virtue of compassion.”

Cairo and the Franciscan Missions on the Nile.

ON the 25th November 186— a small but crowded steamer was seen ploughing its way through the waves at the entrance to the port of Alexandria. Its living freight was of a motley description: there were the usual proportion of Indian passengers—Indian officers returning with their wives after sick-leave; engineer officers going out to lay down the electric telegraph—one of whom, young in years but old in knowledge, whose distinguished merit had already raised him to the first place in his profession, was never again destined to see his native shores. Then there were others seeking health, and about to exchange the damp, foggy climate of England for the warm, dry, invigorating air of Nubia and the Upper Nile. They had had a horrible passage, in a small and badly-appointed steamer, of which all the port-holes had to be closed on account of the gale, leaving the wretched inhabitants of the cabins in a state of suffocation difficult to describe. So that it was with intense joy that the jetty was at last reached; and in the midst of a noise and confusion impossible to describe, the passengers were landed on the dirty quay, and were dragged rather than led into the carriages which were to convey them to the hotel. It was the Feast of St. Catharine, the patron saint of Alexandria, to whom the great cathedral is dedicated; and in consequence the town was more than usually gay. Towards evening a beautiful procession was formed, and Benediction sung, in the cathedral, which is served by the Lazarist Fathers. It was the best day to arrive at Alexandria, and the prayers of the virgin saint and martyr were earnestly invoked by some of the party for a blessing on their voyage and a safe and happy return.

To one who has been for a long time in the East, Alexandria appears a motley collection of half European, half Arabian houses, and the refuse of the populations of each; but on first landing, every thing appears new, beautiful, and strange. The long files of camels, the veiled women, the variety of the dresses, are all striking; but the one thing which even the most hackneyed Nile traveller cannot fail to admire is the vegetation. Enormous groves of date-palms and bananas, with an underwood of poncettias, their scarlet leaves looking like red flamingos amid the dark-green leaves, and ipomeas of every shade—lilac, yellow, and above all turquoise-blue—climbing

over every ruined wall, and exquisite in colour as in form, delight an eye accustomed to see such things carefully tended in hothouses only, or paid for at the rate of five shillings a spray in Covent Garden. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have two very large establishments here—one a hospital, to which is attached a large dispensary, attended daily by hundreds of Arabs; the other a school and orphanage of upwards of 1000 children. There are thirty-seven Sisters, and their work is bearing its fruit, not only among the Christian but the native population. To our English travellers the very sight of their white "cornettes" was an assurance of love and kindness and welcome in this strange land; and it was with a glad and thankful heart that they found themselves once more kneeling in their chapel, and felt that no bond is like that of charity, uniting as in one great family every nation upon earth.

After a couple of days' rest, our English party started by the railroad for Cairo. This journey was not as commonplace as it sounds; for at each station the train was besieged by Arabs, clamouring for passages, between 300 and 400 at a time; so that it required all the efforts of the guards and their dragoman to prevent their carriage being taken from them by main force. The beauty of Cairo is the theme of every writer on Egypt and the Nile; but it would be impossible to exaggerate its extreme picturesqueness, the exquisite carving of its mosques and gateways; the oriental character of its narrow streets and bazaars and courts; the beauty of the costumes, and of the fretted lattice casements overhanging the streets; the gorgeous interior fittings of the mosques, one of which is entirely lined with oriental alabaster; the magnificent fountains in the outer courts of each; the graceful minarets—all seen in the clearness and beauty of this perfectly cloudless sky, leave a picture in one's mind which no subsequent travel can efface. Outside the town is a perfect "city of the dead;" all the pashas and their families are interred there, and people "live among the tombs," as described in the Gospels; while on Fridays the Mohammedans have services there for their dead, "that they may be loosed from their sins;" one of those curious fragments of Christianity which are continually cropping out of this strange Mohammedan worship.

One of the most interesting expeditions made by our travellers was to Heliopolis. They passed through a sandy plain full of cotton, date-palms, and bananas, and by a succession of miserable native huts (which consist of mud walls, with a roof of Indian corn, and a hole left in the wall for light), until they came to an obelisk, and from thence to a garden, in the centre of which is a sycamore tree, carefully preserved, under which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are

said to have rested with the infant Saviour on their flight into Egypt. It is close to a well of pure water, and surrounded with the most beautiful roses and Egyptian jasmine. The Mohammedans have the greatest veneration for the "Sitt Miriam," as they call the Blessed Virgin. They prove her Immaculate Conception from the Koran, and keep a fast of fifteen days before the Assumption; therefore no surprise was felt at seeing the care with which this grand old tree is tended and watered by them.

Another expedition made by the travellers was to Old Cairo, where, near the famous Nilometer, is the Coptic convent and chapel built over the House of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, where they are said to have lived for two years with our Blessed Lord. There are some very beautiful ancient marble columns and fine olive-wood carvings, inlaid with ivory, in this church, and a staircase leads down to the Virgin's House, which is now partly under water from the rise of the Nile. It is curious how persistently all early tradition points to this spot as the site of our Saviour's Egyptian sojourn, and it was with a feeling of simple faith in its authenticity that one of the party knelt and strove to realise this portion of the sacred infancy.

There are three Catholic churches in Cairo, the cathedral being a fine large building. The Sisters of the "Good Shepherd" have also a large convent near the cathedral, and an admirable day-school and orphanage. Many dark-eyed young girls whom our travellers saw kneeling at Benediction there had been rescued by the kind Mother from worse than Egyptian slavery. The condition of the "fellahs," or lower orders, in Egypt, is appalling from its misery and degradation; and the good Sisters have very uphill work to humanise as well as christianise these poor children. Nothing can be more wretched than the position of the women especially throughout Egypt. If at all good-looking, they are brought up for the harems; if not, they are kept as "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" and the idea of their having *souls* seems as little believed by the Mohammedan as by the Chinese, whose incredulity on the subject the Abbé Huc mentions so amusingly in his missionary narrative.

Before leaving Cairo the English ladies were invited to spend an evening in the royal harem, and accordingly at eight o'clock found themselves in a beautiful garden, with fountains, lit by a multitude of variegated lamps, and conducted by black eunuchs through trellis-covered walks to a large marble-paved hall, where about forty Circassian slaves met them and escorted them to a saloon fitted up with divans, at the end of which reclined the pasha's wives. One of

them was singularly beautiful, and exquisitely dressed in pink velvet and ermine, with priceless jewels. Another very fine figure was that of the mother, a venerable old princess, looking exactly like a Rembrandt just come out of its frame. Great respect was paid to her, and when she came in, every one rose. The guests being seated, or rather squatted, on the divan, each was supplied with long pipes, coffee in exquisite jewelled cups, and sweetmeats, the one succeeding the other, without intermission, the whole night. The Circassian slaves, with folded hands and downcast eyes, stood before their mistresses to supply their wants. Some of them were very pretty, and dressed with great richness and taste. Then began a concert of Turkish instruments, which sounded unpleasing to English ears, followed by a dance, which was graceful and pretty; but this again followed by a play, in which half the female slaves were dressed up as men, and the coarseness of which it is impossible to describe. The wife of the foreign minister kindly acted as interpreter for the English ladies, and through her means some kind of conversation was kept up. But the ignorance of the ladies in the harem is unbelievable. They can neither read nor write; their whole day is employed in dressing, bathing, eating, drinking, and smoking. The soirée lasted till two in the morning, when the royalty withdrew, and the English ladies returned home, feeling the whole time as if they had been seeing a play acted from a scene in the Arabian Nights, so difficult was it to realise that such a way of existence was possible in the present century.

The Sunday before they left, curiosity led them after Mass to witness the gorgeous ceremonial of the Coptic Church. The men sat on the ground with bare feet, the women in galleries above the dome, behind screens. The Patriarch—who calls himself the successor of St. Mark, and is the leader of a sect whose opinions are almost identical with those condemned by the Council of Chalcedon as the Eutychian heresy—was gorgeously attired in a chasuble of green and gold, with a silver crosier in one hand (St. George and the dragon being carved on the top), and in the other a beautiful gold crucifix, richly jewelled, wrapped in a gold-coloured handkerchief, which every one stooped to kiss. After the reading of the Gospel and the Creed, the people joined with great fervour in the Litanies; and then began the consecration of the sacred Species, which lasted a very long time. The Holy Eucharist was given in a spoon to each communicant, the bread being dipped in the wine, and the Patriarch laying his hand on the forehead of each person while he gave the blessing. At the same time, blessed bread stamped with a cross, and with the name of Christ, was handed round to the rest of the congregation,

like the *pain bénit* in village churches in France. The Copts boast that there has never been the slightest alteration in their religious rites since the fourth century, and they are undoubtedly the only descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

The following morning a portion of our travellers started by train for Suez, across a waving billowy-looking tract of interminable sand. Except the "half-way house" (a miserable shed), there is no human habitation all the way, and nothing to be seen but long files of camels slowly wending their way across the desert. After enjoying for a few minutes the first sight of the Red Sea, the consul obligingly lent them horses to ride to the Lesseps Canal, which was then completed to within six miles of Suez. Upwards of 5000 Arabs had been pressed into the service by the pasha, and the poor creatures were toiling under the burning sun, with no pay and wretched food, and when night came, sleeping under the banks. The mortality among them was frightful; but it was in this way that the pasha paid for his shares! Our travellers tasted the water, the first that had ever been brought to Suez, except by camels, or, of late, by the *water-train*. It is difficult to realise the fact of a town of this size being entirely without fresh water until now, which accounts for the absence of the least kind of vegetation. The next morning a steamer took our party early to the wells of Moses, about nine miles up the gulf, where they landed, being carried through the surf by the Chinese rowers. Each of the wells is enclosed in a little fence, and belongs to a Suez merchant. It is a wonderful spot, so green and lovely in the midst of such utter desolation. There are dates and banians, roses and pomegranates, salads and other vegetables, all growing in the greatest luxuriance. Long strings of camels filed across the sand on their way to Mount Sinai, and the colouring of the mountains was exquisite. The shore was covered with coral and shells. After spending an hour or two there, and reading the Bible account of the spot, our travellers returned to the ship, and went across the gulf to see the exact place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea when pursued by Pharaoh. The view was beautiful, and the Hill of Barda stood out brightly with its jagged points clear and purple against the glowing sky. The Catholics have a small church at Suez, but are building a larger one, as their mission is greatly on the increase.

Our travellers returned that evening to Cairo, and for the first time slept on board their boats, or *dahabiéh*. The first sensation was of discomfort at the smallness of the cabins; but soon they got used to their floating homes, and the beauty of the weather enabled them to live all day long on the awning-covered poop; so that they

soon ceased to feel cramped and uncomfortable. The following day, the wind being contrary, Latifa Pasha, the head of the Admiralty, gave them a steamer to tow them up to Gizeh, from whence they were to visit the Pyramids. The excessive depth of each stone makes the ascent an arduous one for women; but the view amply repays one for the exertion. On one side is the interminable desert; on the other, the fertile "Land of Goshen." Owing to the recent inundations, the party had continually to dismount from their donkeys and be carried across the water on men's backs. The next few days passed quickly, our travellers landing every morning to walk and sketch, while the men were "tracking" along the shore, and making acquaintance with all the people and places of interest as they passed. At El-Atfeh was a remarkable dervish of the tribe they had seen "dancing" in Cairo, who showed them his house, in the court of which was the tomb of his predecessor, hung with ostrich-eggs, canoes, and other votive offerings, but hideously painted in bright green. At Bibbeh there was a very fine Coptic church, with a picture of St. George and the Dragon, who is the favourite saint throughout the East, and venerated alike by Christian and Moslem. Again, on their way to Minieh, they passed by a fine Coptic convent on the top of a cliff, and two of the monks swam to the boats to ask for alms and offerings, which are never refused them. On the 20th December they reached Sawada, which is a village somewhat inland, but containing a large Coptic convent and church, served by six priests, and with a congregation of upwards of 1000 Christians. It was also an important burial-place, and there were multitudes of little domes looking like children's sand-basins reversed, but each surmounted with a cross. One of the ladies was sketching this picturesque village from a palm-grove at the entrance of the principal gateway, when a venerable priest approached her and made that sign which in the East is the freemasonry of brotherhood—the sign of the Cross. The lady instantly responded, and the old priest, joyfully clapping his hands, led her into the church, showing her all its curious carvings and decorations, and several very ancient Mss. There are some fine mountains at the back, in which the gentlemen of the party discovered some wolves. The next day brought them to Beni-Hassan. The caves, which are about three miles from the shore, were originally used as tombs by the ancient Egyptians, and are covered with paintings and hieroglyphics; but their chief interest arises from their having been the great hiding-place of the Christians during the persecutions, and also used as cells by St. Antony, St. Macarius, and other anchorites. A little further on, near Manfaloot, is the cave of St. John the Hermit, venerated to this hour as such

by the natives. On Christmas-day our travellers arrived at Sioot, and found there a Catholic church served by the Franciscan Mission, which is under the special protection of the Emperor of Austria, who has sent some very good pictures for the altars there. The Mass was reverently and well sung, and about 150 Catholics were present. After Mass, the Italian Padre gave them coffee. He had been educated at the "Propaganda," but had been twenty-four years in Egypt; so that he had almost forgotten every language except Arabic. He said that they had now obtained a union with the Copts, and a Coptic Mass followed the Latin one. The Mission had been established at Sioot four years before, by the intervention of Said Pasha, but had encountered great opposition at first from the Moslems. Two bodies of Christian saints with all the signs of martyrdom had been lately discovered in the caves above the town; but the Mohammedans would not allow the Christians to have them. The good old Franciscan had studied medicine, and thus first made his way among the people. Now he seems to be universally respected and beloved.

Our party rode through the dirty bazaars of this so-called capital of Upper Egypt, and ascended to the caves. But the "City of the Dead," a little beyond the town, is mournfully beautiful and silent. It is composed of streets of tombs, of white stone or marble, the only sign of life being the jar of water left in front of each, to water the aloes planted in picturesque vases at the gate of each tomb. A whole poem might be written on the thoughts suggested by those silent streets. It was this "City of the Dead" which is said to have occasioned the valuable lesson given by St. Macarius to the young man who had asked him "how he could best learn indifference to the world's opinion?" He directed him to go to this place, and first upbraid and then flatter the dead. The young man did as he was bid. When he came back, the saint asked him "what answer they had made?" The young man replied, "None at all." Then said St. Macarius: "Go and learn from them neither to be moved by injuries or flatteries. If you thus die to the world and to yourself, you will begin to live to Christ."

Here for the first time our travellers realised the horrors of an Egyptian conscription. A number of villagers coming in to the Sunday's market were at once seized, chained together, and thrown on the ground like so much "dead stock," to be packed off on board a government vessel, when the full complement had been secured. The screams and howls of their wives and daughters, throwing dirt on their heads and tearing their hair, in token of despair, when their frantic efforts to release them from the recruiting-

sergeants were found ineffectual, were most piteous to hear. The poor fellows rarely survive to return to their homes; and their pay and food are so miserably small and scanty, that to be made a soldier is looked upon as worse than death. They maim themselves in every way to escape it—cutting off their forefingers, putting out their eyes, and the like. Scarcely a man on board the boats is not mutilated in this manner. In the evening, being Christmas-day, all the boats were illuminated with Chinese lanterns and avenues of palms; while the sailors made crosses and stars of palm-leaves, to hang over the cabin-doors. A beautiful moonlight night added to the effect of these decorations, as the party rowed round the different *dahabihs*, and the “*Adesto fidelis*” sounded softly across the water. The following morning, after early Mass, a favourable wind carried them on to Ekhnim, where there is also a Catholic Franciscan missionary and church. The priest was a Neapolitan, and had begun his labours at Suez. His only companion was a native Copt, who had been educated at the Propaganda. They had about five hundred Catholics in their congregation, and a school of about fifty children. The church was of the fifteenth century, and under the protection of a Christian sheik, to whom our travellers were introduced, and who courteously invited them into his house. The courtyard of the Catholic church was crowded with native Christians who had escaped from the conscription, and were safe under the roof of the priest. The sheik conducted his guests to his house, the only good one in Ekhnim, and furnished more or less in European style, as he had been at Cairo, and attached to the household of the late viceroy. They sat on the divan, with pipes and coffee, talking Italian with the priest, when the sheik, as a great honour, allowed them to see his wife, and afterwards his daughter, a bride of thirteen, married to the son of the Copt Bishop. She was dressed in red, as a bride, with a red veil and a profusion of gold ornaments and coins strung round her neck and arms. The sheik and the whole population escorted our travellers back to their boats with every demonstration of respect, and then the principal chiefs with the priest were invited to come on board and have coffee, which they accepted. The Franciscan Father had been for seven years at Castellamare, and felt the change terribly, but said that the climate was good, and that the comfort of feeling one was working for God strengthened his hands when he was inclined to despond. He complained of the lamentable ignorance of the Coptic priests, who know nothing of the history of their interesting old churches and convents, and only tell you “they were built before their fathers were born!” The two large Coptic convents formerly existing in the mountains above the town are deserted;

but their church at Ekhnim is the oldest now remaining in Egypt, and full of curious carving and very ancient pillars.

On New Year's Day our travellers arrived at Denderah, and spent it in the wonderful temple of Athor. The heat was very great, and it required some courage to attempt to sketch. At five the following morning the boats arrived at Kenh, and some of the party went on shore to Mass, that being also a Franciscan station. The church is small, but very nicely kept; the place is, however, unhealthy, and the good Franciscan father was very low at the mortality among his comrades. He has lately started a school, and has about twenty children; but his life is a very desolate one, having no European to speak to, or any one to sympathise in his work. After Mass he took our travellers to see the making of the *goolahs*, or water-bottles, which are so famous throughout Egypt, and are made solely in this place, of the peculiar clay of the district, mixed with the ashes of the halfah grass. They are beautiful in form, and keep the water deliciously cool. After a breakfast of coffee and excellent dates at the sheik's house, the party reëmbarked, and arrived that evening at Negaddi. Here again they found a Catholic mission. The superior, Padre Samuele, had been labouring there for twenty-three years. He was of the Lyons mission, and was the only one who had survived the climate. Four of his brethren had died within the last twelvemonth, and he had just dug the grave for the last. They had a large and devout congregation, and a school of one hundred and fifty children, and had been building a new church of very fine and good proportions. But now the good father has to labour and live alone. He said, however, that he had written to Europe for fresh workers, whom he was anxiously expecting. Negaddi is remarkable for its turreted pigeon-houses, painted white and red, which form an amusing contrast to the miserable mud holes in which the inhabitants live. The following evening found our travellers at Thebes. The town itself is a surprise and disappointment. There are literally no shops, no bazaar, no houses but the two or three belonging to the consuls, and built in the midst of the temples. But the said temples are unrivalled for interest and beauty. Karnac, either by daylight or moonlight, is a thing apart from all others in the world for vastness of conception and magnificence of design. "There were giants in those days." The same may be said of the Tombs of the Kings, of the Vocal Memnon, of the Memnonium, of Medemet Haboo, and the rest. The marvel is, what has become of the people who created such things; who had brought civilisation, arts, and manufactures to such perfection that nothing modern can surpass them. Is it not a lesson to our pride

and our materialism, when we think of them and of ourselves, and then see the degraded state of the modern Egyptian, the utter extinction of the commonest art or even handicraft among them, so that it is scarcely possible, even in Cairo, to get an ordinary deal table made with a drawer in it? There is no Catholic mission at Thebes, but a Coptic bishop, who received our travellers very kindly, showed them his church, and gave them coffee on a terrace overlooking the Nile. This evening was "twelfth-night," and the boats were again illuminated and decorated with palms, the whole having a beautiful effect reflected in the water.

After spending a week at Thebes, our travellers sailed on to Assouan, visiting the Temples of Esneh, Edfoo, and Komom-Boo on their way, and coming into the region of crocodiles and pelicans, and of the Theban or dom palm—less graceful than the date palm, but still beautiful, and bearing a large, nut-like fruit in fine hanging clusters. Between Edfoo and Thebes are shown some caves, in one of which St. Paul, the first hermit, passed so many years of penitence and prayer. He was discovered by St. Antony in his old age, when tempted to vain-glory, God having revealed to him that there was a recluse more perfect than himself, whom he was to go into the desert and seek. A beautiful picture in the gallery at Madrid by Velasquez represents the meeting of the two venerable saints, the dinner brought to them by the raven, and the final interment of St. Paul by St. Antony in the cloak of St. Athanasius, the lions assisting to dig the grave.

Assouan is, as it were, the gate of the Cataracts, and is on the borders of Nubia, the great desert of Syene being to the left of the village. The Nubian caravans were tented on the shore, and tempting the Europeans with daggers, knives, ostrich-eggs, poisoned arrows, rhinoceros-hide shields, lances, and monkeys. The climate was delicious. There is no country in the world to be compared with Egypt at this time of the year, because, in spite of the heat, there is a lightness and exhilaration in the air which makes every one well and hungry. To an artist the colouring is equally perfect. No one who has not been there can imagine what the sunrises and sunsets are, especially the after-glow at sunset. No artificial red, orange, or purple can approach it. Then the gracefulness of the palms on the banks, the rosy colour of the mountains, the picturesque sakeels or water-wheels, and the still prettier shadoof, with its mournful sound, which seems as the wail of the patient slave who works it day and night, and thereby produces the exquisite tender green vegetation on the banks of the river, due to this artificial irrigation alone,—all are a continual feast to the eye of the painter. And if all this is

felt below Assouan, what can be said of Philæ—beautiful Philæ—that “dream of loveliness,” as a modern writer justly calls it?

Our travellers, while waiting for the interminable arrangements with the Reis of the Cataracts, took the road along the shore; and after passing through a succession of curious and picturesque villages, arrived at one called Mahatta, where they hired a little boat to take them across to the beautiful island. Rocks of the most fantastic shapes are piled up on both sides of the shore; but when once you have emerged from these into the deep water, “Pharaoh’s Bed” and the other temples stand out against the sky in all their wonderful beauty. Philæ was the burial-place of Osiris, and “By him who sleeps in Philæ” was the common oath of the old Egyptians. The temples are too well known by drawings to need description; but what is less often mentioned by travellers is that the larger one, originally dedicated to the Sun, was used for a long time by the Christians as a church. Consecration crosses are deeply engraved on every one of those grand old pillars; and at one end is an altar, with a cross in the centre, in white marble, and a piscina at the side, with a niche for the sacred elements; and above this recess is a beautiful cross deeply cut in the stone, together with the emblem of the Vine. The cross is also let in into the principal gateways. There was an Italian inscription commemorating the arrival of the first Roman mission sent by Gregory XVI., and a tablet in French recording the arrival of the French army there under Napoleon in 1799, signed by General Davoust.

The gentlemen of the party decided to pitch their tents in the island till the question of the passing of the Cataracts was decided; and while this operation was going on, one of the ladies sat down to sketch. She was quietly painting, luxuriating in the beauty and silence around her, and watching the sun setting gloriously behind the temple, when all of a sudden a deep bell boomed across the water, and was repeated half-a-dozen times. It was the “Angelus.” Even the least Catholic of the party was struck and impressed by this unexpected sound, so unusual in a country where bells are unknown, and the only call for prayer is from the minaret top. Instinctively they knelt, and then arose the question, “Where could the bell come from?” There was no sign of habitation or human beings either on the island itself or on the opposite shores, and the dragoman himself was equally at fault. At last, on questioning the boatmen, they found that behind some hills a short distance off was a convent—a sort of “convalescent home” for the sick monks of the Barri Mission. The English lady decided at once to go and see it, and on arriving at the long low stone building, found that the Franciscan

father, who was almost its solitary occupant, had just returned from the White Nile, being one of a mission to the blacks in the Barri country, a month's journey south of Khartoun. He had been at death's door from fever; and on leaving Khartoun for Philæ, an eighteen days' ride on camels, had been attacked by dysentery, and left for dead in the burning desert by the caravan; only a faithful black convert remained by his side, and he felt that his last hour was come; when the arrival of poor Captain Speke, on his way home from one of his last explorations, changed the state of things. With true Christian charity our countryman at once ordered a halt, and devoted himself to the nursing and doctoring of the dying monk; so that in a few days he was so far recovered as to be able to resume his journey, and arrived safely at Philæ. He said he owed his life, under God, entirely to the kindness of this Englishman; and his only anxiety seemed to be to show his gratitude by doing every thing he could for those of his nation. He invited our travellers to take up their abode in the convent, and gave them a most interesting account of the missionary work of his order. They have chartered a small vessel, which they have called the "*Stella Matutina*," and which plies up and down the river, and enables them to visit their stations on each bank. But they have every kind of hardship to encounter from the treachery or stupidity or positive hostility of the different tribes, from the intense heat, and, above all, from the deadly malaria which had carried off seventy of their brothers in three years. But there are ever fresh soldiers of this noble army ready and eager to fill up the ranks.

The ladies rode home by way of the desert, and reached their boats in safety. The next morning, at five o'clock, the same road was resumed by two of the party who were anxious to reach the convent in time for the early Mass. They met nothing on their seven-miles' ride but a hyæna, who was devouring a camel which they had left dying the night before. The little convent chapel was very nice; and among the vestments sent by the *œuvre apostolique*, and worked by the ladies of the Leopoldstadt mission, one of the party recognised a court-dress which had been presented for the purpose by a Hungarian friend of hers at Rome. It was strange to find it again in the depths of Nubia. The Mass was served by two little woolly-haired negro boys from the good old Father's school, whose attachment to him was like that of a dog to its master. He was in some trouble as to finding clothes for them. The Nubians dispense with every thing of the kind except a fringed leathern girdle round the loins, decorated with shells. The children have not even that. However, in the *dahabiéh* a

piece of rhododendron-patterned chintz was found, carefully sent from England for the covering of the divans; and with that, certain articles of dress were manufactured, gorgeous in colouring, and therefore perfect in native eyes, however ludicrous and incongruous they might appear to Europeans. The following day was fixed for one of the boats to go up the Cataracts, and the party started early for what is called the "first gate" to see the operation. No one who has not lived for some months with this "peuple criard," as Lamartine calls them, can imagine the din and screaming of the Arabs as each dangerous rapid is passed; the Reis all the time shouting and storming and leaping from one stone to the other like one possessed. But the ascent is child's play compared to the descent. So many accidents have happened in the latter, and so many boats have been swamped, that the captains now insist on the passengers landing on an island near, while their boats rush down the rapids. It is a beautiful sight, the way those apparently unwieldy vessels are steered, and clear the rocks as it were with a bound, amidst the frantic yells and cheers of the whole population. A number of men, for a trifling baksheesh, swam down the current on logs; one with his little child before him: but an Englishman, attempting to do it a year or two ago, was caught in the whirlpool and instantly drowned. After watching this exciting operation, the party dined together at Philæ in their tent, and then rowed round and round the island by moonlight, which exceeded in loveliness all they had hitherto seen; the vividness of the reflections were beyond belief; and reading or writing was easy in the brilliant light.

Our traveller availed herself of the kind Father Michael Angelo's proposal, and slept at the convent. He gave them some curious arms, and hippopotamus'-teeth from the White Nile, and some ostrich-eggs, arranged as drinking-vessels with shells and leather stripes: his sole furniture in his native tent. The English, in return, gave him a quantity of medicines, which he eagerly accepted for his mission, to which he was hoping to return. After early Mass the next day, he escorted them to see the Island of Biggeh with its picturesque temple, and then to the quarries of Syene, where an uncut obelisk of great size still remains embedded in the sand. Some idea was entertained in England of using it for Prince Albert's monument; but the difficulty of carriage and the distance from the river would make its transfer almost impossible. Far simpler would be the proposal of taking the Luxor obelisk, already given to the English by Mehemet Ali, the sister one to that successfully transported to Paris by the French. It is a thousand

pities to leave it where it is, and to miss the occasion of adding so unique and valuable a monument to our art-treasures.

This, the last day of our traveller's stay at Assouan, was spent in making a few last purchases, visiting the old castle overlooking the river, and exploring the island of Elephantine, which offers beautiful sketching. But the inhabitants are even more importunate as beggars than their confraternity at Thebes; and it required all the eloquence of the good priest to prevent their appropriating the contents of the traveller's paint-box. She purchased from them many strings of bright beads, which constitute their sole idea of female dress. A curious funeral took place in the evening, an empty boat being carried for the dead man, who was buried with his arms and his spear; while a funeral dirge was sung over him by his tribe. It was curious, as being identical with the hieroglyphics of similar scenes in the tombs of the kings. Many of the customs of these people are purely pagan; for instance, when an Arab makes his coffee, he pours out the first three cups on the ground as a libation to the sheik who first invented the beverage. The slave-trade, though nominally abolished by the viceroy, is carried on vigorously at Assouan. The governor goes through the form of confiscating the cargo and arresting the owners of the ship; but, after a few days, a handsome baksheesh on the part of the slave-owner and captain settles the matter; and their live cargo is transported to Cairo, there to be disposed of in the harems, or elsewhere.

To the Catholic traveller in this country nothing can be more melancholy than the utterly degraded condition of the people, who are really very little removed from the brute creation. Years of ill-usage, hardship, and wrong have ground down the Fellah to the abject condition of a slave; and the utter extinction of Christianity among them seems to preclude all hope of their rising again. Yet Egypt was once the home of saints. From Alexandria, the seat of all that was most learned and refined, the see of St. Athanasius, and St. Alexander, and St. Cyril, and St. John the Almoner, and a whole string of holy patriarchs, bishops, and martyrs, up to the very desert of Syene, peopled with anchorites, the whole land teemed with saints. And now, the little handful of Franciscan fathers, scattered here and there, sowing once more the good seed at the cost of their lives, is all that remains to bear witness to the truth.

Buried Alive.



"It may be asserted without hesitation, that no event is so terribly well calculated to inspire the supremeness of bodily and mental distress as is burial before death. The unendurable oppression of the lungs; the stifling fumes of the damp earth; the clinging to the death-garments; the rigid embrace of the narrow house; the blackness of the absolute night; the silence like a sea that overwhelms; the unseen but palpable presence of the conqueror worm,—these things, with thoughts of the air and grass above, with memory of dear friends who would fly to save us, if but informed of our fate, and with consciousness that of this fate they can *never* be informed; that our hopeless portion is that of the really dead,—these considerations, I say, carry into the heart which still palpitates a degree of appalling and intolerable horror from which the most daring imagination must recoil."*

I have chosen this sentence, from a writer whose forte is the terrible and mysterious, for my introduction, because it sums up, in a few expressive words, the thoughts which arise in our minds on hearing or reading the words "Buried Alive." To avert so fearful a doom from a fellow-creature would surely be worth any trouble; and yet it is to be feared that the very horror which the thought inspires causes most of us to turn aside from it, and to accept the comfortable doctrine that such things are not done now, whatever may have formerly been the case. Were this true, I should not feel justified in bringing before the readers of the *Month* a ghastly subject, which could be acceptable only to a morbid curiosity; but it is unfortunately but too certain that persons are now and then buried alive, and that therefore this fate may be possibly our own. The subject is one which naturally excites more attention abroad; for in England the custom of keeping deceased relatives above ground for many days after their death has long prevailed, and incurs the opposite danger of injuring the health of the survivors who thus indulge their grief. We believe no important work has ever been published in this country on the subject; for Dr. Hawes's pamphlet is not up to the present standard of medical information, and contains

* E. A. Poe's *Premature Burial*.

instances of very doubtful authenticity. The tales of premature interment which can be collected in conversation, or occasionally noticed in the public journals, are not very numerous; few of them are circumstantial enough to have any scientific interest; and some prove the supposed fact by the hair or nails having grown, and the body having moved when in its coffin—things which are well known to happen now and then after death has undoubtedly taken place, and being therefore no proofs at all. After examination, I have, then, come to the conclusion that no estimate of the frequency of premature interment can be obtained. Indeed, the only statistics which we possess are from Germany, and they are not very reassuring. In some of the large towns of that country, mortuary chambers (in which the dead are placed for some days before burial) have long been established; and we learn from a report of one in Berlin, that in the space of only thirty months ten people, who had been supposed dead, were there found to be alive, and thus saved from true death in its most horrible form. But in France and Italy, especially during the summer months, the dead are buried so very early that fears are frequently entertained. In France, indeed, the law prescribes a delay of twenty-four hours after death before interment, and also requires a certificate of death from an inspector, who in large towns is usually a physician with no other employment (*le médecin des morts*); but so many instances of carelessness and of incapacity on the part of the country inspectors have been noticed, that the Chamber of Peers, during Louis Philippe's reign, and lately the Senate of the Empire, have received many petitions praying for an inquiry, and for further precautions. To these the answer has generally been, that the existing law provides sufficient safeguards; and in this the Senate only followed the prevailing opinion of men of science in France.

For, some years ago, Dr. Manni, a professor in the University of Rome, offered a prize of 15,000 francs, to be given by the French Academy of Sciences to the author of the best essay on the signs of death and the means to be taken to prevent premature interment. The prize was obtained in 1849 by M. Bouchut, an eminent physician in Paris, who, after a very detailed examination of the question, came to these two conclusions: first, that when the action of the heart could be no longer heard by means of the stethoscope, death was certain; and secondly, that not a single case of interment before death has ever been clearly and satisfactorily made out:—and the learned body, who awarded the prize to him, entirely assented to these opinions. Since that time, however, cases have been quoted, by some French doctors of note, in which the action of the heart

could not be detected, and yet life was in the end restored. Their observations have been summed up in a pamphlet by M. Jozat. This gave a fresh impulse to the subject; and on the 27th of February last, M. de Courvol presented a petition to the Senate of the same tenour as those mentioned above. This would have received the same answer as they did, and the matter would have been again shelved, if several of the senators present had not quoted instances which had fallen under their own observation, and in which death was escaped only by some happy accident. The most remarkable of these was narrated by Cardinal Donnet, as having happened to *himself*; and his story was copied into most English newspapers at the time. It is, however, so much to the purpose of this paper, that I make no apology for quoting it in his own words :

“In 1826, a young priest was suddenly struck down, unconscious, in the pulpit of a crowded cathedral where he was preaching. The funeral knell was soon after tolled, and a physician declared him to be certainly dead, and obtained leave for his burial next day. The bishop of the cathedral where this event had occurred had recited the ‘*De Profundis*’ by the side of the bier; the coffin was being already prepared. Night was approaching; and the young priest, who heard all these preparations, suffered agonies. He was only twenty-eight years old, and in perfect health. At last he distinguished the voice of a friend of his childhood; this caused him to make a superhuman effort, and produced the wonderful result of enabling him to speak. The next day he was able to preach again.”

This remarkable account, coming almost from the grave, produced a very great impression; and, as is not unusual in deliberative assemblies, the Senate yielded to striking individual cases what it had before refused to argument, forwarding the petition to the Minister of the Interior, and so implying that it considered the existing law insufficient. The plan which finds most favour in France is the establishment of “mortuary houses,” like those in Germany. Although some of the highest authorities in France are opposed to them, there can be no doubt, if the statistics quoted above are to be believed, that they would be the means of saving many lives, especially in cases where (as in hotels and lodging-houses) the funeral is now hurried as much as possible. The only precautions which need be taken in England are of a simpler kind, and will be more evident after the description I shall now proceed to give of the two diseased states which most nearly simulate death.

In the first of these, called *cataplexy*, the patient lies immovable and apparently unconscious; the limbs are rigid and cold; the eyes are fixed, sometimes remaining open; and the jaw sometimes

drops. But the resemblance to death goes no further; the face has not a corpse-like expression; although the limbs are cold, the head continues to be warm, or is even warmer than when in the usual state; the pupils are never completely dilated, and are, sometimes at least, contracted by exposure to light. The pulse and breathing, although slow and irregular, can always be noticed; and the muscles are so far stiffened as to keep the limbs, during the whole course of the attack, in the position (however constrained and inconvenient) in which they chance to be at the time of seizure, or may be placed in by bystanders during the fit. This state of the muscular system is a decisive proof that the case is one of catalepsy.

Were this rare and curious disease the only cause of error, the physician called upon to discern in a given case between life and death would have a comparatively easy task; but there is a still rarer condition, which gives rise to most of the lamentable mistakes that are made; the state of *trance*, or *prolonged syncope*, is a far more perfect counterfeit of death. The patient is motionless, and apparently unconscious, although he is usually aware of all that is passing around him; the pulsation of the heart and arteries and the breathing gradually diminish in force and frequency, until they become at last quite imperceptible; the whole surface of the body grows cold; and all this may last even for many days. How is one in such a condition known not to be dead? In the first place, it is noticed that this disease is rare in a previously healthy person; it has been generally preceded by some cause producing great weakness (especially long-continued fevers, great loss of blood, severe mental affliction, or bodily pain). It almost invariably, too, occurs suddenly, without any preparation, and of course without the signs which immediately precede death.

Sometimes mere inspection will convince the physician that the person is still alive. Thus, the face, although fixed, may not have the look of death; the mouth may be firmly closed, the eye not glazed, and the pupil not entirely dilated. Supposing, however, that every one of these signs of life are absent, and that the pulse and breathing are imperceptible by the ordinary means of observation, careful examination of the chest with a stethoscope will detect the heart-sounds, if life be not quite extinct, in almost every case. I dare not, in view of the cases cited by M. Jozat, say that absence of the heart-sounds in this state *never* occurs; but all medical men will agree with me that it must be exceedingly rare. It also seems to me probable that, in the cases on which M. Jozat relies, the movements of the heart were so few and far between that the chest happened to be ausculted only during the intervals; at any rate, it would of course be advisable to make frequent and prolonged examinations

before deciding that no sound could be heard. The late Dr. Hope suggested that the second sound of the heart might be detected, although the first was quite inaudible; but this is merely theoretical. Again, although the surface of the body be quite cold, it is probable that a thermometer introduced far into the mouth would show that some internal warmth remained in every case of trance. At a variable time after death the muscles lose their "irritability" (that is, their power of contracting under galvanic stimulation); and this change is speedily followed by another—the stiffness which is noticed over all the body. It is to be remembered that loss of muscular irritability, and rigidity of the whole body, may both be noticed, and yet the person be alive; still, if these two symptoms are not present at first, and only appear soon after supposed death, they will afford strong presumption that the person is dead; which will be strengthened if the skin be slightly burned, and yet no bleb forms in consequence.

Every one, however, of the signs enumerated is open to exceptions; although, of course, the concurrence of many, or of all, tending in the same direction, will make death or life almost certain; but the *only* absolutely conclusive evidence of death is putrefaction, which is sometimes much delayed by the previous emaciation of the deceased, or by cold dry weather, but which sooner or later removes all doubt. The first indications of decay are in the eyeball, which becomes flaccid, and in the discoloration of the skin of the trunk; its later ones are well known to every one. One M. Mangin (who contributed a notice of this subject to the *Correspondant* for March 25th last, to which I am indebted for several facts I have mentioned) supposes that the buzzing, humming noise which is heard over all the body of a living person would furnish a certain means of distinguishing real from apparent death. He does not seem to be aware that M. Collongues, the principal authority for what is called "dynamoscapy," has found that this noise is absent in some cases of catalepsy and trance, for which it is proposed as a test. Certain authorities, both in England and France, have thought that microscopical examination of the blood would be decisive; but unfortunately irregularity in shape and indentation of the red disks (on which they would rely) occur sometimes during life, and are only among the earliest signs of putrefaction after death.

These, as far as I know, are the only means which science has hitherto suggested for distinguishing a living body from a corpse; and we have seen that none of them, save putrefaction, are invariably certain. In a doubtful case, therefore, time should always be allowed for this change to take place, so that the body may be interred in perfect security. If this is done under the direction of a medical

attendant of ordinary information, relatives and friends may be convinced that no mistake is possible; and their plain duty is to urge this salutary delay in the very few cases where it can possibly be required.

It is particularly important to urge this delay, when necessary, in the case of persons who have apparently died of some contagious disease, and who might otherwise have been buried alive. It is, indeed, much to be feared that persons in the collapse stage of cholera have been sometimes buried as dead; especially (Cardinal Donnet remarks) when they are attacked in hotels or lodgings, where a death from such a cause would be particularly prejudicial.

M. Mangin mentions one such case of a medical student in Paris, who apparently died of cholera in 1832, and for whose funeral all preparations were made, when a friend applied moxas to the spine. He recovered consciousness at once, and survived many years; and there is something grimly amusing in reading that he told the narrator: "*Je me suis chauffé avec le bois de mon cercueil!*" Those, again, who have read Mr. Maguire's *Life of Father Mathew*, will not soon forget his graphic description of a similar case, in which Father Mathew rescued a young man from the hospital dead-house, during the same epidemic at Cork, just as he was being wrapped in a tarred sheet, and placed in his coffin.

Poe, in the tale from which I have quoted above, gives an instance of burial during typhus fever, probably in one of the long periods of unconsciousness and immobility occasionally occurring in that disease. The unfortunate man remained in the grave for two days, when his body was disinterred by the "body-snatchers," for the purpose of enabling his medical attendants to make a *post-mortem* examination. A casual application of the galvanic current revived him, and he was soon after restored to his friends, alive and in good health. This is said by Poe to have happened to a Mr. Edward Stapleton, a London solicitor, in 1831. I have been unable to obtain any verification of this marvel, but give it for what it may be worth.

It is very remarkable that the state of prolonged syncope, or trance, can sometimes be produced by a mere effort of the will. One of the best-described cases is given by St. Augustine.* It is that of a priest named Restitutius, who used frequently, in order to satisfy the curiosity of friends, to make himself totally immovable, and apparently unconscious, so that he did not feel any pricking, pinching, or even burning; nor did he appear to breathe at all. He used afterwards to say that "he could hear during the attack what was said very loud by bystanders, as if from afar." He brought on

* *De Civ. Dei*, xiv. cap. 24.

the attack "ad imitatas quasi lamentantis cujuslibet voces;" a sentence which is unfortunately of rather uncertain meaning. Another case is recorded by Dr. Cheyne, a fashionable Bath physician of the last century. A patient of his, one Colonel Townsend, in order to convince Dr. Cheyne's incredulity, one day voluntarily induced this state of deathlike trance "by composing himself as if to sleep." He then appeared perfectly dead; and neither Dr. Cheyne nor another physician, Dr. Bayard, nor the apothecary in attendance, could detect any pulsation at the heart or wrist, or any breathing whatever. They were just about to give him up for dead, when, at the end of half an hour, he gradually recovered.

But these performances are quite thrown into the shade by those of certain fakeers in India. Mr. Braid, in his very interesting *Observations on Trance, or Human Hybernation*, collected several of these almost incredible tales from British officers, who spoke as having been themselves eye-witnesses of them in India. In the most wonderful of them Sir Claude Wade (formerly Resident at the court of Runjeet Singh) says that he saw a fakeer buried in an underground vault for *six weeks*: the body had been twice dug up by Runjeet Singh during this period, and found in the same position as when first buried. In another case, Lieutenant Boileau (in his *Narrative of a Journey in Rajwarra in 1835*) relates that he saw a man buried for ten days in a grave lined with masonry and covered with large slabs of stone; and the fakeer declared his readiness to be left in the tomb for a twelvemonth. In all these cases it is said that the body, when first disinterred, was like a corpse, and no pulse could be detected at the heart or the wrist; but warmth to the head and friction of the body soon revived the bold experimenter. Supposing that the watch (which was carefully kept up during each of these curious interments) was not eluded by some of the jugglery in which Indians excel, we have here proofs that the state of trance can not only be voluntarily induced, but prolonged over a very long time.

The rationale of such phenomena is not very difficult to comprehend. St. Augustine was undoubtedly right when he explained the case that fell under his own observation by the supposition that some persons have a remarkable and unusual power of the will over the action of the heart. Dr. Carpenter suggests that the state of syncope could be kept up much longer in a vault in a tropical climate, where the body would not lose too much of its natural heat, than in more temperate countries; and Mr. Braid compares this condition to the slowness of respiration and circulation during winter in hybernating animals. But whatever may be the explanation, I cannot at least be accused of digression in ending this gloomy paper with an account of men who are voluntarily buried alive.

Experiences of a French Nobleman in Italian Prisons.

THE Count de Christen has published an account* of his campaign and captivity in the kingdom of Naples: and the interest it has excited in France may be estimated by the fact that a second edition of the work has just appeared, rather less than six weeks after the issue of the first. It relates the efforts of a high-minded and chivalrous French nobleman in behalf of Francis II., to whom he had offered his services and his sword after the fortunes of that monarch had become desperate, and the harsh treatment which he experienced from the Piedmontese government after he had become their prisoner. The volume has no literary pretensions: it is but a report of military movements, in the accurate and concise style of a soldier, and of the author's sufferings, given in the modest tone of a high-bred and courteous gentleman; but it bears in every line the stamp of unquestionable truthfulness, and rarely gives expression to feeling or opinion, leaving the facts of the case to speak for themselves. In this latter particular we shall imitate its author.

Count de Christen left Paris in the beginning of April 1860 for Rome, where he remained till the following September. At that time, hearing that King Francis II. had been driven from Naples, and had withdrawn into the fortress of Gaeta, he hastened to offer his services to his majesty as a volunteer. After presenting his letters, he was admitted, in the evening of the day on which he arrived, to an audience of the king, to whom he explained the object of his journey, and the plan of operations which he had conceived. The king readily accepted his proposals, and appointed him to the command of a free corps, formed of picked soldiers of his army; but the Neapolitan generals, with the exception of General Bosco, openly opposed the execution of the king's orders, and the formation of the corps was effected only with great difficulty. When it was organised, the Count put himself at the head of his detachment and marched to Itri, where General Legrange was quartered, with whom he was to act in concert. He then advanced through the Terra di Lavoro and the Abruzzi—provinces which Garibaldi had already invaded with the filibustering troops under his command—and reduced the whole

* *Journal de ma Captivité.* Par le Comte de Christen. Regis Ruffet et Cie. Paris, 1866.

country, as far as Aquila, once more to the obedience of its legitimate sovereign without striking a blow; for at his approach, the population rose in every direction, and unanimously made a counter-revolution in favour of the king. At Civitella Roveto the Garibaldians made a stand, but were routed with the loss of two hundred men; and a portion of the retreating force, which had thrown themselves into Magliano, was attacked and defeated again four days later, thirty being taken prisoners, disarmed, and set at liberty a few hours after their capture. At Aquila Count de Christen found himself opposed to the division of the Piedmontese army under General Cialdini, who had entered the Neapolitan territory through the treachery of General Scuotti. This general, who had been sent with a division of the Neapolitan army to oppose the entrance of Cialdini, surrendered in the presence of the enemy without firing a shot, although his soldiers were anxious to fight and the population to support him. After the disgraceful surrender of General Scuotti, a portion of his division, joined with the peasants of the neighbourhood, formed themselves into bands, with the view of harassing the march of the Piedmontese in their passage through the Abruzzi. This was the beginning of that irregular system of guerilla warfare which was carried on by the adherents of Francis II., and to which those who sympathise with the Piedmontese have applied the term of "brigandage."

Unable to cope with a force so vastly superior to his own, Count de Christen, after the surrender of General Scuotti, fell back upon Rocca d'Arce, where he hoped to form a junction with the division of the army under the command of General Ruggiero; but, on arriving there, he found that that general had taken refuge by retreating with the whole of his force across the frontier into the territory of the Pope. As the little column under his command and that of General Legrange now stood alone before the Piedmontese army, Count de Christen was forced to follow the example of General Ruggiero and retire beyond the frontier; but before doing so, he could not resist having a brush with the advanced guard of the enemy's army which had occupied the town of San Germano. He attacked the town by night, and carried it by a *coup de main*; the population rose simultaneously in aid of his attack; and the Piedmontese saved themselves by flight, and by swimming the canal which traversed the line of their retreat. After this check the enemy permitted him to prosecute his march unmolested till he had crossed the Roman frontier. He had, however, no sooner passed it, than he met a large detachment of the French army of occupation, who disarmed his force, as well as that of General Legrange, as they had

already done the other bodies of Neapolitan troops who had preceded them.

Count de Christen then left for Rome, and proceeded from thence to Gaeta, where he made fresh proposals to the king. Cialdini was now in command of the invaders, about 20,000 or 25,000 strong. Count de Christen proposed to march a small column into the Abruzzi, and so draw off a portion of the Piedmontese army in pursuit; while officers were to recruit and arm the disbanded soldiers who were congregated in the towns along the Roman frontier. These, to the number of 12,000 or 15,000, were to be assembled at Sora, where he was to take command of them; and then, having organised a "brigandage" sufficient to deal with the pursuing force, he was to march upon Gaeta, and attack Cialdini on his flank and rear, while a vigorous sortie was to be made on his front by the garrison of Gaeta, which still numbered about 10,000 men. The king again approved his plan, and again the Neapolitan generals did every thing in their power to thwart the execution of it. The officer to whom the organisation of the force was intrusted, a Piedmontese by birth, deserted to the enemy and betrayed his plans. Finally, Count de Christen left Gaeta in a merchant-vessel laden with arms, and with about two hundred men, who were to form the nucleus of a column to be formed of the disbanded soldiers in the Roman territory. After a stormy passage, he anchored in the roadstead of Terracina. Here waggons were to be in waiting to carry his arms and men to the interior, but the orders were not executed; and while the tempestuous weather prevented his again putting to sea, intelligence was brought him that the French officer in command at Terracina was about to visit his vessel to search for arms. In this dilemma he moved all his arms during the night (with the exception of 200 muskets and 20,000 cartridges, corresponding with the number of his men on board) into another vessel lying in the harbour, which had already been visited by the custom-house officers; and at break of day the French arrived and seized the arms remaining on board, thinking they had secured the whole cargo. During the following night the arms and the men were consigned to flat-bottomed boats, and started, on the canal which traverses the Pontine Marshes, for For-Appio. The Count de Christen, with the Count Kalkreuth, a Russian nobleman serving in the army of Francis II., left in a carriage for the same point, and arriving there before the boats, immediately commenced enrolling recruits for the campaign.

The Cavaliere Achille Caracciolo (a member of an ancient and noble family of Naples, and an officer in the king's army) met them here, and was immediately put in command of a band of four hundred

men, who were armed on the arrival of the boats, and despatched to Piperno to await the main body, which was to rendezvous in that mountainous neighbourhood. Count de Christen continued the enrolment of his troops; but on the second day he had the mortification of receiving a despatch from the Cavaliere Caracciolo announcing that, on his march through Frosinone, the delegate of the Pope had apprehended him, had disarmed his men, and seized a convoy of arms and ammunition which was following on his line of march. The following morning he was himself taken prisoner by the French, and all his remaining munitions of war seized. He was set at liberty two days later, when he found himself alone, without officers, without soldiers, and without arms.

It was no longer possible for him to recruit openly in any fixed place; but he was no sooner free than, undaunted by the past, he organised a body of non-commissioned officers to recruit from place to place for him in the towns near the frontier, with orders to send the men in companies, as soon as they were enlisted, to Subiaco, for which place he started in order to await their arrival. In this manner he formed a band of four hundred men, but without arms. Nevertheless he marched them into the Neapolitan territory, and, by great good fortune, lighted upon a convoy of 400 muskets and 26,000 cartridges passing through to the enemy. These he managed to capture without bloodshed, and thus his column was equipped and armed. He marched immediately to Sora, a little town in the kingdom of Naples, close to the frontier of the Pontifical States, and where the peasants, under Chiavone, were already armed and ready to coöperate with him. On reaching Sora, he found General de Sonnaz had arrived there, almost at the same moment, with a detachment of 4000 men, furnished with cavalry and field-pieces. He therefore fell back into the Roman territory, and bivouacked for the night in the monastery of Casamare. In the morning Chiavone brought him intelligence that General de Sonnaz had crossed the frontier and was about to attack the monastery. Chiavone was immediately despatched on the road to Sora with one hundred men to reconnoitre; and shortly after this, the rattle of musketry announced the approach of the enemy. Count de Christen had divided his men into three companies, one under Cavaliere Caracciolo, another under Count Coatandor (a French nobleman who had joined the expedition), and the third under himself. They retired to three commanding heights in the neighbouring mountains, and the Piedmontese, not minding to follow them, contented themselves with sacking and setting fire to the monastery. Count Christen's portmanteau, containing his papers, had been left in the monastery, and was carried off by the Pied-

montese. Among the papers was the letter he had received from Cavaliere Caracciolo, announcing the disarmament of his column at Frosinone a few days before; and this letter was afterwards made the pretext for condemning them both to the galleys.

Count de Christen fell back upon Bauco, a little village in the Pontifical territory, built upon the crest of a hill, strong by position, and fortified by a mediæval wall. Here General Sonnaz attacked him with the whole of his force a few days later, and, after cannonading him for six hours, tried to take the place by assault, but was repeatedly repulsed with great loss both in killed and prisoners; at last, finding his attacks fruitless, he sent a flag of truce to demand a parley. The terms proposed to him were so exorbitant that Count de Christen at once rejected them, and, in place of them, proposed the following, which were accepted:

1. General Sonnaz was immediately to evacuate the States of the Church, and give his word of honour that he would not again violate the frontier.

2. Count de Christen personally was to engage not to take up arms, either in the Abruzzi or Calabria, so long as the defence of Gaeta continued, being free to take up arms in any other part of the kingdom of Naples.

3. Count de Christen's troops were to be free to dispose of themselves in any way they pleased.

General Sonnaz immediately withdrew across the frontier, having lost five hundred men and twelve officers in killed and prisoners. Count de Christen set the prisoners at liberty, and then, in fulfilment of his treaty, set out for Rome, while his column marched to Tagliacozzo, and formed a junction with the force under M. Luvara, in union with whom they again defeated the Piedmontese at Colalto a few days later.

Count de Christen remained at Rome till the capitulation of Gaeta and the arrival of Francis II. at Rome, when, being now freed from his engagement, he was about to start for the Abruzzi in order to take command of his column once more, when he received an order from the king to desist, and to put an end to the struggle. The same orders were sent to the fortresses of Messina and Civitella del Tronto, which still held out, in fulfilment of the conditions of an agreement made by the King of Naples with the King of Piedmont; the latter guaranteeing on his part that none of the men or officers who had served in the war should be molested in any way, and that they should be free to return peaceably to their homes. A negotiation made by the Duke de Grammont, the French ambassador at Rome, with the Piedmontese government specially

included Count de Christen and the men who had served under him—in number 1600, and 40 officers—in the terms of this agreement; and a Piedmontese man-of-war (the *Constituione*) was sent from Naples to Civita Vecchia to carry them back to their homes. They had, however, no sooner landed at Naples than the greater portion of them were thrown into prison. As to the Count de Christen, after he had made a short stay at Rome, the Piedmontese government made a requisition to the Pontifical government for his expulsion from that city, and he left for Paris.

This is the account of Count de Christen's campaign, and the acts by which he rendered himself obnoxious to the Piedmontese government. He had given a vigorous support to the cause of Francis II. both by action and counsel, and was the author of that system of peasant warfare which has been styled "brigandage," and which became the plague and terror of the Piedmontese army of occupation. But no one can assert that his acts in any way contravened the laws of legitimate and honourable warfare; and by the terms of the agreement made between the deposed and the usurping sovereigns after the capitulation of Gaeta, he was specially exempted from any attack on the liberty of his person in consequence of his past conduct. Fancying himself perfectly secure under the protection guaranteed to him by the Piedmontese government, Count de Christen, three months after his return to Paris, made a journey to Naples in order to visit his friends in that capital. He travelled in the character of a tourist; and for greater security, knowing that his name was not in favour with the adherents of the new order of things in Naples, he travelled under an assumed name, with the passport of an English gentleman then living in Paris. On landing at Naples he put up at the Hôtel de Genève, kept by a Frenchman, who was a warm supporter of the Piedmontese movement. He spent his time in visiting the museums, picture-galleries, and antiquities of Naples with his friends, and in making excursions to the islands of Ischia and Capri, and to various points of interest on the shores of the gulf. About six weeks after his arrival, finding the conversation at the table-d'hôte of his hotel disagreeable, offensive allusions being continually made to himself, his friends, and Francis II., he moved to the Hôtel de Rome, where he took up his quarters. Here he remained about a month, leading the same kind of life as before, and was preparing to leave Naples for France by a steamboat which was shortly expected to arrive, when a Neapolitan gentleman to whom he was known stopped him as he was entering the house, and warned him that the police were about to visit his hotel, urging him to fly to a place of safety. Confident that the police could not find matter to compromise him, and fearing that a

precipitate flight might give ground for suspicion, Count de Christen determined not to follow his friend's advice. He had retired to rest, when he was awakened by a knock at his door, and the police, with a number of people, entered his room. His effects were searched without discovery of any thing of a suspicious nature; and the police, apparently baffled, were about to leave, when a man stepped forward and swore to his being the Count de Christen and a conspirator. At the same time he recognised the informer as a man named Noli, who had been in the service of one of his friends, a French nobleman, who had a villa at Posilippo, where Count de Christen had been staying on a visit. The charge was met by producing the English passport with which the Count travelled, and a demand that the English consul should immediately be sent for. This was refused; and the head of the metropolitan police arriving shortly afterwards, Count de Christen was arrested, and at four o'clock in the morning was lodged in the Questura, a house of detention adjoining the chief police-court of Naples. Here he was confronted with a number of persons, until one was found by whom his identity as the Count de Christen was fully established. As there now appeared a probability that he would be summarily handed over to a file of soldiers and shot, this being the usual mode of dealing with political prisoners at that time by the Piedmontese, Count de Christen sent for and obtained an interview with the British consul. This interview probably saved his life. The consul, on hearing that an Englishman had been thrown into prison, had already telegraphed to the British minister in Turin for instructions, and had been told, in answer, to demand the prisoner's release. Count de Christen apologised to him for borrowing an English passport, and for the embarrassment which he had caused him, but begged his good offices, which the consul, on his part, promised to render him.

Count de Christen was now removed to the prison of Santa-Maria-Apparente, built under the fortress of Sant-Elmo, on the hill which rises in the centre of Naples. A small cell was assigned him, the bare walls being all the accommodation afforded him by the government; and by paying a franc a day he was allowed a table, a chair, and a bundle of straw for a bed. His cell opened on a quadrangular courtyard surmounted by battlements, on which a guard of sentinels was mounted; and, like the rest of the prisoners, he was at liberty to walk in it at his pleasure. Here he was left to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies for the space of sixteen months. The prison of Santa-Maria-Apparente was made at this time what is called a prison of "prevention" for political offenders, and its inmates were, in nearly equal numbers, followers either of Francis II.

or Garibaldi, accused of "reaction." The prisoners were of every class in society; members of the highest aristocracy of Naples, magistrates, lawyers, medical men, writers in newspapers, shopkeepers, mechanics, peasants; and besides the real prisoners were many feigned prisoners—agents of the police, spies—whose business it was to insinuate themselves into the confidence of the prisoners, or by eaves-dropping to obtain information which might compromise them, and lead to their conviction.

During the first month of his confinement Count de Christen was surprised one morning by seeing the jailer introduce a gentleman fashionably dressed, handsome, and of pleasing manners, but whom he did not know. This was the more remarkable, as in all former visits no one had been admitted to see him without much difficulty and preliminary cross-examination as to the purport of the visit. After a most affable introduction of his business, the gentleman represented himself as an envoy from sympathising friends of the Count in Rome and Naples, who had gained access to him by influence with the authorities, and offering to charge himself with letters, parcels, papers, or any matters of a compromising nature. Count de Christen amused himself at the gentleman's expense for some time; when the object of his visit becoming quite apparent, he roundly accused him of his real purpose, and the intruder beat a hasty retreat in confusion. The Count de Christen is evidently a man of action; and to such, at the age of twenty-five, the confinement of a prison is especially irksome. He made two attempts to evade the vigilance of his jailers and make his escape; and would probably have succeeded, but for the treachery of one of his fellow-prisoners, who betrayed him. His plan of operation was as follows: three sides of the prison abutted upon the fortress and its massive walls, but the fourth side of the quadrangle gave upon the town, and was occupied by the jailer's apartments and the chapel. Within this chapel was a sacristy which was never used, and kept constantly locked; and in the chapel itself stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, resting upon an enormous pedestal, which was hollow. The method adopted was to make a false key of the sacristy, by which access could at any time be gained to it while the chapel was open. The chapel was opened at half-past seven in the morning, and Mass was said at eight, nine, ten, and eleven o'clock. The chapel was closed from noon till six P.M., when it was opened for night-prayers, and closed again for the night. Count de Christen found in the prison a dozen of the soldiers who had fought under his command, and upon whom he could thoroughly depend. Of these each in turn entered the chapel as soon as it was opened, and locked himself into the sa-

cristy by means of the false key. Here he worked with an iron bar, and bored through the outer wall. When any body entered the chapel, and while Mass was said, he ceased till the chapel was again empty. Thus he worked till noon, when another took his place till six o'clock, when he found means to retire with the rest of the prisoners after night-prayers. The iron bar by which the breach in the wall was to be effected was procured in a singular manner. One of the prisoners in the plot was supplied, by his relations in the town, with home-made bread instead of the bread allowed by the prison authorities, which was of the coarsest description. The form of a Neapolitan loaf is that of a long roll measuring about two feet in length. A crowbar of corresponding dimensions was duly baked in an envelope of bread, and thus introduced into the prison without discovery. With this they went to work; but after some progress had been made, it was found that the bar was too short for the purpose. They now had recourse to another expedient. As there was no permanent supply of water in the prison, the *acquaioi*, or water-carriers of Naples, were employed to bring a daily provision. A line of mules arrived every morning, each mule carrying two barrels full of water, which were deposited in the prison, and at the same time the barrels emptied on the previous day were carried away. An *acquaiole* undertook to fix a bar of the desired length in one of his barrels, and mark the barrel which contained it with a sign agreed on. The scheme succeeded, and the prisoners were once more enabled to go to work. It was a long process; but at the end of six months the breach was open. The moment fixed for their escape was during night-prayers. Only one jailer was in the chapel at this time; and it was agreed, on a signal being given during the prayers, to rush upon him, gag him and bind him, then to shut the iron gate of the chapel, and escape through the breach in the wall of the sacristy, each being armed with a dagger for self-defence when outside the prison. These daggers they had obtained and concealed, together with the fragments of the masonry, as the work of breaching the wall proceeded, in the hollow pedestal of the statue of the Blessed Virgin. In the darkness of a winter evening they hoped to get clear off through the town; and the reactionary band of peasants on Mount Vesuvius, with whom they had contrived to communicate, awaited them at the Camaldoli, among the wooded rocks which overlook the city, with a supply of arms and ammunition. All was ready, and the conspirators had entered the chapel, thinking the moment of their deliverance was at hand. But they were instantly followed by a band of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who arrested and carried them off to their cells. A Hungarian prisoner, a follower of

Garibaldi, had betrayed them; but they never ascertained how he had discovered their secret.

In spite of the increased vigilance with which the jailers watched their prisoners in consequence of this attempt to escape, another was made by them soon afterwards. Masons were brought from the town to build up the breach in the wall through which the escape was to have been made. One of these masons had fought under our author in the Abruzzi, and was devoted to his service. As this man was working in the courtyard of the prison, he managed to attract the notice of Count de Christen, who, on observing him, kept walking backwards and forwards past the spot where he was at work, not venturing to stop, as he was under the continual surveillance of the jailers. While passing him in this way, he contrived to gather from his friend that he had the job of repairing the wall; that he would fill up the breach on one side with simple plaster, which might be easily broken through; and thus, an aperture once established, the masonry filling the remainder of the old breach might be easily removed. It only remained to procure an iron instrument with which to penetrate the wall. This was not an easy matter under the rigid regulations now established and the jealous watchfulness of the officials. However, men like Christen and his associates were not likely to miss a single chance. Between the prison and the fortress was a massive iron door, secured by a double bolt as well as lock and key. This door opened on a passage leading to the guard-room, at the end of which was another door of the same character, which was always kept locked; but the door in question was kept open during the day, and was only shut when the prison was closed for the night. The upper bolt of this door being beyond the easy reach of a man, was never used. One of the Count's associates was a very skilful mechanic, and he contrived a perfect facsimile of this bolt in pasteboard, which he coloured so successfully with rust taken from other parts of the door that the eye could not distinguish between the copy and the original. A file was then obtained from a friend outside the prison, and the bolt was detached from the door by filing through the chain which fastened it. Great caution was necessary for this operation. The favourable moment for work had to be chosen with judgment; and while one man worked, others kept guard at each end of the passage, warning him by signals if any body approached, and singing popular songs in a loud voice in order to drown the noise of the file (which had been carefully oiled) when grating upon the iron. The bolt was removed; and the pasteboard counterfeit, filled with sand, was substituted in place of it, without attracting attention for the space of three weeks. These three weeks were spent in

bringing one end of the heavy and massive bolt to a sharp point. Then, choosing a favourable opportunity, they broke through the wall into the chapel, burst in the sacristy door, and were about to make short work of the obstacle of plaster and loose masonry which filled the breach in the wall prepared for their escape on the former occasion, when they were again surrounded by armed soldiers, and locked up in their cells for forty-eight hours on a diet of bread-and-water. This time they were betrayed by one of the jailers, who had himself been put in prison for a grave offence against prison discipline, and who, being an old hand and well versed in prisoners' tricks, had suspected a plot, and kept a constant watch upon their operations.

Soon after this the French minister at the court of Turin, M. Benedetti, passed through Naples, paid a visit to the Count in his prison, and received from him a statement of his case. From this statement it appeared that, besides the subject of this narrative, ten members of the noblest families in Naples personally known to him, Mr. Bishop, an English gentleman, the bishops of seventeen sees in the kingdom of Naples, a large number of generals, colonels, and other officers, and innumerable persons less distinguished, had been thrown into prison and confined there *on mere suspicion*, for various terms exceeding twelve months, without trial or examination of any kind. Exclusive of the above-named, an address to the French minister, drawn up by the other prisoners then in confinement, and translated and published in the *Morning Herald* of February 4th, 1863, shows that at that date there were above fifty persons in the prison of Santa-Maria-Apparente alone who had been arbitrarily arrested on suspicion, and confined for more than twelve months without adjudication; and nearly all of these had been subjected to corporal punishment and the most brutal and revolting insults.

Before leaving Naples M. Benedetti called again on Count de Christen, and told him that he had obtained a promise from the Piedmontese government that his trial should come on without further delay; but he warned him that he had reasons to believe that he would be condemned, and that his punishment would be severe.

Accordingly, eleven months after his arrest, and then only at the instance of the French minister, the Count was summoned before the Court of Assize at Naples. The motive for this delay was sufficiently clear. The charge against him was supported by no real evidence, and even during the delay none was found. Moreover, the newly-established government made it one of their first cares to

remove the Neapolitan magistrates from Naples, and replace them by others, taken from other provinces, who were warm supporters of the new order of things. This packing of the judges was not effected till the month previous to the Count's trial, of which we can give but a brief account. The oral evidence against the accused consisted of the depositions of three witnesses—Noli, who had sworn to his identity at the time of his arrest, and two car-drivers of the names of Scuotti and Tavernese. The letter written by Cavaliere Caracciolo to Count de Christen during his campaign in the Abruzzi, which was found in his portmanteau at the sacking of the monastery of Casamari, was moreover produced in evidence against him. This letter, be it remembered, was written by one officer to another at the time when both bore commissions in the army of the king; and both of these officers had been specially included in the terms of the treaty made after the capitulation of Gaeta, which guaranteed to them safety and liberty, and immunity from all consequences of their having been in arms against the Piedmontese.

The depositions of the witnesses were taken down in private in the presence of the accused, a magistrate, and the police-officers. They were then read in open court. Count de Christen was not allowed to employ counsel, but was permitted to question the witnesses, and to say any thing he chose to say in his defence. Sentence was then pronounced. Noli deposed that he had seen the prisoner in company with other conspirators, and knew him to be one himself. Scuotti, the car-driver, and (as appeared from his deposition) a paid spy of the government, deposed that, *in the beginning of July 1861*, he had received seventeen piastres from a foreigner of about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, then staying at the Hôtel de Rome, for enrolling peasants in the reactionary bands on Mount Vesuvius. The magistrate then asked him if the person so described was present, and, after some hesitation, the witness said it was the prisoner. Tavernese, the third witness, also a car-driver, and a friend of Scuotti, deposed that Scuotti had told him that he had received twelve piastres from a gentleman about forty years old, staying at the Hôtel de Rome, who had been a general in the army of Francis the Second, for enrolling "brigands" and conveying them to join the band. The magistrate asked whether he knew the person he had designated by sight, and told him to go round the room and point him out. Witness, having examined the company present, walked up to M. Corbyon (another prisoner of marked features and red hair, entirely different from Count Christen in appearance), and laid his hand upon him. The magistrate, seeing his mistake, called out to him, "*No, no; tocca il vicino*" (No, no; touch the next one). Count de

Christen was standing by the side of M. Corbyon. Tavernese took the hint, and did as he was bid. This man refused to repeat his evidence when called upon to do so in open court. When the Count was allowed to speak in his own defence, he cross-questioned Noli by asking him how he knew him to be a conspirator. Noli replied that he had seen him in company with other conspirators at the villa of the French nobleman in whose service he lived, and that on one occasion he had heard him "talk politics" with two French gentlemen in a retired corner of the house; he admitted that the gentlemen did not speak a word of Italian, and that he could not speak a word of any other language; and when asked how he knew the subject of their conversation, he hung down his head and remained silent and abashed. Scuotti, on being asked how he could have visited the Count at the Hôtel de Rome in the beginning of July, when the Count proved, by bringing the landlord of the Hôtel de Genève into court, that at that time he was staying at the latter address, said that he had mistaken the time, and that the facts he deposed to took place *at the end*, not the beginning, of July. But the landlord of the Hôtel de Genève again proved that the Count at that time was still an inmate of his house. Scuotti again corrected himself, and fixed the occurrence for one of the *first days* of August, at which time the Count at once proved that he had been absent from Naples. A counsel for the prosecution would not have admired such a mode of giving evidence on the part of his principal witness, but the President allowed him to correct himself a third time. He had received the money from Count de Christen at the Hôtel de Rome the evening before he was arrested, *towards the end* of August. The Count at once appealed to the police reports, and proved that his arrest did not take place till the night of the 7th of September. This was literally the whole case for the prosecution, except the letter which had been seized at Casamare, from Cavaliere Caracciolo to Count de Christen, and which was now produced and read in court. This letter, originally written in French, had been translated into Italian, but in such a way as to refer the expressions contained in it *not* to the affairs of the campaign in the Abruzzi, but to a later conspiracy which had been detected in Naples; and *eight lines of purely fictitious matter* had been introduced into the translation which did not appear in the original. The French Consul, M. de Bellègue, was in court, and immediately protested against this flagrant injustice, demanding that a new and authentic translation should be substituted for this forgery. No attention was paid to his protest. The President summed up against the prisoner, accepting the statements of Noli and Scuotti, without alluding to the failures in their evidence, and taking *the garbled*

version of the letter as positive proof of the Count's complicity in the conspiracy at Naples. The court was unanimous in their decision, and the prisoner was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude in the galleys.

While he was awaiting the execution of this sentence, Lord Henry Lennox arrived in Naples to inquire into the state of the prisons and prisoners in that capital; and Count de Christen expresses much gratitude for his courtesy and consideration on the occasion of his visit. A few days later, the Count, with two other noblemen, MM. Caracciolo and de Luca, was removed to the hulks at Pozzuoli; they were handcuffed and chained together. On the road, the population crowded to pay them respect, and show their sympathy, in spite of a strong detachment of soldiers, who patrolled the line of march. At Pozzuoli they were chained together by three chains, weighing fifty pounds each, rivetted to their feet; their heads were shaved, and they were clothed in the convict dress. They were then made to march on foot to Bagnoli, whence a boat carried them to Nisida. Here they were introduced to a community of 900 prisoners: thieves, murderers, and others suffering for the gravest crimes. Their names were entered in a register, and in place of a name each was designated henceforth by a number. Count de Christen's number was 16,658, which gives us some idea of the number of those at that time condemned to the galleys in Naples. One of the officers of the prison at Pozzuoli had told them, while there, that the director of prisons had just received orders from the government to contract for clothing and quarters for 15,000 more prisoners, recently sentenced for "reaction." Lord H. Lennox paid them a second visit soon after their removal to Nisida, and was quite overcome by seeing their condition and the treatment to which they were subjected. He mentioned that Mr. Bishop, an Englishman, had been included in the same sentence with them, but that England would never permit a British subject to be so treated. It appears that the intercession of friends with the government had obtained a mitigation of their sentence; for, after nine days, an order arrived from General la Marmora to take off their chains and convict dress, and to remove them to a fortress in the capital. Here, however, their condition, so far from being improved in a physical point of view, was more distressing. At Nisida they had the benefit of open air and light, and were allowed to write and read; here they were confined in a dungeon dark, damp, filthy, and wholly unfurnished, without the means of washing or taking exercise or air, and destitute of society, books, writing-materials, and of sufficient light to use them, had they been provided. The

commonest and most necessary utensils and articles of furniture were denied to them, and the cold and damp made the services of a doctor necessary within a few days after their arrival. While in this condition they heard the guard turned out, and were told by the jailer that the Duchess of Genoa was paying a visit to the fortress. Through the grating in the door of their dungeon they saw the royal party, escorted by the commandant of the castle, who stopped opposite their cell; and loud bursts of laughter from her royal highness and her ladies followed the remarks of the commandant upon those confined within. They had just time to close the grating in order to prevent their persons from being made the subjects of the vulgar curiosity of this royal party.

During the following month, February 1863, a despatch from the French minister in Turin announced that the Piedmontese government had been prevailed upon to commute the sentence of Count de Christen to ten years' detention in a fortress in the north of Italy. Accordingly, after a few days, he was taken on board the Piedmontese man-of-war *Rossolino Pilo*, in company with *Cavaliere Caracciolo*, Mr. Bishop, and M. Tortora, and escorted by a police-officer and five gendarmes. The ship touched at Gaeta and Leghorn, and finally landed them at Genoa. The prisoners were passed on to the fortress of Gavi, where their treatment was extremely rigorous, though less painful than it had been in Naples. The diary of our prisoner records events which are touching and interesting; but our space is already almost exhausted with the outline we have given of the chief features of Count de Christen's narrative up to this time. The remonstrances of the French government and influential friends finally obtained his release in the beginning of December 1863.

It is not at all surprising that the publication of the little volume from which we have drawn what is now before our readers should have been received with so much eagerness in France, where so strong a feeling exists against the system under which the government of the Neapolitan provinces is at present administered. In England we have good reason for paying attention to the facts elicited by the trial and treatment of Count de Christen; for we expended a great amount of virtuous and eloquent indignation some years ago on this very subject of State prosecutions and prison regulations in Naples. The Piedmontese government is to some extent the pupil and the protégé of our own. It would seem, certainly, that it has yet a good many lessons to learn in justice and humanity. No doubt Count de Christen was a very obnoxious person; and the fact that he was living in Naples under a feigned name at the time when a very large portion of the population was

not only entirely adverse to the Piedmontese, but occasionally plotting to get rid of them, must have been very disagreeable, and certainly looks suspicious. He might very well have been sent out of the country; or if there were any real charge against him, he might have been fairly tried. But the evidence produced, when the trial at last came on, was of the most trumpery description; and the scene of the judge telling the witness who was to identify the accused that he had touched the wrong man is worthy of the days of Cecil and Topcliffe. The same may be said of the falsified letter to Caracciolo. Then, again, the treatment to which the Count and his companions were subjected, by way of *mitigation*, in the fortress at Naples, was shameful in the extreme; and we are sorry to see indications in the narrative which seem to point to the conclusion that the brutal severity of which we speak was *not* the work of underlings, but specially ordered by the highest Piedmontese authorities.

I W.

Egypt in the British Museum.

V. MOSES : SESOSTRIS.

THE eighteenth dynasty, under which Moses lived and the Exodus took place, was the most brilliant and powerful in Egyptian history; the dynasty of victories abroad and of the most extraordinary public works at home. Perhaps we may find some parallel here between the beginnings of the Jewish polity and the Christian Church. The cradle of both was in the midst of mighty antagonistic forces; and the young saplings were sustained and raised by Divine Providence in spite of the barbarity of the Pharaohs and the Cæsars. Ten plagues were followed by the Exodus, and ten persecutions resulted in the triumph of Christianity.

We have brought down the history of Moses to his flight from Egypt; and we have seen how, during his abode in Madian, Thothmes the Second, who had sought to slay him, had been succeeded by his cousin Thothmes the Third, the smiter of foreigners, the builder of stupendous edifices at Karnak, and a special oppressor of the people of Israel. And God, it is said in Holy Scripture, heard the groaning of the children of Israel, and remembered the covenant which He made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and He appeared to Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush on Mount Horeb, and He announced Himself as the Eternal I AM. He invested Moses with power to work miracles, and appointed Aaron to be his spokesman; and He bade Moses return into Egypt, for they were all dead, including both the second and third Thothmes, who had sought his life.

Thothmes the Third died B.C. 1656, and he was succeeded by his son, Amenoph the Second. Moses found on his arrival in Egypt Amenoph king: he had just ascended the throne and been crowned at Thebes.

How changed in appearance must Moses have been since his escape from that country whose king he was now come to brave! Forty years had passed: he had quitted Egypt in the prime of life, he returned a man of fourscore; his exterior had been formerly that of the Egyptian warrior, noble, and courtier; his head close shaven, and in lieu of a beard an artificial appendage to his chin, indicative

by its size of the rank he held. Then rich collars of gold encircled his neck; the signet-ring adorned his hand, and jewelled pendants hung from his ears, and he was clothed in the fine linen of Egypt. He returns with the gray hairs of the aged Asiatic, and with the flowing beard of the shepherd tribes; a garment of woollen or of skins has been substituted for the luxurious raiment of Egypt; he has seen in all eighty winters; but his eye is undimmed by age, and he retains the vigour which is to carry him through forty more years of laborious life.* A generation has passed away; and the memory of the chivalrous soldier, the accomplished scholar, and the prudent councillor, has passed away too, as though written on the sands of Egypt. There would be a few who could carry their thoughts back for nearly half a century, and might have known him. Then he was strong in the name and favour of Queen Merit-Ammon; now he appears in the name of the Most High. Aaron, by Divine guidance, is the first to meet and welcome him; and Moses, accompanied by his brother on his way to the capital, announces his mission to his brethren, who were most numerous in that part of Egypt by which he entered the land. He proves his mission by a miracle to the assembled "ancients," and the people believed and adored. He then presents himself before Pharaoh Amenoph the Second, and demands permission to lead the Hebrews into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord their God. Amenoph gives orders that the labour imposed on the Hebrews shall be increased, that the same quantity of bricks should be required of them as before, and that they shall be obliged to provide themselves with the straw which had hitherto been supplied to them to mix with the clay.

There are Egyptian bricks to be found in the British Museum upstairs, on the right hand as you enter the Egyptian room. Some of these bricks have been brought from the Pyramids, some from other quarters. Those from the Pyramids are larger, and in them a great quantity of chopped straw is mixed with the clay. The others bear the names of kings, from Thothmes the First to Rameses the Third, and all of them contain more or less of chopped straw; one of them with the cartouche of Thothmes the Third, seeming to have no straw in it at all (No. 6011). In the mounds of Heliopolis many sun-baked bricks have been found bearing the stamp of Thothmes the Third, which, on being broken, show that they were made without straw. Now this falls in singularly with the narrative of Holy Scripture. Of course we do not mean to make too much of it; but the coincidence is at least remarkable. The effect of the orders of Amenoph the Second in the first year of his reign, im-

* Deuteronomy xxxiv. 7.

mediately after the death of Thothmes the Third, to force the Hebrews to provide straw for themselves, would be that many bricks would be made with very little straw, many with none at all. The stamp employed for these bricks ought to have been that of Amenoph; but the fact of their bearing the name of his predecessor only goes to corroborate the probability that they were made at the very beginning of Amenoph's reign. If, indeed, it had been several years after Thothmes' death that Amenoph had so aggravated the oppression of the Hebrews, it would have been next to impossible that bricks made for Amenoph should have borne the stamp of Thothmes; but if, within a few months only after his accession, a multitude of 600,000 men were forced to work against time in making bricks, it is almost certain that they would continue in some cases to use the old moulds for a reason similar to that which obliged them to make some of the bricks without straw.

The Pharaoh under whom the Exodus took place (B.C. 1654) was Amenoph the Second. We will not recount the wonders wrought by Moses and the plagues of Egypt; they are familiar to all in the sacred record. Briefly: the king was Amenoph the Second; over and over again he yields to the hand of God, and as often retracts his word; the first effect produced by the Divine interposition is the concentration of the Hebrews at Avaris, in the land of Goshen.* There are in Egyptian records euphemistic allusions to the wonders wrought by Moses. The change of the waters of the Nile is hinted at in the tradition related by Manetho, that once the Nile had run eleven days mixed with honey; and the boils and blains in men and beasts are, in the same manner, transferred from the Egyptians to the Hebrews, in the account which speaks of the expulsion from Egypt of a multitude of lepers and other unclean outcasts. The death of the first-born, and the formidable appearance presented by the Hebrews collected at Avaris, at last extorted from Amenoph permission for the exodus of the children of Israel, and they march towards Syria. They were led, according to tradition and in fact, by Osarsiph-Moses, by Moses personally, and by Joseph, inasmuch as his bones were carried with them by the Hebrews from Egypt into the Promised Land. These were the two divinely-appointed leaders,—or in Egyptian language, the two Typhonian ringleaders, enemies of the gods of Egypt,—to whom were given in later days ignominious names: to Joseph Peti-set, or Dæmonophiles; and to Moses Si-en-set, or Diabolides.

No sooner has Amenoph been persuaded to let the people go but he pursues them. They are protected by God; and the Red Sea is

* Exod. viii. 22.

Egypt's overthrow and their salvation. The Egyptian war-chariots and cavalry were foremost in the pursuit, and were overwhelmed by the returning waters. Amenoph himself and his infantry escaped destruction, but returned baffled and disconcerted.

That the Egyptian king did not perish in the pursuit seems indicated in Holy Scripture. Miriam, in her song,—dwelling with emphasis and repetition on “all Pharaoh’s cavalry, his chariots and horsemen”—“Pharaoh’s chariots, his chosen captains,”—hints that neither the king himself nor his infantry had entered the sea. “For the cavalry of Pharaoh went in, with his chariots and horsemen, into the sea; and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them.” “And the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen, and *all* the hosts of Pharaoh *that came into the sea after them*, there remained not so much as one of them.” “And all the women went out after Miriam with timbrels and dances, and Miriam answered them [with this burden], Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.”* “He divided the Red Sea into parts, for His mercy endureth for ever; and brought out Israel through the midst thereof, for His mercy endureth for ever; and overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea, for His mercy endureth for ever.”† Like a cloud of hornets He “shook off”—flung off, or dashed back—the pursuing host, the foremost perishing in the waters, the rearward checked, baffled, and discomfited.

There is in the British Museum a monument bearing the name of Amenoph the Second, No. 31 in the Egyptian Gallery, which presents moreover a striking example of the conventional mode of colouring the two sexes. Among the scarabæi also upstairs there is one, No. 4069, which exhibits Amenoph the Second as “smiter of foreigners,” whether engraved before his overthrow at the Red Sea, or by a common Egyptian euphemism exhibiting the *smitten* as the *smiter*, we cannot say. No later year of Amenoph the Second is mentioned on the monuments than his third: this is found on a temple built by him at Amada in Nubia.

We have seen how the pride of Egypt, when it was at its zenith, was broken or bruised by its overthrow at the Red Sea. It remained crippled under the successor of Amenoph the Second, Thothmes the Fourth (B.C. 1621). It could not recover itself under Amenoph the Third, the Memnon of the Greeks, though there are evidences of internal power presented by most remarkable monuments in the British Museum. It fell under the power of Chusan-Rasathaim and his Asiatics of Irak-Arabi for fifteen years, and its religion was forced

* Exod. xv.

† Ps. cxxxv.

to yield during that time to a sun-worshipping monotheism; and it was not till two centuries after the Exodus that, under Rameses the Great, it again threatened to overrun Asia.*

Some details of this period of Egyptian history will bring to a close our Articles on *Egypt in the British Museum*.

Amenoph the Second died, after a reign of twenty-five years, B.C. 1630, and was succeeded by his son, Thothmes the Fourth. Thothmes completed the obelisk which stands now near St. John Lateran's, and which Thothmes the Third had begun. This obelisk was in the workmen's hands five-and-thirty years. When our readers visit Rome they may reflect that this vast monolith, originally 110 feet high (nearly as high as the Duke of York's column), and weighing 440 tons, was being cut from the living rock, near the first cataract, during a period ranging from the date of the Exodus to within some seven years before the death of Moses.

It is argued that the wife of Thothmes the Fourth (whose name was Mant-em-shoi) was an Asiatic, from a certain peculiarity of features which appears in their son Amenoph the Third and his successors down to Horus inclusively. A monument connected with the name of Thothmes the Fourth may be found in the 14th compartment of the Egyptian Gallery, No. 902, with an erasure of the name of the god Ammon, in consequence of an interesting episode in the history of the Egyptian superstition which we shall have occasion to explain.

The successor of Thothmes the Fourth was Amenoph the Third. The name by which he was known by the Greeks was Memnon, a name probably Egyptian in its origin, and signifying Beloved of Ammon—Mai-Ammon. Some of the most remarkable monuments in the British Museum are connected with Memnon—not, however, the noblest of all, which in our young days used to be pointed out to us as *Young Memnon*, and is numbered No. 19; for this in reality is the head of Rameses the Second, or the Great, who followed Memnon at a distance of a century and a half. Memnon, whose features betray an admixture of Asiatic blood, derived from his mother, chose a wife who was also probably Asiatic. Her name was Taia; she was the daughter of two private persons, foreigners, whose names were Iua and Tuaa.

Under the reign of Memnon and Taia occurs the singular phenomenon in Egyptian history lately referred to—the introduction of a peculiar monotheistic worship of the sun's disc (which was called Aten), accompanied with a proportional contempt for the Egyptian Pantheon, and of the god Ammon in particular. Mr. Birch does

* Palmer, *Egyptian Chronicles*, Introduction, pp. 19, 20.

not think that this worship was imported from Asia, though it was developed by the wife of Memnon, an Asiatic: he founds his opinion on the absence of Asiatic titles or Aramæan words. It was, he thinks, an indigenous heresy, arising from an exaggerated elevation of the dignity of the sun's disc. Mr. Palmer inclines to the opinion that it was not merely a system embraced or promoted by a queen who was an Asiatic, but that she had inherited it from her country. In either case we can understand why those who professed this worship, and in consequence erased the name of Ammon from the monuments, earned the name of Impious Asiatics as soon as their influence had passed away. Queen Taia, for certain, professed this monotheistic worship, and perhaps through her influence Memnon embraced it too. He is represented on a scarabæus as worshipping, with Taia, the sun's disc; and the fact that his temple-palace has been completely destroyed, and his tomb carefully defaced, seems to confirm his complicity in the innovation. We find that on many of his monuments the word *Amen* or *Ammon*, wherever it occurred, had been carefully erased and afterwards re-inserted. It is possible that the erasure may have been made when he renounced the worship of Ammon, and that the re-insertion was made after the final suppression of the sun-worshippers. Moreover, this Memnon was the king in front of whose temple-palace at Thebes, on the west of the Nile, stood the two colossal statues, fifty feet in height, one of which (the easternmost) is so famous as the Vocal Memnon. Is it not possible that the story of the musical tone produced when the sun's ray touched the lips of this statue may have been occasioned by Memnon's peculiar worship of the solar disc?

The erasure of the name Ammon by the sun-worshippers, and its subsequent re-insertion, may be observed on the monument No. 902, and on the very remarkable sitting statue of Memnon, probably a miniature representation of the vocal statue, No. 21, on which same statue, by the way, may be found engraved a more modern name—that of Belzoni, cut by himself.

Other monuments of Memnon, or bearing his name, are the colossal bust of limestone found in the Gourneh or north-western quarter of Thebes (No. 30); the two noble lions of red granite, with the name of an Ethiopian king, Amen-asro, added, which were found before one of the gates of a temple at Mount Barkal in Upper Nubia (Nos. 1 and 34); a tablet of calcareous stone recording victories of Memnon in Ethiopia (No. 138); two colossal heads (Nos. 4 and 6) of brownish breccia, found at Gourneh, in the neighbourhood of the vocal Memnon. The beautiful column (No. 64) crowned with a capital of lotus-buds bears the name of Memnon with

those of other kings; and the grotesque Cynocephalus, or dog-headed baboon, the animal sacred to the moon, has the name of Memnon on the pedestal (No. 38). The cat-headed or lioness-headed Pasht (No. 518) bears Memnon's name, and her head is surmounted by the solar disc. This statue is from Karnak, the north-eastern quarter of Thebes. We are reminded of the history of Joseph by the tablet numbered 289, bearing the figure and name of Bak-kai, *chief baker* of the palace of Taia, Memnon's queen.

There is some doubt about the succession of the kings who followed Memnon or Amenoph the Third, till Seti the First, whose wooden statue from the tombs of the kings at Thebes is numbered 854. However, in this interval we find a king named Quash-an [Ra]-athin, whom Mr. Palmer identifies with Chusan Rasathaim, king of Mesopotamia, the king who ten years after the death of Joshua held Israel in servitude for eight years, from B.C. 1579 to 1571. It is certain, from the monuments, that at some time during this interval there was a king who did not worship the gods of Egypt, but mutilated their effigies and worshipped only the solar disc. Women and others come out to implore his clemency as a conqueror; Asiatics with beards and hooked noses are in his suite; and lastly, this king and the other members of his family are distinguished by a peculiar malformation, a thickness about the loins and hips precisely similar to that of certain figurines in earthenware found in Mesopotamia, several of which may be found in the British Museum (Assyrian Basement Room, central case, near slab No. 1).*

Without determining the relationship between Chusan Rasathaim and Taia the queen of Memnon, we may suppose that as the Egyptian kings had sought alliances in Mesopotamia, so Chusan Rasathaim may have married an Egyptian princess, and so may have set up a claim to the throne of Egypt on Memnon's death, and enforced it by a successful invasion. That the monotheistic worship of the sun's disc was with him an adopted religion, seems indicated by the fact of his having at first assumed the name Amen-hotep the Fourth, into the composition of which enters the name of the god Ammon. He is said to have afterwards defaced his own scutcheons, and to have cut in over one of them a new name, namely, Chouen-Atin or Chouen-Atin-Ra. He was a zealot in promoting his new religion. To him might be referred the atrocities practised against the gods of Egypt—the roasting and eating the bull-god Apis, and the fifteen years of oppression under impious Shasou. During these fifteen years of Chusan Rasathaim's reign he invaded and subdued Israel; and the deliverance of Israel by Othniel may have crippled his

* Mr. Palmer, *Egyptian Chronicles*, p. 177.

power and given the first impulse to the Egyptians to throw off his yoke, and to put an end to that Typhonian influence which from time to time had harassed Egypt during 511 years.

After the expulsion of Chusan Rasathaim we find as successive sovereigns, Amon-anchut; Horus; a queen Achenchres; Rathotis; Achenchres the First and Second; and Rameses the First. After these sovereigns Seti the First and his son Rameses the Second or the Great advanced the glory of Egypt. They pursued the Shasou beyond the frontier, and extended their conquests to the Khita (or Hittites) and the Rotennou (or Chaldeans). Plaster-casts of part of the tomb of Seti or Sethos the First, commonly called Belzoni's tomb, may be found on the wall of the Egyptian ante-room, upstairs, from the tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Rameses the Great, who reigned alone from B.C. 1486 to B.C. 1420, contributed his reputation, with that of Sesortasen the First, 500 years before, and with that of Rameses the Third, a hundred years after, to make up the idea of the Sesostris of Herodotus. His monuments are extremely numerous and of great magnificence. The Colossus of "Sesostris" seen by Herodotus at Memphis, and the Stelæ at the river Lycus in Phœnicia, bear his names. He married a daughter of a prince of the Khita, and restored at Avaris the Temple of Soutech, the national god of the Khita and of the old pagan Shasou invaders of Egypt. A remarkable monument, contemporary with Rameses the Great, speaks of a shepherd-king four hundred years before his time: it is remarkable, because it contributes to the overthrow of the untenable "Long Chronology" of some Egyptologists; it is remarkable also from the utterly un-Egyptian character of the date, viz. *four hundred years* after a given time. The Vicomte de Rougé sees in the inscription a claim made by Rameses the Great to descent from the shepherd-kings, and this would be favoured by the renewed devotion to Set or Soutech, whose name begins again to be found in the composition of the names of several Egyptian kings. It is not necessary, however, to suppose a lineal descent. Inter-marriage with the Khita may account for the honour paid to the memory of the shepherd-kings.

The colossal head usually called the head of Memnon (No. 19), and brought by Belzoni from the Gourneh or north-west quarter of Thebes, is in fact the head of Rameses the Great. It is remarkable geologically no less than historically, in consequence of the two kinds of granite which are found in its composition, the lower part being of a dark, the upper of a salmon colour. The complete statue represented the king sitting with his hands on his knees, and must have been twenty-three feet in height. It was once coloured, and the

effect of colour in sculpture of such vast proportions may be realised by a sight of the figures of the same king represented in the Crystal Palace from the rock tomb of Ipsambul. A cast from the head of one of these figures is in the British Museum, over the entrance to the Library. That the Egyptian sculptures are real likenesses of the kings they represent may be inferred from a comparison of the various heads of Rameses II., numbered 19, 96, 853A. The famous "Tablet of Abydos" originally represented an offering made by Rameses the Great to his predecessors of various dynasties, whose names are given in a series of cartouches. It is numbered 117, but we have not space to aid our readers in deciphering the hieroglyphics. The tablet numbered 163 is dated in the sixty-second year of Rameses II., and thus affords a proof of the very long reign that is assigned to him. Over cases 8 to 25 in the first Egyptian room upstairs are casts of the sculptures from the entrance of the temple of Beit-oually, forty miles south of the first cataract: they represent Rameses the Great victorious over the Ethiopians. Over cases 40 to 57 are copies from the same temple, representing Rameses' triumphs over Asiatics.

Rameses the Great was followed by a son, and then by the nineteenth dynasty, which consists almost entirely of kings bearing the name of Rameses. We have not time to enter into details. We will only inform our readers that the romance of *The Two Brothers*, translated by the Vicomte de Rougé, was written under the grandson of Rameses the Great, for Prince Seti; that Rameses the Third was famous by sea as well as by land (B.C. 1321-1275); and that he secured the Asiatic provinces dependent on Egypt against their invaders from the north and north-east; that Rameses the Fourth built a fort at Hammamat to secure the commerce of the Red Sea; and that the reign of Rameses the Fourteenth (B.C. 1157-1123), who married Neferou Ra, a princess of Bachtan, in or near Mesopotamia, is remarkable for an extraordinary mission of the god Khons to Bachtan, which seems to be of a piece with modern spiritism. A translation of the inscription which narrates the extraordinary events has been made by the Vicomte de Rougé, and may be found in the Library of the British Museum.*

The outlines of the story are as follows:

Bachtan was in or near Mesopotamia; its name has led some to associate it with Mount Bagistan; it was a province which recognised the suzerainty of Egypt.

"His majesty Rameses the Fourteenth was in Mesopotamia,

* *Etude sur une Stèle Egyptienne.* Par M. le Vicomte de Rougé. 8vo. Paris, 1858.

engaged in receiving the yearly tributes : the princes of all the earth came to prostrate themselves before him, and to implore his royal favour. The populations presented their tributes—gold and silver, and lapis-lazuli, and copper ; they bore upon their shoulders the precious woods of the Holy Land.” The Prince of Bachtan brought with him his daughter. The King of Egypt was captivated with her beauty ; he made her his wife, and gave her precedence of all others, and named her Neferou-Ra—the Beauty of the Sun.

Some time after the return of Rameses to Egypt there arrived an envoy from the Prince of Bachtan with presents for Queen Neferou-Ra. He was admitted to the king’s presence, and in his master’s name begged that some skilful physician might be sent to Bachtan for the relief of the queen’s younger sister, Bint-reschit, who was grievously afflicted.

A royal scribe, Thoth-em-hevi, was appointed to accompany the envoy home, and found Bint-reschit possessed by an evil spirit, and was unable to relieve her.

Then the Prince of Bachtan sent to request that some god might be sent to him, to expel the spirit.

Now at Thebes there was worshipped a triad — Ammon (the One and the Creator), Mout (his wife and mother), and Chons (the offspring). Chons was regarded under a twofold aspect—Chons tranquil in his perfection, and Chons in activity, the counsellor of Thebes, and its guardian against plagues and evil spirits.

So Rameses brought Chons the Tranquil and Chons the Counsellor of Thebes face to face, and begged the former to endow the latter with his divine virtue for the behoof of the young daughter of the Prince of Bachtan : and Chons Tranquil in his perfection graciously bestowed on Chons, councillor of Thebes, a fourfold portion of his divine virtue.

And the idol Chons, councillor of Thebes, is conveyed in an ark with a large retinue to the land of Bachtan. A year and a half are spent on the journey.

The Prince of Bachtan comes forth to meet Chons and welcome him. He conducts him to his daughter, and she is at once relieved. The spirit that possessed her says to Chons, “ Welcome, great god, expeller of rebels ! The city of Bachtan is thine ; its people are thy slaves ; I, too, am thy slave. I will return whence I came, and the purpose of thy coming is accomplished. Vouchsafe to give directions to the Prince of Bachtan to celebrate a feast in my honour.”

Chons is good enough to advise that a rich offering should be made to the spirit he was expelling ; and the Prince of Bachtan

makes splendid presents to both, and celebrates a festival in their honour.

And the Prince of Bachtan said to himself that Chons must not be allowed to go back to Egypt.

So he kept him three years and a half; and at the end of that time, while resting on his bed, he saw a golden hawk come forth from the ark of Chons, rise heavenwards, and take flight in the direction of Egypt. He understood from this the wish of Chons to go home, and he sent him home with rich presents and a splendid cortège.

Chons, counsellor of Thebes, had a prosperous journey, and on his arrival at Thebes paid a visit to Chons Tranquil in his perfection, and generously made over to him all the gifts which he had received from the Prince of Bachtan, and kept nothing for himself.

Such is the story of the ark of Chons. The date to which it is referred makes it almost synchronise with the abode of the ark of the true God at Cariath-iarim.

We have brought down Egyptian history to the time of Samuel; and we conclude by reminding our readers that we have narrated history without, in many cases, alleging the grounds on which our statements are founded. Without those grounds our narration may appear sometimes fanciful. The arguments on which our statements are based may be found in a work replete with learning—a work which, in discussing the merits and the meaning of chronicles of little authority in themselves, exhibits all that modern Egyptology has been able to gather from the most authentic monuments, and which, by their aid, so entirely harmonises Egyptian learning with the representations of Holy Scripture as almost to prejudice itself by the exactness of the agreement. The work we refer to is Mr. Palmer's *Egyptian Chronicles*,* the conclusions of which we are not disposed to reject until we find an adverse critic as able and as industrious as its author.

* *Egyptian Chronicles; with a Harmony of Sacred and Egyptian Chronology, and an Appendix on Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities.* By Wm. Palmer, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Longman, Green, and Co. 1861.

The Windeck Family.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MEETING.

FLORENTIN was excessively annoyed that Judith's regard for Lelio remained unaltered. He could, perhaps, have scarcely accounted to himself for his bitter feeling on the subject; but it was so strong that he was often tempted to revenge himself by throwing some obstacle or making some mischief between Judith and Orest. But independently of the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of hitting on the means of accomplishing his end, he really expected great triumph from their projected marriage. An apostate, a dissolved marriage, a Jewish *cantatrice*, and all this in the family history of the Catholic Windecks—what elements of progress were here! So, for the present, he must reconcile himself to Lelio acting as Judith's escort in her visits to churches, studios, galleries, &c.

Lelio had recommended a person to her who was able to take his place with regard to her musical studies; and when she pressed him to visit her, he replied:

"No, signora: your world is no longer mine; I only desire to forget its language, its thoughts, its aims. But if I can be of use to you as *cicerone*, I shall be only too glad; and I shall not, at any rate, be quite so tedious as a hired one."

She was well pleased with the proposal, and in this way saw nearly as much of Lelio as in former days.

One day they drove to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the woman whose name and monument remain after the lapse of so many centuries, and of whom no more is known. They were examining the vast tomb—so vast that it did duty as a fortress in some of the mediæval contests of Rome—when a carriage drove up, containing Count Damian, Corona and her child, and Hyacinth. Florentin recognised them even in the distance, and said:

"Here come Count Orest's people."

"Who is the young priest?" Lelio asked.

"His youngest brother—a regular Ultramontane fanatic."

"Come, Lelio," said Judith impatiently, "let us go to the Circus of Maxentius—did you not call it so? We can see its ruins from here." And, without glancing at the carriage, she moved on.

Madame Miranes lingered a little behind, and said to Florentin:

"But that lady is not Countess Regina Windeck?"

"No; it is the youngest daughter. The eldest is in a convent."

"O heavens! what was that for?"

"Religious fanaticism, I suppose—love of eccentricity, perhaps. Some people say she was engaged to some prince or other, and that the marriage went off."

"But tell me, what has become of that handsome charming Count Uriel?"

"Nothing at all. He is a mere idler—an aristocratic vagabond!"

"What a pity! He was quite a star in Frankfort."

"A pity indeed! But what can you expect from a Windeck education?"

Just as the one party was leaving the ruins of the Circus, and the other the tomb of Cecilia Metella, Hyacinth suddenly exclaimed:

"The holy Father! And see! he is walking—coming this way. That is he in the white cassock."

"Well, we *are* in luck's way!" said Count Damian in high glee; and Corona exclaimed, with beaming eyes:

"O, what a happiness! Lili will get his blessing."

She had a beautiful bouquet of roses and orange-blossoms in her hand; she pulled it apart, gave the flowers to the child, and told her what to do. Then they all waited in glad excitement. The holy Father was walking between two gentlemen of his suite; others were behind him: his carriage followed slowly at some distance.

Lelio had mentioned the approach of the Pope with as much delight as Hyacinth, but was far from finding the same sympathy from his party. They formed a strange group: Judith—proud, tall, and cold—as if she could receive but never offer homage; Madame Miranes looking on with mere commonplace curiosity, and wondering why Lelio showed so much reverence for an old man; while Florentin stood by Judith's side with a dark expression of defiant insolence in his face and attitude. But Lelio stepped apart from them all, and knelt for the blessing which the holy Father gave him, as he passed, with his wonted gentleness. He looked after him with loving reverence, and saw a little child, dressed in white and blue, run up to him from the Windeck party with her hands full of flowers. She strewed them in the way with the inimitable grace of her age, and then knelt down. The Vicar of Christ laid his hand tenderly on her bright little head, gave his blessing to the rest, and passed on.

With glistening eyes Corona embraced her child, saying:

"Now I have some idea how those mothers felt whose children Jesus blessed."

"And now," Count Damian added, "you can enjoy the prospect of our audience in the Vatican. Confess that you were secretly unhappy that Lili is not of an age to be of the party, and so would have to miss the Apostolical benediction. And, after all, she has had the best share of any of us."

"God is very good," said Corona, with tears in her eyes: "with what fatherly love He grants our wishes!"

"Yes," said Hyacinth—"the heavenly ones."

Judith meanwhile had been painfully affected by this glimpse of

Corona and of the holy Father. She felt troubled by the thought of the gentle mother of that lovely child, whom she was about to drive from her home—troubled too, she scarcely knew why, by the thought of that venerable Priest and Sovereign, the ruler of such a grand spiritual kingdom, to which she was a stranger.

Some days after, when she and Lelio were alone, she said :

“ Lelio, have you been praying for me? You promised, you know, at the Villa Diodati.”

“ And I have kept my word, signora.”

“ Your prayers have been granted too, Lelio : I shall soon be Countess Windeck.”

“ Well, signora, we shall see.”

“ The only delay is about my baptism, which, it seems, is necessary. I wish to be baptised a Catholic : then my part will be over, and there will be no occasion for further delay. But, of course, I must be instructed, in some measure, before the ceremony ; and I want to ask you if you know any priest who would undertake the business ?”

He could hardly suppress the intense joy he felt, but he managed to say unconcernedly : “ I will do my best, signora.”

“ Now, I wonder if you think it possible that I shall come to see things as you do in regard to the Catholic Church ?”

“ Quite possible, signora.”

“ Well, I own I should be glad to do so up to a certain point. I long for something enduring, Lelio. Do you remember calling the Church ‘ the Eye of the world ’ ? I should like that Eye to shine on me, and to pour light into my dim bewildered mind.”

“ I can well believe it, dear Judith.”

“ But people say that Catholic priests insist on interfering with all social relations, and with every imaginable affair ; and I have no notion of that. You know I am independent by nature, and that circumstances have made me more so. I want to learn something about the supernatural life of the Church, but I have no fancy for the tutelage of a priest.”

“ You may make yourself quite easy,” Lelio answered with a smile. “ But what does Count Orest say ?”

“ He would, I think, prefer my embracing the Protestant form of religion. But he knows that I cannot, and he knows why ; so he leaves me quite free. He cares very little about creeds himself. Will it not be a curious contrast, Lelio ? I shall be singing at the Opera in the evening, and studying the genius of Christianity in the morning. I rather like such contrasts.”

“ So long, that is to say, as they do not clash ?”

“ O, that will not be the case. I shall be only too glad to leave the stage. My engagements will be over when Lent begins, and then, if Count Orest has been able to complete his arrangements, good-bye to the famous cantatrice, Judith Miranes ! If there should be any delay, I think of going to Naples. And now let us go to see Raffaele’s Sibyls at Santa Maria della Pace.”

Certainly those Sibyls are marvellous creations ! They have a

distinct character of their own : they are not Muses, nor Graces, nor Goddesses; still less have they any shadow of resemblance to the heavenly Madonnas of Fra Angelico and Luini, or to the unworldly saints of Perugino and Francia. Their beauty is unearthly, but not supernatural.

"Are they not wonders of beauty?" Judith exclaimed. "One longs to see what those eyes do, gazing into the depths of futurity; for they must see something very grand to call up that grand expression."

"Yes," answered Lelio; "they are looking through a veil into the Eye of the world."

She understood his meaning : he had once called the Church the "Eye of the world," because it conveys the light of divine faith to the soul. And turning to him, she said quickly : "And why *is* it veiled to such souls?"

"Why does our path lie between the cradle and the grave? Why do day and night succeed each other? Signora, some questions can only be answered by asking others."

In leaving the church, Lelio observed that Orest, who had joined them, nodded, as he passed, to a young priest who was saying Office. He took leave of Judith at the door, and returning to the church, knelt down in a position where he could see the priest. The German church, Santa Maria dell' Anime, with the priests' house belonging to it, is near Santa Maria della Pace; and Hyacinth was often in the latter church. Lelio had noticed him before, and had recognised him on the day when Florentin said he was Orest's brother. Perhaps he was praying for Orest now. What if he should be the instrument of Judith's conversion, of Orest's salvation? All things might be hoped from God's mercy; and when Hyacinth rose from his knees, Lelio went up to him : "Signor Abbate, I wish for the honour of a few words with you, because you are the brother of Count Orest, who was here just now. I play the organ in this church, and live close by with my parents."

"Can you not come to me?" asked Hyacinth, surprised.

"Certainly; but I must speak to you quite privately, for my business concerns the conversion of the lady whom Count Orest was accompanying."

Hyacinth at once agreed to follow Lelio, and they were soon in the quiet room of the latter, where he told all he knew of the affair. "If she once inquires, and is thoroughly instructed," he said, "her conversion is certain."

"Not quite, signor; pride and ambition are formidable foes, and, from what you say, both are strong in her."

"But, Signor Abbate, as she is out of the range of grace, she only knows the light and the gifts of nature. Who can say what heavenly longings may fill her soul when once the world of grace lies outspread before her? Will you go to her, Signor Abbate, and say that you are the priest she has been inquiring for, and that you are a friend of mine? I know I am unworthy of such an honour; but I also know that you *are* my friend for the sake of the bitter Passion which the Divine Saviour suffered for me."

"Will not my name make her suspicious?"

"O, you will not let her know it yet! Your baptismal name will be enough, if she should ask."

"And if I should meet my brother?"

"You will not do so in the morning; she is always alone then, practising or reading."

"What can my brother be thinking of? for it is absolutely impossible to get his marriage declared invalid."

"I do not think Judith knows herself what line he means to take; she only concerns herself with her part, so as to be ready when the time comes."

"It is horrible!" cried Hyacinth, "to think of committing such a crime in this cold-blooded way."

"You see, she fancies she is going to make his happiness."

"She!—I am thinking of *him*! I fear his conversion will be the harder task of the two. She is ignorant of the world of grace; but he has forsaken it—despises it! Well, I must consider about it—I must pray that God will make His Will clear to me. I must have nine days, signor. Will you join in my Novena?"

Lelio promised gladly, and they parted. Lelio was full of hope. "He *will* be the instrument in God's hand. Humility is the David that will triumph over pride, that tremendous Goliath!"

A few days after, Judith asked if he had not yet found a priest. He replied: "Signora, this is not a trifling thing, and such wishes cannot be fulfilled immediately. I am seeking and praying."

"What a true friend you are, Lelio! But I do wish it was all over. Count Orest is out of spirits. He does not say so; but I fear he has great difficulties to contend with. And Fiorino is perfectly intolerable! I long to dismiss him every day, every hour; and I would, only I am afraid he would manage to insinuate himself somehow into Count Orest's favour; and it will only be for a few weeks, or a month at the outside. But O, I wish it was over; I wish I were baptised, and away from here—far away, so as to forget the very existence of 'la Giuditta!'"

"Patience!" said Lelio; "the tangled skein will get smooth, the dark way become light, in God's good time. Only try to tranquillise Count Orest."

"That is beyond me, Lelio! He is like a racehorse, getting more and more excited as he nears the goal; and when he reaches it, panting and breathless, not to be managed by his own rider."

"Not such a desirable quality in a man as in a racehorse," said Lelio drily. "Poor Orest! he cannot help himself."

"And do you expect happiness with such a disposition, signora?"

"Why not? When he is freed from the pressure of circumstances, he will recover his balance."

Lelio shook his head: "Dear signora, that pressure, which in some form or other every one feels, is intended to raise the soul to a greater height than it would have attained without it. The bird feels its wings heavy while it is on the earth—they are a hindrance to its movements; but its very weight gives it an impetus when it is

soaring upward. If we have no pressure on our souls, life goes on in a drowsy, comfortable way, and we grow more and more earthly. The soul is a terrible loser in such a life."

"Lelio, since your conversion you have seemed to me to take an ideal view of things, which has, I confess, a great deal of attractiveness. I think I enter into it; and yet, do you know, I should not like to adopt it. Is not that a strange paradox?"

"A very common one, unhappily, signora. The pride and self-indulgence of human nature cling very closely to its ease and comfort, and fight incessantly with the higher yearnings of the soul."

* "O, how true that is!" exclaimed Judith; "but, Lelio, what then is it that can gain the victory over this proud, ease-loving nature?"

"That, signora, is the secret of the Cross."

"Lelio, shall I ever read that secret?" she asked, lifting her melancholy eyes to his.

And Lelio answered confidently, "Yes, by the light of the Eye of the world."

CHAPTER XXV.

"O ABSALOM, MY SON, MY SON!"

URIEL was still at Windeck. He could not bring himself to leave uncle Levin: he clung, with the deepest love and reverence and gratitude, to this old man, who for four generations had preached, not by words but by deeds, the most touching sermons on utter self-forgetting humility and love. What a life it was! what pain of heart, what labours, what secret struggles, what prayers and sacrifices for the souls of men had filled every year and day and hour! And no one seemed to think of it, no one seemed to notice this loving, heavenly life! And he, the gentle angel-guardian of the family, thought of it least of all, never even knew that he was neglected! More and more Uriel saw that the humble soul is the great soul; and clearer every day became his conviction that it was not enough to admire such an example without imitating it; more and more plainly he heard an inward voice saying to his heart, "Drink of the same chalice; drink, and be satisfied."

Levin had been deeply affected by the news of Regina's condition. Uriel had leave to speak of it to him; he was able to bear it as her father and sister could not.

"This," said Levin, "is one of those mysterious divine dispensations which are a stumbling-block to the faithless, but in which the Christian soul sees treasures of heavenly love. What is God's reward for her free and joyful sacrifice? Fearful suffering; a slow martyrdom; the way of the Cross, whose certain end is death. He might have let her live, blooming peacefully, like a wood-flower in the shadow of His grace, to His glory, and for the comfort and good of many souls. But He has been pleased to cast on her the full heat, the fiery darts of His love; to crown her with His own thorny

crown. She is Christ's very own bride, Uriel. And see how sweetly He has drawn *you* too to His Cross."

"I know it, I feel it," Uriel answered. "But sometimes it is *so* heavy that nature shrinks back."

"No two souls require the same discipline," Levin answered. "There are degrees in love. Who ever loved Jesus more than Magdalen did? Think of her coming to that banquet in her touching humility and utter self-abandonment. How does He receive her, that gracious, loving Saviour of souls? You would have thought He would welcome her with His sweetest words; but no, He does not give her one. Few could have endured it; but *she* could. And what is her reward? She stands beneath the Cross with John and Mary; and her risen Saviour appears to her before He shows Himself to His Apostles, and calls her by her name. Every soul that has turned from the world to God, from error to truth, is like her; nay, are we not all like her in clinging to something that is not God? And so we must all be ready and prepared for the same sort of reception that she met with from our Lord. Alas, how far are we from having a love like hers—a love that despised the world and triumphed over death!"

"O, would that I had it!" sighed Uriel.

"Many persons say that," Levin answered, "who make no effort to obtain it. There is one indispensable condition—entire and unserved resignation to the will of God. There must be no thought of self, no making terms with Him; your heart must be a kingdom in which He is absolute; and then He will send you this sovereign love to be its queen, and to draw you gladly and sweetly to Him. O Uriel, only offer yourself to Him unconditionally, to do or to suffer all that He pleases and *as* He pleases, and the heavenly love you long for will soon come into your soul and dwell there."

A letter from Corona had caused him the deepest sorrow. She told him of a conversation she had lately had with Orest, in which he not only reiterated his determination of marrying Judith Miranes, but declared his settled resolve to commit the crowning sin of apostasy and join some Protestant sect, no matter which, by way of facilitating measures.

"The danger is so pressing," she wrote, "that I must get the help of all the prayers I can. But for this I would still keep silence. I did so as long as this misery was, so to speak, only my affair. I had lost his affection; that only concerned me. But now he is in danger of losing his soul; that is God's affair, and my share in it is utterly unimportant in comparison; so you see it is for Orest, not for myself, that I am asking prayers. I have asked God to take from me all joy and peace and consolation, if only this frightful sin, Orest's apostasy, may be averted. O, dear uncle Levin, we must all stand with outstretched arms between him and the abyss to which he is rushing in the blindness and madness of his passion."

When Levin had read this letter he clasped his hands and prayed, "Lord, remove *this* chalice from me, this bitterest draught of myrrh and gall!"

Uriel resolved to start immediately for Rome. "Corona is right, poor child," he said. "We must all try to stop him in his headlong course."

"Yes, go, my son; and God bless you and be with you. Corona tells me she has written her sad news to Regina, and asked for the prayers of all her community. So she and I must keep lifting our hands in constant prayer, while you are working for the same end in Rome."

Uriel was very sad at leaving Levin. He would be quite alone, for the Baroness Isabella was away at the bedside of a dying friend; and it was hard to think of his lonely anxious sorrowful hours, without one loving sympathising heart near him.

"Do not grieve about me," Levin said. "It has been a wonderful blessing to have you here, and now it will be a still greater one to be without you; first, because I think you are more wanted in Rome than here, and next because it is a sacrifice to part with you. And to be able to offer any sacrifice to God is the very blindest thing that can happen to any one. God be with you, my son!"

So Levin was left alone at Windeck.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE "WAY TO THE TWO COUNTRIES."

JUDITH's apartments were in one of the grandest palaces on the Corso, and her own especial room was furnished with the luxurious comfort which is not, it must be confessed, a characteristic of Roman palaces. Heavy *portières* hung before the doors, a soft rich carpet covered the floor, a bright fire burnt in the grate, and a small piano, and every kind of chair and couch, filled the room. Here no one ever disturbed her; only Madame Miranes was allowed to enter, and she never did so; for her own room was quite as comfortable, and she gave in to every whim of her daughter's. Yet, oddly enough, Judith would often see poor people in this very room. She was more than kind, she was sympathetic to the poor or suffering. One morning a widow, the hard-working mother of many little ones, was leaving the room with a glad and grateful heart. On the staircase she met a priest, who said:

"I can find no servant about: how shall I manage to see the lady who occupies the first *piano*? or am I too early?"

"Not if you have business with the signora. You have only to go up, Signor Abbate, and knock at the door; and may our dear Lady help you in your business as she has helped me in mine! God reward the signora—she has a noble heart."

"A good sign," thought Hyacinth, as he followed the poor woman's directions, and was admitted by Judith's maid. Her mistress was sitting by the fire in a low *causeuse*. Beside her, on a table of Florentine mosaic, stood a beautiful tortoise-shell casket inlaid with silver, containing jewels and ornaments which she was examining. A strong aroma of perfumes was in the room; and

either this, or the warmth and colour of the whole picture, or Judith's oriental beauty, involuntarily brought to Hyacinth's mind the thought of St. Mary Magdalen before her conversion. He remained standing at the door. Judith rose, and said: "May I ask what you wish, signor?"

"Nothing—for myself," he answered; "but—"

"I understand," she said with kind *empressement*; "it is for some charitable purpose," and she was unlocking her desk.

"But—I come to you, in God's name, for your soul's sake."

"Ah! you come from Lelio!" and she turned to him eagerly. "You are heartily welcome. Have we met before?" she said, looking at him inquiringly.

"It is likely enough," was the quiet answer. "I was in the Santa Maria della Pace when you were admiring the Sibyls there with Lelio."

"But surely you are not a Roman?"

"My speech answers that pretty plainly," said Hyacinth smiling; "but the object of my visit is so important, that it is unnecessary for the signora to trouble herself about an insignificant person like myself; always supposing that Lelio was not mistaken in what he told me."

"What did he tell you, signor?"

"That you wish to be instructed in the Catholic faith, and to receive baptism."

"Yes; but I wish principally—"

She stopped in some confusion, signed to Hyacinth to be seated, sat down again herself, and played nervously with a large fan which she used as a fire-screen. She could not apparently find words to express her meaning; and as she remained silent, Hyacinth said gently and quietly: "You wish to become Countess Windeck. Lelio told me that also. May I ask why you wish it?"

"Because I wish to be happy."

"And are you sure that this marriage will make you so?"

"I hope it will."

"And on what do you rest that hope?"

"On the love of the man whom I expect to marry."

"Poor thing! God help you!" Hyacinth said in a tone of intense compassion.

"Signor, he has been tried for years! It is no passing fancy. I have had enough experience to distinguish between that and a true affection—the most precious of gifts."

"Poor thing! God help you!" repeated Hyacinth.

"Not so, signor," said Judith with emotion. "I am rich, on the contrary. I have what thousands covet, natural endowments, admiration, homage. I can sway multitudes by the exercise of my art; and this is a great enjoyment. I am rich, too, in the ordinary meaning of the word. But all this is not happiness. Seven years of professional life have taught me that, and I am resolved to leave all this show and glitter, and seek for happiness where I believe I shall find it—in the love of a true heart."

But still Hyacinth only said: "Poor thing! God help you!"

"Hush, signor!" Judith cried impetuously; "it is frightful to hear you say that again and again with that look, that voice. They seem to change these palace walls into potsherds, this silk and velvet into cobwebs, these jewels into pebbles, my hopes into a delirious dream, and myself into a beggar."

She paused in great excitement, struggled for composure, and then said: "And who *is* happy, then, in your eyes, signor?"

"Every one who possesses God."

"Then, indeed, you may well call me poor, for He is not among my possessions, nor do I include Him in my hopes of happiness."

"But you believe in Him?"

"I have heard," she answered, "that a certain fixed star is so far from our planet that it takes millions of years for its light to reach us. Well, as learned astronomers say so, I take it for granted, and—believe it. But it is so far, so strange, so unattainable, that I have nothing to do with it; it has no influence on my life; I never think about it. And it is much the same with me in regard to God. I seem to stand as far from Him as from the fixed star; the world seems to lie between Him and me. If I try to think of Him, my mind is either paralysed or lost in confusion. I can find no ladder to take me to Him, no tie to bind me to Him. You see there never was a trace in my family of the religious life one hears of in the old times of Israel; and so I have never come across those who felt differently from myself."

"But you have seen Christians, signora. Have you really never found any thing different among them?"

"Signor!" and she looked at him steadily, "I think you must see that I wish to answer you truly, and so you will pardon me if I say what wounds you. Yes, I have seen Christians. I have always lived among them. But you know what one seeks in the world, in ordinary social intercourse—amusement, distraction, idle pleasure, if nothing worse; and one finds what one seeks. I have met just two Christians to whom God is a reality; and they are the only two persons I respect."

"I take it for granted that Count Windeck is one of them, and that this is the reason of your reliance on him?"

"No," she answered composedly; "Count Windeck stands alone in my thoughts on account of his sincere affection for me. One of those of whom I speak is Lelio; the other you do not know, and I have not seen him for many years. But often, when I am quite tired out with the world and people, I think about him, just to rest myself. He was the truest, simplest man—a very child in heart, with his gray hairs. He was an artist, called Ernest. The other day I passed him in the habit of a Capuchin."

"And did you never wish to think and to be like those two?"

"Very often," she answered; "if that were possible without losing my individuality."

"You may be quite easy on that score, signora," said Hyacinth smiling. "Almighty God is a great lover of variety—the whole of

creation shows that; and the highest as well as the most limited intelligence, the most gifted as well as the most meagre soul, all attain the degree of perfection which is possible to them in the same way—by making God the centre of their lives."

"Signor!" and she rose in passionate agitation, "I cannot bear it! I never knew that God loved me *so*. When I hear these promises my whole soul cries out, 'That is what I have always desired, longed for; that is what my soul needs; that is the boundless, changeless, eternal love, which no creature can give, because creatures are finite and subject to change.'"

"Well, signora," Hyacinth asked in the same tone of gentle kindness he had used all along, "are you going to give your love to this eternal God and King, who stands as a beggar at your door? Our love is ourselves: if we give that, our heart, our soul, our whole being must follow."

"And just because I feel how true that is, signor, I must consider about it," Judith replied. "I have an idea that our love for the creature may suffer if we give our whole soul thus to the Creator, and I do not want that. I want to love creatures too."

"O, surely," Hyacinth answered; "the same sun of grace which is ready to rise on you will fall on that love also, giving it a strength and a purity which will consecrate its natural tenderness."

"I am relieved when you speak so; for Count Orest has my promise—and a promise is sacred, is it not, signor?"

"A promise given freely and deliberately in a matter pleasing to God is sacred on both sides, signora."

"Well, then, this promise is sacred; only I must have time to consider, to arrange my thoughts, to reflect on the obligations of a Christian."

"Time to pray a little," Hyacinth added—"to pray for the help of the Holy Spirit to enlighten you—to pray that you may follow wherever grace leads—to pray for a great desire to understand the infinite love of God."

"Alas!" she said despondingly, "I cannot even *think* of such high things: how, then, can I find words in which to pray for them?"

"In the first century," Hyacinth said, "a sinful woman called Thais was converted by a holy old priest to God. She told him she did not know how to pray, and he bade her say only these words: 'O God, who hast created me, have mercy on me!' She followed his advice so fervently, humbly, and confidingly, with such full sincere repentance, that she grew to love God as much as she had despised Him, and from a great sinner became a great penitent, a great saint. I need not say that I have no idea of comparing you with her either before or after her conversion; but could you not pray as simply and as fervently?"

Judith walked up and down the room in much agitation. At length she said:

"You have told me great things to-day—greater than I have

ever heard before : you have opened a vista into a new world. Signor, who are you ? Tell me, that I may trust you."

" I am only a humble priest—young, as you see, and without any merit ; so that in myself there is nothing to claim your confidence. But, as a priest of Christ's Church, I have the happiness and the grace of belonging to the successors of His Apostles ; and I, with the whole priestly order, pledge you my word that every thing I say concerning the doctrines of the faith claims your undoubting faith. If you were to consult priests from ten different countries as to any single dogma of the Church, they would all give you the same answer ; for they would not speak according to their own views, but according to the teaching of that Church which the Holy Ghost guides into all truth."

" O, how truly Lelio called it 'the Eye of the world' ! " Judith exclaimed.

" In the faith of the old Parsees," said Hyacinth, " as in that of most Eastern nations, we come, now and then, amidst hideous caricatures of the truth, upon some fragment of a tradition, which seems like a half-forgotten melody of Paradise. They say that there is a kingdom of light, the home of all that is beautiful and good ; and a kingdom of darkness, the home of all that is hideous and evil. Every victory over evil is a gain to the kingdom of light, and every time that evil triumphs is a loss to it ; and according as a man has served Ormuz or Ahriman, he passes from this world to the dark or the beautiful kingdom. Therefore they called this life of ours 'the way to the two countries.' Signora, there are moments when, in a Christian sense, life lies thus before us, as the way to the two countries, and such a moment has come to you : the night has passed—the day is at hand ! "

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUNSET.

SINCE receiving this terrible news about Orest, Levin had thought much of Regina : how would it affect her in her suffering state ? and he felt a great desire to join with her in invoking our Lady of Mount Carmel at this time of need. Till now he had not wished to see her. He knew that they could meet more safely and tranquilly at the foot of the Cross than in the parlour of the convent ; but now it seemed that God's hand was leading him to her. On reaching Himmelsporten, he was told that Sister Teresa was too ill to come to the parlour. Then Levin gave his name, and asked to see the Superior. She did not attempt to hide from him that Regina was dying. He folded his hands, and said softly :

" I thank God for bringing me here ! "

He went straight to the Bishop, and asked permission to go into the enclosure to say the prayers for the dying one—the child of his heart. It was given with affectionate sympathy, and tears stood in the good Bishop's eyes at the thought of the old man of seventy-five watching the close of that young life.

It was late when he returned to the convent, but the Bishop's written permission admitted him at once. As she led the way to Regina's cell, the Superior told Levin that she had been much as usual up to Christmas, and had assisted at the Midnight Mass, and knelt in thankful gladness by the *crèche*. Ever since then she had been getting rapidly worse, and for the last six weeks the fever had been so violent that she could not rest night or day, and was completely exhausted. The physician hardly thought she could live till morning. Then Levin entered the poor little cell: a Crucifix hung on the whitewashed wall between a picture of our Lady and one of St. Teresa; a rush-bottomed chair, and a little table, on which lay her office-book and a few others, completed the furniture of the cell, as poor as the holy House of Nazareth. There lay Regina, her face whiter than the linen coverings which partly hid it; for the hectic glow of fever had died out like the embers which gradually sink into ashes—the ashes that death was strewing over her. A candle was burning by her pillow, and two nuns knelt, one on each side. When Levin entered, her eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes cast a shadow on her death-pale cheeks. Her hands lay on the coverlid, holding a small Crucifix. But in painful contrast with all this appearance of tranquillity was the irregular and convulsive breathing which came in quick short gasps. The first glance told him that the end was very near, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"For ever, for ever! dear uncle Levin," answered Regina, lifting her large languid eyes to his face with unspeakable gratitude and joy.

"So you are very near home, dearest child. The bride of Christ will soon be with her divine Spouse."

"If only He will own me for His bride, and not find me quite too unworthy. I have carried His blessed Cross very badly."

"Well, dear child, if it was heavy for you, *He* found His heavy too."

"It was not the outward cross that was so hard to bear; it was the shadow of the agony in Gethsemani, the dereliction on Calvary. I know it was only a very faint shadow; but it seemed to overwhelm my soul till I forgot that just in these points I had to imitate Him."

"You must trust to Him, my child. He is so pitiful to us poor sinners, if only our will is right."

"Yes," she said, and her face lighted up as she spoke; "I must adorn myself with the purple and the rubies of His Precious Blood, my royal robe and bridal gems."

After a pause Levin said, "Have you ever regretted giving up the world and earthly happiness?"

"Never," she answered. "Spiritual desolation, that has been my trial."

"It is the one which makes sacrifice perfect," Levin said. "They who possess God Himself must learn to do without His consolations."

"Ah, pray for me!" she said, with painful earnestness; "pray that God may not enter into judgment with me, not cast me away

from His Face! I see now that my little sufferings have been only a refreshing dew for my soul."

"It will blossom in heaven, dear child."

And now her breathing became still more laboured and painful; her hands let the Crucifix sink from their grasp, and made those peculiar convulsive movements which are the immediate precursors of death. Her lips sometimes moved in answer to the prayers. Suddenly she asked if she might not receive the Holy Viaticum; and when told that she had done so hardly two hours ago, she said, "How one forgets time, when eternity is beginning!"

The Superior told her consolingly that she might receive the Bread of Life again after the first Mass, at five o'clock; and Regina answered, with a radiant smile, "Only think, if my sins do not hinder me, I may see Him as He is by that time!"

Soon she lost speech, but not consciousness. From time to time her clear loving look rested affectionately on those round her; and if ever their emotion interrupted the prayers, she made signs for them to continue. So half an hour more passed; then, to the surprise of all, she said, in a strong voice, "Now, dear uncle, the *Com-mendatio animæ*. The Mother of God calls me; the bridegroom comes."

And so she gently turned her head, made the sign of the cross, closed her eyes, and went to sleep like a tired child; while her sweet soul went to Him whom she had loved all her life with a pure and changeless love.

And there she lay dead on her little bed, in that poor cell, worn out by fearful sufferings, far from her family, who knew nothing of her illness and death; there she lay, this Regina, this child of prayer, who had been welcomed into life with such joy; who had had all that men call happiness—all that they desire and covet, and had quietly put it aside, as a thing of no value. Now she was where earthly happiness is rightly estimated, where earthly pleasures are seen in their true light. Now she was standing with the burning love of her virgin heart, which no touch of earthly passion had ever dimmed, before the Throne of God; and Levin, thinking of all this, as he passed the night in prayer beside her corpse, said again and again: "O my child, not in vain were you dedicated to the Queen of Heaven! How little did your mother then think that you would die a nun at six-and-twenty! and how utterly all circumstances seemed against it! But God's dear Mother was stronger than they; she chose your vocation, she showed it to you in all its beauty; she gave you a heart worthy of it, she smoothed the way, and brought you safely to your rest; and now she has taken you to the Everlasting Bridal Feast! O child of my heart, why do I weep for you?" And the slow heavy tears rolled down his worn venerable face. At four o'clock he said Mass for her soul—that balm for the bitterest grief. Not for the living only are the streams of the Precious Blood: how sweet is the hope, how true the consolation which comes to the mourner in the offering of the Holy Sacrifice for the departed soul! It brought back all Levin's saintly calmness; and with unutterable

thankfulness he thought of Regina, sheltered from all sorrow, safe from all danger, where no change can ever come, and where sin can never enter. She was in her coffin now; a beautiful, touching image of peace, in the brown Carmelite habit, with a wreath of white roses over her black veil, her own lovely smile on her lips. "Requiescat in pace!" said Levin, sprinkling the fair corpse with holy water for the last time.

From Windeck he wrote to Count Damian, giving a full account of Regina's last hours, and adding many precious and touching particulars which he had been told in the convent. "Solo Dios basta" had been her motto to the last; there must be no bitter lamentations for her who had gone to her rest so early. Their sweet Lily of Carmel was blooming in the Everlasting Spring.

* * * * *

It was a wild night in February; snow was falling heavily; the fierce gusts of wind shook the doors and windows of Schloss Windeck, and the huge boughs of the grand old chestnuts and limes on the terrace creaked and groaned as the storm swept through them. The owls, disturbed by the tumult, beat their heavy wings, shrieking mournfully, against the lighted windows. There is a saying that when a screech-owl flies against a window uttering its sharp cry, there will be a death in the house before long. It was close upon midnight, and every one in the castle except Levin was asleep. Suddenly he thought he heard the great bell of the castle ring loudly, but the storm was at its height, and he could not be sure. In a few minutes there was a momentary lull; Levin listened, and this time he heard the bell distinctly. "Such a night! it must be a call to the sick," he thought, as he threw on his cloak, and went down quickly. As he left his room, an owl, dazzled by the light, flapped against the window, giving its peculiar cry, so like "Come, come!" The old superstition crossed Levin's mind, as he thought, "God grant the sick person may not die till I get to him!" The porter met him on the stairs, and told him that it was the son of a farmer at a little distance, who said his father was dying. Levin only waited to take the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament; and without regarding the servant's entreaties that he would wait till the coachman could be called and the horses put to, he followed the farmer's son into the wild stormy night. When they reached the little farm, Levin was almost fainting from exhaustion, and every breath he drew gave him violent pain. No wonder! he had run nearly all the way, though the storm was in his face, and the snow lay a foot deep. The thought of the poor soul waiting to be reconciled with God gave him the wings of charity. While he was hearing the dying man's confession, his wife roused every one in the house, down to a little grandson of three years old, and made them all put on their gala dresses to be ready to do honour to the visit which Almighty God was paying to their house. Then the good old woman prepared the altar—a little table, which she covered with her finest and whitest linen cloth; placed on it a Crucifix, and two wax candles which had been blessed on the Feast of the Purification, and last of all a little

vase of holy water, with its sprig of box. The sick chamber opened out of the large family room, and when Levin unclosed the door, he found the whole family assembled. The candles were lighted, and after a few prayers, Levin gave them all the Benediction of their Lord. The old farmer sat up a little, supported in the arms of his son, following every movement of Levin's. As the latter crossed the threshold of the room with the Blessed Sacrament, the sick man collected all his feeble strength, folded his trembling hands, and said with a touching expression of humble gladness, "My sweet Lord Jesus, are You really come to a poor sinner like me?" It was his last effort; as soon as he had received the Holy Viaticum, he closed his eyes, and was laid gently down to die.

"Abide in Him, that He may abide in you," Levin murmured, and proceeded to anoint the dying man. Hardly was the holy Sacrament administered when he lost consciousness, and his pious old wife thanked God for the two precious hours He had given him. A carriage drove up now, and the servants said they were late because the first had been overturned and a wheel broken, so they were obliged to return to Windeck for a second. "Thank God," Levin said, "that I started on foot!" He took off his stole, and sank back in the arms of the servant, while the blood streamed from his lips. All was distress and confusion; Levin alone preserved his composure. Faint and exhausted as he was, he insisted on being removed to Windeck. The good woman of the farm had wrapped him up warmly, and the carriage drove very slowly, for fear of shaking him; but every breath he drew in the cold air was death to him; and when they reached Windeck he could only faintly whisper the name of the Father Prior of Engelberg. He was sent for instantly, and a physician also. The good Father was soon at Levin's bedside; a fit of coughing had brought on a still more violent attack of hæmorrhage, and he was hardly able to speak; but when the Father Prior begged him to wait a little before beginning his confession, he said: "There is no time to lose." Very calmly he went through every thing in his life which seemed to him an offence against God; and very thankfully he received the Holy Viaticum which he had so lately given to another. It seemed as if the glory of heaven was already reflected in his face as he prayed for himself the prayer he had just offered for another: "Abide in me, that I may abide in Thee." And do not these words contain the whole secret of a Christian's life? The Father Prior would not leave the dying Levin for a moment: presently, bending over him, he asked him how he felt.

"I believe to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living," Levin answered, in the words of one of the Psalms in the Office for the Dead.

"Surely you will," said the Prior with emotion. He sent for two of his monks from Engelberg to pray beside Levin in turn, in case his agony should be long. The doctor also came, and ordered one thing and another, evidently knowing that all would be useless. When he asked Levin if he suffered much, the answer was still out

of the Office for the Dead: "The Lord ruleth me, and I shall want nothing: He hath set me in a place of pasture; He hath brought me up by the water of refreshment."

He never spoke another word of this earth; whatever question was put to him, he answered in the language of the Sacred Scriptures: and when the Father Prior saw how completely his soul was absorbed in that sublime Office of the Dead he began to recite it with the two Fathers who had just arrived. That *was* a joy for Levin. Whenever they came to any words that he greatly loved, or that were very applicable to him, he joined his failing voice to theirs: "One thing have I asked of the Lord; that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life." "My heart hath said to Thee, My face hath sought Thee." "My father and my mother have left me, but the Lord hath taken me up." "He brought me out of the pit of misery, and He set my feet upon a rock." At length he could not articulate; only the movement of his lips showed that he still followed the prayers. So it went on till evening. Then his breathing grew fainter and fainter; and just as the Father Prior came, in the seventh lection, to the words, "after darkness I hope for light," he died, so gently that no one knew the exact moment which was the last. His death was just what his life had been—a calm passing from the unrest of the world into the changeless peace of eternity. And as he had lived alone among men, and only found rest and consolation in the Heart of God, so too he died alone; no friends, no relations were with him; only holy men, who, like himself, had made themselves poor that they might be rich in God. A solemn stillness filled the chamber of death and the whole castle. The news of Levin's danger had spread rapidly, and people came from far and near for tidings. Most of them were praying in the chapel; some sat waiting in the hall. At last the Father Prior came downstairs, and said very solemnly, turning to the people: "Eternal rest give to him, O Lord!" They all answered with one voice: "And let perpetual light shine on him!" Then they fell on their knees. "May he rest in peace!" said the Father. They knew now that all was over; but there was no burst of lamentation; with silent tears, silent prayers, silent sorrow, they mourned their friend and father. A post-horn rang startlingly through the stillness, a carriage rolled into the courtyard. It was Baroness Isabella; she came to weep for Regina with Levin; and now she wept alone for both.

"I feel as if two bright stars had set for Windeck," she said through her tears to the Father Prior.

"Yes," he answered; "but only to rise still brighter in heaven."

BUILDING USE

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 414 840 9

